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Engraved by F. Fearnley.

IVANHOE.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. XIII.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY,

1822.

EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, Esq.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Vol. I. JANUARY, 1822. No. 1.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. I.—*Ivanhoe crowned at the Tournament by Rowena.*

"On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descended from her station with a graceful and dignified step.—

"The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet further forward, lay prostrate at her feet." Vol. 1. p, 256, 7.

ART. I.—*American Natural History.* The Canvas-Back Duck. Anas Valisineria.

[Peale's Museum, No. 2816.] From Wilson's Ornithology.

THIS celebrated American species, as far as can be judged from the best figures and descriptions of foreign birds, is altogether unknown in Europe. It approaches nearest to the Pochard of England, *Anas ferina*, but differs from that bird in being superior in size and weight, in the greater magnitude of its bill, and the general whiteness of its plumage. A short comparison between the two will elucidate this point. The Canvas-back measures two feet in length, by three feet in extent, and when in the best order weighs three pounds and upwards. The Pochard, according to Latham and Bewick, measures nineteen inches in length, and thirty in extent, and weighs one pound twelve or thirteen ounces. The latter writer says of the Pochard, "the plumage above and below is wholly covered with prettily freckled slender dusky threads disposed transversely in close-set zig-zag lines, on a pale ground, more or less shaded off with ash;" a description much more applicable to the bird figured beside it, the *Red Head*, and which very probably is the species meant. In the figure of the Pochard given by Mr. Bewick, who is generally correct, the bill agrees very well with that of our Red Head; but is scarcely half the size and thickness of that of the Canvas-back; and the figure in the Planches Enluminees corresponds in that respect with Bewick's. In short, either these writers are egregiously erroneous in their figures and descriptions, or the present duck was altogether unknown to them. Considering the latter supposition the more probable of the two, I have designated this as a new species, and shall proceed to detail some particulars of its history.

The Canvas-back Duck arrives in the United States from the north about the middle of October; a few descend to the Hudson and Delaware, but the great body of these birds resort to the numerous rivers belonging to and in the neighbourhood of the Chesapeake Bay, particularly the Susquehanna, the Patapsco, Potowmac, and James' rivers, which appear to be their general winter rendezvous. Beyond this to the south, I can find no certain accounts of them. At the Susquehanna they are called *Canvas-backs*, on the Potowmac, *White-backs*, and on James' River, *Sheldrakes*. They are seldom found at a great distance up any of these rivers, or even in the salt bay; but in that particular part of tide water, where a certain grass-like plant grows, on the roots of which they feed. This plant, which is said to be a species of *Valisineria*, grows on fresh water shoals of from seven to nine feet (but never where these are occasionally dry,) in long narrow grass-like blades of four or five feet in length; the root is white and has some resemblance to small celery. This grass is in many places so thick that a boat can with difficulty be rowed through it. The shores are lined with large quantities of it torn up by the ducks, and drifted up by the winds, lying like hay in wind rows. Wherever this

plant grows in abundance the Canvas-backs may be expected, either to pay occasional visits or to make it their regular residence during the winter. It occurs in some parts of the Hudson; in the Delaware near Gloucester, a few miles below Philadelphia; and in most of the rivers that fall into the Chesapeake, to each of which particular places these ducks resort; while in waters unprovided with this nutritive plant they are altogether unknown.

On the first arrival of these birds in the Susquehanna, near Havre-de-Grace, they are generally lean; but such is the abundance of their favourite food, that towards the beginning of November they are in pretty good order. They are excellent divers, and swim with great speed and agility. They sometimes assemble in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the river, and when they rise suddenly, produce a noise resembling thunder. They float about these shoals, diving and tearing up the grass by the roots, which is the only part they eat. They are extremely shy, and can rarely be approached unless by stratagem. When wounded in the wing they dive to such prodigious distances, and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly, and with such cunning and active vigour, as almost always to render the pursuit hopeless. From the great demand for these ducks, and the high price they uniformly bring in market, various modes are practised to get within gun shot of them. The most successful way is said to be, decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dog, if properly trained, plays backwards and forward along the margin of the water, and the ducks observing his manœuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, and from which he rakes them, first on the water and then as they rise. This method is called *tolling them in.* If the ducks seem difficult to decoy, any glaring object, such as a red handkerchief, is fixed round the dog's middle, or to his tail, and this rarely fails to attract them. Sometimes by moonlight the sportsman directs his skiff towards a flock whose position he had previously ascertained, keeping within the projecting shadow of some wood, bank, or headland, and he paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often to approach within fifteen or twenty yards of a flock of many thousands, among whom he generally makes great slaughter.

Many other stratagems are practised, and indeed every plan that the ingenuity of the experienced sportsman can suggest, to approach within gun shot of these birds; but of all the modes pursued, none intimidate them so much as shooting them by night; and they soon abandon the place where they have been thus repeatedly shot at. During the day they are dispersed about; but towards evening they collect in large flocks, and come into the mouths of creeks, where they often ride as at anchor, with their head under their wing, asleep, there being always centinels awake ready to raise an alarm on the least appearance of danger. Even when

feeding and diving in small parties, the whole never go down at one time, but some are still left above on the look out.

When the winter sets in severely, and the river is frozen, the Canvas-backs retreat to its confluence with the bay, occasionally frequenting air-holes in the ice, which are sometimes made for the purpose, immediately above their favourite grass, to entice them within gun shot of the hut or bush which is usually fixed at a proper distance, and where the gunner lies concealed, ready to take advantage of their distress. A Mr. Hill, who lives near James' river, at a place called Herring Creek, informs me, that one severe winter he and another person broke a hole in the ice about 20 by 40 feet, immediately over a shoal of grass, and took their stand on the shore in a hut of brush, each having three guns well loaded with large shot. The ducks, which were flying up and down the river in great extremity, soon crowded to this place, so that the whole open space was not only covered with them, but vast numbers stood on the ice around it. They had three rounds firing both at once, and picked up eighty-eight Canvas-backs, and might have collected more had they been able to get to the edge of the aperture for the wounded ones. In the severe winter of 1779-80, the grass, on the roots of which these birds feed, was almost wholly destroyed in James' river. In the month of January, the wind continued to blow from W. N. W. for twenty-one days, which caused such low tides that the grass froze to the ice every where, and a thaw coming on suddenly, the whole was raised by the roots and carried off by the fresh. The next winter a few of these ducks were seen, but they soon went away, and for many years after, they continued to be scarce; and even to the present day, in the opinion of my informant, they have never been so plenty as before.

The *Canvas-back*, in the rich juicy tenderness of its flesh, and its delicacy of flavour, stands unrivalled by the whole of its tribe in this or perhaps any other quarter of the world. Those killed in the waters of the Chesapeake, are generally esteemed superior to all others, doubtless from the great abundance of their favourite food which these rivers produce. At our public dinners, hotels, and particular entertainments, the Canvas-backs are universal favourites. They not only grace but *dignify* the table, and their very name conveys to the imagination of the eager epicure the most comfortable and exhilarating ideas. Hence on such occasions it has not been uncommon to pay from one to three dollars a pair for these ducks; and, indeed, at such times, if they can they must be had, whatever may be the price.

The Canvas-back will feed readily on grain, especially wheat, and may be decoyed to particular places by baiting them with that grain for several successive days. Some few years ago a vessel loaded with wheat was wrecked near the entrance of Great Egg Harbour, in the autumn, and went to pieces. The wheat floated out in vast quantities, and the whole surface of the bay was in a few days covered with ducks of a kind altogether unknown to the people of that quarter. The gunners of the neighbourhood collected

in boats, in every direction, shooting them, and so successful were they, that, as Mr. Beasley informs me, two hundred and forty were killed in one day, and sold among the neighbours, at 12½ cents a-piece, without the feathers. The wounded ones were generally abandoned, as being too difficult to be overtaken. They continued about for three weeks, and during the greater part of that time, a continual cannonading was heard from every quarter. The gunners called them *sea ducks*. They were all *Canvas-backs*, at that time on their way from the north, when this floating feast attracted their attention, and for a while arrested their course. A pair of these very ducks I bought in the Philadelphia market, at the time, from an Egg Harbour gunner, and never met with their superior either in weight or excellence of flesh. When it was known among those people the loss which they had sustained in selling for 12½ cents what would have brought them from a dollar to a dollar and a half, universal surprise and regret were naturally enough excited.

The bill of this bird is large, rising high in the head, three inches in length, and one inch and three-eighths thick at the base, of a glossy black; eye very small, irides dark red: cheeks and forepart of the head blackish brown; rest of the head and greater part of the neck bright glossy reddish chesnut, ending in a broad space of black that covers the upper part of the breast, and spreads round to the back; back, scapulars, and tertials white, faintly marked with an infinite number of transverse waving lines or points as if done with a pencil; whole lower parts of the breast, also the belly, white, slightly pencilled in the same manner, scarcely perceptible on the breast, pretty thick towards the vent; wing coverts gray with numerous specks of blackish; primaries and secondaries pale slate, two or three of the latter of which nearest the body are finely edged with deep velvetty black, the former dusky at the tips; tail very short, pointed, consisting of fourteen feathers of a hoary brown; vent and tail coverts black; lining of the wing white; legs and feet very pale ash; the latter three inches in width, a circumstance which partly accounts for its great powers of swimming.

The female is somewhat less than the male, and weighs two pounds and three quarters; the crown is blackish brown, cheeks and throat of a pale drab; neck dull brown; breast as far as the black extends on the male, dull brown skirted in places with pale drab; back dusky white crossed with fine waving lines; belly of the same dull white, pencilled like the back; wings, feet, and bill, as in the male, tail coverts dusky, vent white waved with brown.

The windpipe of the male has a large flattish concave labyrinth, the ridge of which is covered with a thin transparent membrane; where the trachea enters this it is very narrow, but immediately above swells to three times that diameter. The intestines are wide, and measure five feet in length.

ART. II.—*Farewell Letters to a few Friends in Britain and America, on returning to Bengal in* 1821. By WILLIAM WARD, of Serampore.

MOST readers are acquainted with the elaborate "*View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos,*" by William Ward, of Serampore. A residence of twenty years in the East; a function which called him to the especial examination of the moral diseases of the people; his close alliance with some of the most learned and able of the Eastern Missionaries; his cordial devotion to his employment; his thorough knowledge of the native languages; his peculiar facilities, by means of his intimate acquaintance with Hindoos converted from Hindooism to Christianity, for obtaining clear and accurate information, and thus arriving at the truth; all conspired to create high expectations from that important publication, and those expectations were not disappointed. His *Farewell Letters* may be considered as, in part, a continuation of the preceding work, or rather as containing the practical inferences to be deduced from it. They are replete with speculations of a sound and practical observer. They seem powerfully to confirm both the facts and the reasonings of the advocates for the employment of all peaceful means for the further conversion of India; and to supply many new arguments to encourage them to go forth, with increased confidence, to the great work of applying to the ignorance and irreligion of the East, the only remedy which can remove them. Mr. Ward singles out the following circumstances, as having constituted the chief impediments to the success of missionary labours: a voyage of at least five months, and over 15,000 miles of ocean; the immense expense, amounting to 600*l.* for the preparation, outfit, and voyage of each missionary; the great mortality among new comers in that sultry climate; the difficulty of the languages to be acquired; and the direct hostility of the government of India. "Did ever cause," he asks, "appear to be more hopeless?" In the following manner he states the actual results of the Baptist Missionaries alone:

"*All these difficulties have been overcome.*

"Six hundred Hindoos have renounced their gods, the Ganges, and their priests, and have shaken from their limbs the chain of the caste.

"The distance between Britain and India has been annihilated, for fifty converted natives have become, in some sense, Missionaries.

"Twenty-five of these fifty languages have been conquered.

"The Hindoos all over Bengal are soliciting schools for their children at the hands of the missionaries.

"And, the government and our countrymen are affording the most important aid in the introduction of light and knowledge into India. 'He MUST increase.'"

On America, he makes the following just reflections:—"That country must be a happy one in which the poor can obtain a re-

spectable education for their children for nothing; where each man of good character, without regard to his sect, can become a legislator; where provisions are exceedingly cheap; where, except in particular towns, taxes are few; where there are no tythes, nor the galled feelings arising from the unwise elevation of one part of the people on a religious account over the other part; and where the people (as I had just seen them in Boston) meet in convention to amend the constitution of the state, with the same good humour as men go to the annual meeting of the Humane Society in London."

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Rebellion in* 1745 *and* 1746. By the CHEVALIER DE JOHNSTONE, Aid-de-Camp to Lord George Murray, General of the Rebel Army; Assistant Aid-de-Camp to Prince Charles Edward; Captain in the Duke of Perth's Regiment, and afterwards an Officer in the French service. Translated from a French MS. Originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris, and now in the hands of the Publishers. London, Longman & Co. 1820. Pp. 348. 4to. [*Ed. Month. Review.*]

THE contemplation of past ages is fruitful both in instruction and amusement. In looking on the passing events of the day, it is seldom that we can trace the intricate scene before us to any satisfactory issue; and mingling also as actors in the trouble and strife of our own times, we are apt to be warped in our judgments by prejudice and passion. It is scarcely possible, indeed, to remain calm amid the surrounding storm; we cannot be insensible to the sympathies and antipathies of those around us. In that rapid circulation of sentiment which takes place in an enlightened community, we gradually rise to the general level, imbibing the same feelings and prejudices as those among whom we live. But in studying past history, the case is totally different. We see placed before us the whole orderly series of events, from the first step to the conclusion of the story. We calmly trace effects to their causes, with neither prejudice to blind our minds, nor passions to deceive; and as human nature is the same in all ages, we draw lessons for the future from the unerring experience of the past. We sit as jurymen on the merits of past ages, to try the case, not by the petty prejudices and ambiguities, which so frequently govern our judgments, but by that general and invariable standard of equity and reason which the mind never fails to apply where it is free from any undue bias. Our minds become in this manner habituated to calm and sober reflection; we acquire a knowledge of principles, and some security, imperfect though it be, against prejudice, even on those questions which touch us more nearly. The study of past ages is a historical school, in which we may be trained to the most beneficial habits of calm and impartial reflection, and by which, in place of being tossed about by passing opinions and prejudices, we may take our station on the elevated ground of those general principles which continue always the same.

These observations have been suggested by the interesting narrative now before us, of the rebellion which broke out in Scotland in the year 1745. The author, the Chevalier de Johnstone, the son of James Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh, and connected with some of the first families in Scotland, was engaged in that unfortunate adventure. He joined the Prince when he was at Perth, among the first of his adherents, having for this purpose made his escape from his father at Edinburgh, and fled to the seat of Lord Rollo, who was married to his sister. Being introduced to the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, leaders of the Pretender's army, he became aid-de-camp to the latter, and continued to act in that capacity until after the battle of Preston-Pans, when he raised a company, and joined the Duke of Perth's regiment. He of course shared in the ruin of the cause in which he was engaged. He was obliged, after the battle of Culloden, to skulk under the meanest disguises, and to endure the greatest hardships, always in dread of being seized as a rebel, and ending his days on the scaffold; and too happy at last in being enabled as an exile to abandon for ever his native shore. The author appears to have possessed a most magnanimous spirit; in his youth, to have been rash, sanguine, and impetuous, but to have been tempered into sound discretion under the severe tuition of adversity, and the judgment of maturer years; to have been, withal, of a warm and generous temper, and keenly alive to all those feelings of deep emotion and tenderness which were calculated so cruelly to embitter his fate. He appears at first to have been driven to study by the necessities of his situation; but he ever afterwards retained that passion for reading and inquiry with which he diverted the melancholy hours of solitude and affliction; and the work before us bears abundant traces of refined sensibility and cultivated taste, as well as of a talent for keen observation and vigorous reflection. In the course of his flight and escape after the battle of Culloden, he was involved in a series of hazardous adventures, which called forth most striking proofs of fidelity from his friends, and gave rise to the most affecting and tender scenes. These the author describes with great force and vivacity of feeling, so as to excite a strong interest in his fate; and this interest is increased to the highest degree of powerful sympathy, as we pursue him through his long unbroken course of misery and disappointment, and see at last his gallant spirit soured and broken by adversity, and breaking out into unavailing complaints against the malice of fortune. Ruined by one rash act of youthful folly, in joining a cause hopeless from the beginning; separated for ever from his friends and country, and thrown into a foreign land, there to sink at last under the baneful influence of his evil star, still persecuting him with fresh mishaps, he affords an awful lesson to those who are disposed to throw for wealth and glory in the desperate lottery of civil confusion; and who, when they waken from their dreams of ambition, find their doom to be the scaffold, or inglorious exile, with the melancholy addition, in many cases, of misery and want.

Prince Charles landed in the north of Scotland, in prosecution of the enterprise which is narrated in the present work, in July 1745; and being joined by several of the Highland clans, he ventured to march southward. Sir John Cope being ordered, with all the troops he could collect in Scotland, to oppose his progress, and to quash the rebellion before it gained any strength, proceeded northward for this purpose; but the Prince contrived to outmanœuvre him, and reaching the low country by a different route, he arrived at Perth on the 5th September, with about 1000 followers. Here he was joined by Lord George Murray, Lord Nairn, and several other persons of distinction, with their followers. On the 17th he entered Edinburgh, while General Cope, having retraced his steps from the north, landed on the 11th at Dunbar from Aberdeen, where he had embarked his troops to oppose the farther progress of the Prince. On the 21st, was fought the battle of Preston-Pans, which ended in the shameful defeat of the English troops, most of whom were either killed or taken. The prince returned to Edinburgh on the 22d, according to the narrative, amid the loudest acclamations of the populace. And here our author enters into a discussion of the most proper course to be pursued for the farther prosecution of their enterprise. He labours to prove, that the policy of the Prince was to confine himself to defensive measures in Scotland,—to secure the affections of the Scots, by flattering them with the illusion of their ancient independence,—to rekindle the ancient rivalship between the countries, and to wait in the metropolis until he should be joined by the whole force of the clans. He is more successful, however, in demonstrating the folly of marching into England, than the wisdom of remaining inactive in Scotland. It is clear that both England and Scotland were unprepared for such an attack; they were taken in some degree by surprize, and to this, more than any other cause, the adherents of Prince Charles owed their first successes. Delay, however, in Scotland, was ruin to their cause, as it gave time to the government to collect the means of defence. In the long run, the Pretender's rashly levied force was sure to be overthrown; his cause was justly hateful to the majority of the Scots, and still more to the English; and time was all that was wanting to collect such a superiority of force, as would have left him no chance of escape from utter destruction. The march into England with 4 or 5000 Highlanders, was no doubt rash and absurd; but in this case the same censure applies to the whole enterprise, for sooner or later the Prince, if he was to succeed, must have encountered the main strength of his opponents; and it was surely better to fight them before they had collected their strength, than afterwards. If even, in these circumstances, he was no match for his enemies, delay, it was evident, would only increase the odds against him, and render success impossible.

Against the opinion of all the Highland chiefs, the Prince was determined on an irruption into England, into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. We may state, generally, that

the rebel army set out on the 3d November for England, in three divisions; and the march was so judiciously planned, that they effected a junction on the 9th November, about a quarter of a league from Carlisle, whither all the divisions arrived within about two hours of the same time. Having taken the town and castle of Carlisle, they continued their advance into England; and on the 4th December, reached Derby, 127 miles from London. Here the Highland chiefs became seriously startled at the boldness and hopeless nature of their enterprise. In England, not one individual of rank had joined their party, or had even taken any steps for a declaration of their sentiments. The Duke of Cumberland was within a league of Derby, with an army of 10,000 men. General Wade had another army in their rear; and about 30,000 militia, and other levies, were assembled on Finchley Common, to dispute with them the possession of the capital. It was at the same time announced, that 3000 men and succours from France were on their way to Scotland, and would probably join them on the frontiers. In these circumstances, a retreat was resolved on, and was fixed for the 6th December. The army of the Prince arrived in Glasgow about the end of December, after a rapid march, conducted with singular prudence, and in the face of a superior enemy, with whom some desperate skirmishes were fought. The Highland troops left Glasgow on the 2d January, and took post near Stirling, Falkirk, and Linlithgow, where reinforcements awaited them, which increased their force to about 8000 men. With this force was fought, on the 17th January, the battle of Falkirk, against General Hawley, who had arrived in Scotland with 11,000 troops. The issue of that battle is well known. According to our author, the Highlanders were ignorant of their victory, until they were apprized of it by the retreat of the English troops. The weather at this time was dreadful; and on the 18th, the tempest raged with violence, and the rain poured down in torrents. In these circumstances, our author was ordered to proceed with a guard, which he was told was ready to accompany him, to take charge of some cannon which had been left on the field of battle, of which he gives the following description.

"I set out with this detachment; the serjeant carried a lantern, but the light was soon extinguished, and by that accident we immediately lost our way, and wandered a long time at the foot of the hill, among heaps of dead bodies, which their whiteness rendered visible, notwithstanding the obscurity of a very dark night. To add to the disagreeableness of our situation from the horror of this scene, the wind and rain were full in our faces. I even remarked a trembling and strong agitation in my horse, which constantly shook when it was forced to put its feet on the heaps of dead bodies, and to climb over them. However, after we had wandered a long time amongst these bodies, we found at length the cannon. On my return to Falkirk, I felt myself relieved as from an oppressive burden; but the horrid spectacle I had witnessed was for a long time fresh in my mind."

The numbers of the Highlanders were rapidly diminished after this battle by desertion; those who had acquired booty in the adventure, being anxious to return to their own country. A retreat became necessary. The Highland army accordingly left Stirling on the 31st January, to proceed to Inverness, which place was reached about the 16th February. On that night, Prince Charles slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the clan of Mackintosh, and here he narrowly escaped being seized by a contrivance of Lord Loudon, who was at Inverness with about 2000 troops. The plan was by a secret night-march to seize and carry off his person; and but for an accident it would have succeeded. The design was discovered by a girl of about 13 years of age, from the conversation of some English officers in an inn at Inverness, on which, having contrived to escape from the house, she took the road to the castle of Moy, to inform the Prince of his danger, who immediately took flight to the mountains. The enterprise was, however, attempted, and was defeated by the following singular stratagem.

"As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the Prince, and assured his Royal Highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The Prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountain. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains who intend carrying off our Prince; fire my lads, do not spare them, give no quarter." In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troops to flight. The fifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of his detachment, was killed by the first discharge, and the detachment did not wait for a second."

The enterprise of the Prince was now fast drawing to a close. The Duke of Cumberland arrived at Stirling on the 2d February, and continued his march to Aberdeen. Here he took up his quarters until the spring, and was occasionally harrassed and alarmed

by the successful invasions of the Highlanders. He left Aberdeen on the 8th of April, for the purpose of prosecuting offensive war against the Highlanders; and having succeeded in crossing the Spey, he drove back their outposts to Inverness. The Prince left Inverness on the 13th, to occupy a position he had chosen for the field of battle, about half a league from the town. On the 15th, a night attack was planned on the Duke of Cumberland's army; and the troops being ordered out for that purpose, made a long fatiguing and confined march, and, owing to the distraction of jarring counsels, having attempted nothing, they returned about seven in the morning, exhausted with want of rest, famine, and fatigue, to Culloden Moor, where the battle was fought which ruined for ever all the hopes of the house of Stuart. The rebel army was completely routed; but it was rallied at Ruthven, about 12 miles from Inverness, whither our author also arrived. Here he found the leaders, namely, the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and other chiefs of clans, with about 4 or 5000 Highlanders, in the best dispositions for renewing the war, and full of ardour. On sending a message, however, to the Prince, requesting him to place himself at their head, and to renew the war, they received for answer, "Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can," which our author truly observes was heartbreaking to the brave men who had sacrificed their lives in his cause. On all occasions, the character of the Prince is held forth by this his devoted follower to odium and contempt. He is charged with taking too great a care of his own person; and at the battle of Culloden, when every thing was at stake, and when he ought to have charged at the head of his troops, he tamely stood, without the reach of musketry, to see his troops vanquished, and then sought his safety in flight. The following account is given of him some hours after the battle.

"As soon as the Prince saw his army begin to give way, he made his escape with a few horsemen of Fitzjames's piquet. Some hours after the battle, Lord Elcho found him in a cabin, beside the river Nairne, surrounded by Irish, and without a single Scotsman near him, in a state of complete dejection, without the least hopes of being able to re-establish his affairs, having given himself altogether up to the pernicious counsels of Sheridan, and the other Irish, who governed him as they pleased, and abandoned every other project but that of escaping to France. As soon as possible, Lord Elcho represented to him, that this check was nothing, as was really the case, and exerted himself to the utmost to persuade him to think only of rallying his army, putting himself at its head, and trying once more the fortune of war, as the disaster might be easily repaired; but he was insensible to all that his lordship could suggest, and utterly disregarded his advice."

When the answer of the Prince was returned to the chiefs assembled at Ruthven, they had no choice but separation, of which we have the following melancholy account.

"Our separation," says our author, "at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations. The tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered, whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged without resource into a state of remediless distress."

After the battle of Culloden, the author enters on the account of his own personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which constitutes the most interesting portion of his work. After the separation at Ruthven, he returned to Killithuntly, the mansion of Mr. Gordon, where he had taken up his residence, and with whose family he had been previously in habits of intimacy. The lady offered him an asylum among the mountains, which were very solitary and difficult of access; telling him that she would construct a hut for him in the most remote situation, and would lay in ample store of food both for his mind and body. The project pleased him very much; but, before deciding, he was anxious to consult his friend Grant of Rothiemurchus, who had always professed an extreme partiality for him. Leaving, therefore, the amiable society of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, he went to Rothiemurchus, which is situated at the other extremity of this beautiful valley. The father, however, was not at home, having gone to pay his visit to the Duke of Cumberland, more from fear than from affection. Young Rothiemurchus advised him to surrender and trust to the mercy of the Duke of Cumberland, adding that he had just conducted Lord Balmerino, who had followed his advice, to Inverness. This advice, however, our author did by no means relish; and having met at Rothiemurchus Gordon of Park, with his two brothers, he, on their invitation, accompanied them to their estates, waiting to meet with his brother-in-law, Lord Rollo, who, he hoped, might assist him in effecting his escape. They reached the county of Banff on the fourth day after they had left Rothiemurchus, and the people being here the declared enemies of the house of Stuart, they were forced to separate. They had lodged in the house of a presbyterian minister of the name of Stuart, a secret friend of the Pretender; and on rising in the morning, our Chevalier exchanged his laced Highland dress with Mr. Stuart's servant for an old labourer's dress, quite ragged, and smelling so strongly of dung, as to be absolutely infectious at a distance. With this disguise, he made his way from the castle of Mr. Gordon of Park, when he passed the next night to Banff, and went straight to the house of Mr. Duff, provost of the town, a secret partizan of the Prince, "whose family," he observes, "was one of the most agreeable and respectable I ever knew in the whole course of my life, and whose charming society I quitted with the greatest possible regret, to rejoin our army at Inverness." Mr. Duff did not at first recognize him through his beggar's disguise; but having fixed his eyes on him, his

surprise was at length succeeded by a flood of tears. Here he passed a restless night, and next morning suffered a dreadful alarm on being told by the maid that the court-yard was filled with soldiers come to seize him. He immediately prepared for defence, with his eyes steadily fixed on the door, ready to spring on the first soldier who should enter; but what was his surprise and delight when he saw the amiable Miss Duff, the younger, burst in out of breath to tell him that it was a false alarm, and that the soldiers were gone. Miss Duff, he observes, was very beautiful, and only eighteen. "I seized her," he adds, "in my arms, pressed her to my bosom, and gave her with the best will in the world, a thousand tender kisses." Here he met with his brother-in-law Lord Rollo, who would in no wise interfere to assist his escape. He took leave, therefore, of Banff, and of the amiable and hospitable family of Mr. Duff, and returned to the castle of Mrs. Gordon, where he finally resolved to make his way to the south, or to perish in the attempt, which was indeed rash and hazardous in the extreme, the low country being every where infested with soldiers, who were commissioned to use the severest measures for the apprehension of rebels; and the two arms of the sea, the Tay and the Forth, being strictly guarded at all the different ferries. In prosecution of his design, he left the castle of Mr. Gordon, with a recommendation from a Mr. Menzies, whom he had met there, to Mr. Gordon of Kildrummy, one of his near relations. He met with the kindest reception, and was furnished with a guide to the village of Kildrummy, and afterwards to Cortachie, a village belonging to Lord Ogilvie; the inhabitants of which were favourably disposed to the Prince. Here he ran no risk from the people, and the landlady of the public house informed him, that there were two of the Prince's adherents concealed in Glen Prossen, a large ravine between two mountains, at the house of a peasant named Samuel. Our adventurer having found out these two companions in misfortune, he was induced, from the representation of the dangers which they gave of his journey southwards, to remain with them about 17 days, living on oatmeal and water, prepared according to the most approved modes of Scots cookery.

Samuel had a married daughter, who acted as a centinel at the mouth of the glen, and gave exact information during the day of the motions of the troops who were scouring the country. But when the troops arrived in the evening, the three adventurers were forced to fly to the mountains, where they frequently passed whole nights in the open air, exposed to the most dreadful tempests of wind and rain. Being at length informed that detachments of soldiers were hovering round their quarters, and that they had received information of their retreat, it was unanimously agreed to return to the Highlands. Our Chevalier, however, under the influence of a dream, which made a great impression on his imagination, determined to proceed to Edinburgh, notwithstanding the most earnest remonstrances of his host, who however consented to be his guide. Having an excellent horse, he mounted with Samuel

behind him, and left Cortachie at night. In his way to Broughty ferry, on the Tay, he had to pass through the town of Forfar, which he reprobates with every epithet of detestation, as a nest of presbyterian fanaticism; no sooner, he observes, had he entered this abominable place, than a dog began to bark at his heels, which so alarmed poor Samuel, who was a coward at bottom, that he struggled to escape, and if he had not been forcibly held on the horse, would have left our adventurer in the most perplexing of all situations. Having galloped through Forfar, and escaped this danger, he arrived without farther danger at the Tay, and being informed by Samuel, that Graham of Duntroon was favourable to the Prince's cause, he sent a message to him, requesting him to favour him with the means of escape. The conduct of Mr. Graham was generous in the extreme. He desired Samuel to conduct him to his enclosures, where there was very high broom favourable for his concealment; he soon afterwards came to visit him, expressing the warmest sympathy for his unhappy situation. He sent him at the same time for breakfast, new laid eggs, butter, cheese, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, which he devoured with the greater voracity, as he had tasted nothing with Samuel but meal and water for seventeen days before. Mr. Graham sent him some beef for dinner, which he observes, after the rigorous lent at Samuel's, he devoured with exquisite relish, though he had only had his breakfast three hours before. After dinner, Mr. Graham brought him a bottle of old claret, which they drank together, and at four o'clock in the afternoon he left him, embracing him and wishing him success. It was contrived that he should cross the water at 5 o'clock —that he should follow a gardener carrying a sack, who was to be afterwards replaced by an old woman to conduct him to the ferry. Here however he was exposed to new dangers. It happened, that just while he was waiting on the heights, a party of dragoons passed, who searched the village with the utmost rigour, and threatened the boatmen if they transported any suspicious persons across; and their threats had such an effect, that the boatmen absolutely refused to stir in this hazardous business. Our adventurer was however resolute, and Mrs. Burn, the keeper of the public house, having two handsome daughters, he made use of all his address to gain them over to his cause. He at length succeeded. But the boatmen were not to be moved. The two young girls, in this emergency, proposed to row him over, themselves, which was happily accomplished, and on the other side of the water he bade them an eternal adieu, under the deepest impressions of gratitude to them for having saved his life.

He was now, however, more at a loss than ever, having formed no plan for his future movements. At last he bethought himself of seeking refuge with a Mrs. Spence, a relation, who had a house in St. Andrew's, and an estate in the neighbourhood. To St. Andrew's then, he resolved to proceed, after reprobating it as the most fanatical town of Scotland.

"It was full," he adds, "of the accursed race of Calvinist hypocrites, who cover over their crimes with the veil of religion, fraudulent and dishonest in their dealings; who carry their holy dissimulation so far as to take off their bonnets to say grace, when they take even a pinch of snuff; who have the name of God constantly in their mouths, and hell in their hearts. No town ever so much deserved the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah."

He travelled all night, and when day began to appear, he sat down by the side of a stream to ease his feet, which were bruised, cut, and bleeding, from his coarse peasant's shoes and stockings. He remained for about two hours with his feet in the stream,—wrapt in the most melancholy forebodings, and in a condition to excite compassion in the hardest heart. When he again put on his stockings and shoes, hardened with blood, he found that he could scarcely stand upright, and when he attempted to stir, he felt a pain that cut him to the heart. In this plight he walked to St. Andrew's, and arrived at the house of Mrs. Spence.

"My cousin did not at first recollect me under my disguise; but having examined me for a moment, she exclaimed, shedding a flood of tears, "Ah! my dear child, you are inevitably lost. How could you think of coming to St. Andrew's, and particularly to a house so much suspected as mine? (she was a Roman Catholic.) The mob yesterday," added she, "arrested the son of my neighbour, Mr. Ross, who was disguised like you as a countryman, before he had been a quarter of an hour in his father's house, and he is now actually loaded with irons in the prison of Dundee."

It was agreed in this dilemma that Mrs. Spence should recommend Mr. Johnstone as a relation to one of her farmers, with a request that he would lend him a horse to carry him to Wemyss, on the coast of the Firth of Forth, where he might cross to Leith. But this farmer declined to profane the Lord's day by lending his horse to one who meant to travel on the Sabbath, and he obstinately persisted in this resolution, which draws from our author a most violent vituperation against that "holy rabble," who, though they are so rigid in those minute observances, never scruple to deceive and cheat their neighbours on the Lord's or any other day.

Our unhappy fugitive was now in a most deplorable situation Scarcely able to stir, from the wounds in his feet, which were bathed in blood—cast out from every refuge—and exhausted with fatigue, he knew not where to steer his course. At last, he bethought himself of one George Lillie, married to a chamber maid of his mother. He was a gardener to Mr. Beaton of Balfour, whose mansion was about half a league from the village of Wemyss. This couple were under great obligations to his father's family; and he was sure if he could reach their house that he would be in safety. Having made a hasty meal of the bread and cheese with which Mr. Graham had filled his pockets at Dundee, and which he had never before thought of in the agitation of his mind—having also bathed his feet, and soaked his shoes and stockings in the water,

he walked six miles without stopping. Here he rested himself and renewed the former operations on his feet; he then finished the other four miles about nine o'clock in the evening. His strength was now totally exhausted, and he could not have gone another step to have saved himself from the scaffold. The account of his reception may be given in his own words.

"Having knocked, Lillie opened the door, but did not recognize me in my disguise of a beggar. He said to me several times with impatience and evident alarm, who are you?—What is your business, or whom do you want?—I made no reply, but advanced inside of the door, lest he should shut it in my face. This added to his alarm, and it was evident that he took me for some robber or house-breaker, for he trembled from head to foot. I asked him if there were any strangers in the house? His wife, who was sewing near the fire, knew my voice, and perceiving my dress, she called out immediately to her husband, Good God! I know him; quick—shut the door. Lillie obeyed without farther examining me, and following me to the light, also recognized me. I could scarce suppress a laugh, notwithstanding my pain, at the look of amazement of Lillie, when he recognized me under my disguise; confounded, lost in astonishment, and petrified, he clasped his hands with uplifted eyes, exclaimed, "O this does not surprise me; my wife and I were talking about you last night, and I said that I would bet any thing in the world that you were with that accursed race." I answered, that he was in the right to conclude I was, from the principles of attachment to the house of Stuart in which I had been educated. "But at present, my good George," continued I, "you must aid me in escaping the gallows."

Here he was refreshed and taken care off, and having his feet washed and dressed, he was put to bed, when he slept nearly 24 hours, and awakened at 9 o'clock next eve ing much refreshed. The question now was, how to contrive the means of escape, and it was agreed, as Lillie's mother-in-law kept a public house in the village of Wemyss, much frequented by fishermen, that they should go there for the purpose of endeavouring to procure a passage across. Lillie accordingly applied to one Salmon, a fisherman, and set forth our adventurer's unhappy case; but he received a flat refusal, the fisherman protesting that he would do him no harm—but that he would give him no assistance; and in this he persisted, notwithstanding that he was offered six guineas for the passage. But the crossing of the firth was too essential to the safety of the fugitive to be easily abandoned. As Salmon kept an ale-house, they all accordingly went in together to take a glass of beer, and in this meeting the feelings of Salmon were so much softened to our adventurer, that he at last consented, and it was agreed that he should appear on the beach when the fishing boats came on shore, and ask for a passage. All this was punctually complied with, and the passage was agreed on for half a crown, when Salmon's wife, suspecting something, made her appearance, and vehemently broke

out against her husband for having any share in the business. The whole plan was in this manner frustrated, and Mr. Johnstone, afraid of a discovery, was forced back to a cavern along the sea shore, in which he had formerly taken refuge. When the alarm was over, he returned to the house of Mrs. Lillie's mother, by whom, to his no small astonishment and alarm at first, he was introduced to an officer of the customs under king George. He was given to understand, however, that this was a true man, having been, as he informed him, out in 1715; having in consequence lost his property, and being now reduced to the cruel necessity of accepting a mean employment under the usurper. By him he was introduced to one David Cousselain, a sexton of the non-jurors, who offered to take an oar to ferry him across, if they could find another person. He conducted him to the village of Dubbieside, to one Robertson, who was secretly attached to the Prince, and who told them that he would allow them to carry off his boat. He recommended to him, at the same time, to call on Mr. Seton, a gentleman in Dubbieside, whose oldest son had been in the rebellion, and who was well known to Mr. Johnstone. The account of this interview, as given by our author, is extremely touching.

"Having found Mr. Seton at home, I acquainted him with my name, and my intimacy with his son; he immediately desired me to walk into the parlour, where he tired me to death with a thousand questions, which I knew not what to make of, with a number of abrupt and disjointed observations, receiving me in the coldest manner possible, which I could not possibly account for; after harassing me in this manner for half an hour, all of a sudden his son entered the parlour, and clasped me in his arms. He told me that they had suspected me of being a spy sent to take him prisoner, and that though he had examined me for half an hour from head to foot, through a hole in the partition of the room, it was only that instant that he had been able to recognize me under my disguise. I was very glad to see young Seton again, particularly as I knew nothing of his fate since the battle of Culloden, and our pleasure at meeting was reciprocal; there is always a friendship between persons involved in the same misfortunes. He invited me to remain with him at his father's house, and his offer was the more agreeable to me, as Dubbieside was conveniently situated for my obtaining an opportunity of crossing the arm of the sea."

Here our adventurer remained in concealment for eight days, without advancing one whit nearer his object, and at last the whole family were put in a great alarm, by intelligence which Miss Seton procured from a fish woman, that the general talk was of a rebel who was seen hovering about Wemyss, and who had offered a great deal of money to the fishermen for a passage. With that decision which seems consonant to his character, he resolved that very night to attempt the passage of the firth, and Mr. Seton, a younger brother of his friend, offered to take an oar along with Cousselain. This attempt was necessarily deferred till the evening, when the

noise which they made in launching the boat alarmed the inhabitants, who set up a cry that a rebel was attempting to escape, on which Seton and Cousselain esteemed themselves fortunate in getting off without farther discovery. The whole family of the Setons now earnestly entreated our adventurer to desist from attempting the passage that night; but he was immoveable. Ten o'clock being the hour appointed, Cousselain returned; but so drunk that he could scarcely stand. Mr. Johnstone was, however, determined to persevere, replying to all their persuasions, that Cousselain could sleep himself sober in the boat, and that he himself would take an oar with Seton, and row the boat across. The boat was accordingly launched without the least noise—Cousselain was carried into it, and stretched in the bottom, and the two gentlemen began to row with all their strength.

They had rather a tempestuous passage; an easterly wind rose; their little boat was tossed by the winds, and in danger of being swallowed up; and, to add to their danger, the drunken Cousselain was constantly rising up, and had nearly overset the boat. At last they landed opposite the field of Gladsmuir, where the Prince had gained such a decisive victory; and our hero, after tenderly embracing Seton, his deliverer, remained here until it was dark, moralizing on the scene before him, and on all the associations which it suggested. His purpose was to conceal himself in the house of a Mrs. Blythe, at Leith, who had been 22 years in the service of his mother, and who had been entrusted with the care of him since his infancy. "The trouble and uneasiness," (he observes,) "which she continually experienced on my account, both from the dangerous illness to which I was subject in my youth, and the passionate, impetuous, and imprudent character which I possessed in common with most only sons, only served to increase her kindness and affection for me. She loved me as if I had been her own child." This woman, when she was 50 years of age, received an advantageous offer of marriage from Mr. Blythe, a shipmaster, with whom she lived very happily.

For this house the fugitive adventurer, after it became dark, made his way, and, on entering, he thought the good woman would have stifled him with her caresses. She sprung to his neck, clasped him in her arms, and shed torrents of tears for the joy of seeing him again. She was immediately dispatched to his father's house to acquaint him and his mother of his safety, and returned with abundance of clothes and every thing necessary for him. He was extremely anxious to see his father, although he was afraid of his reproaches, as he had joined Prince Charles in express disobedience to his positive commands. His father, however, gave him the kindest reception possible. The following is the account of their first interview.

"My father came to visit me; but, instead of reproving me, the good old man was so affected at seeing me again, that his eyes were filled with tears, and locking me in his arms, he was for some time unable to utter a single word. As soon as we were a little

composed after this scene of mutual tenderness, I amused him with the recital of all the particulars of our expedition, since our departure from Edinburgh for England, and all that had happened to me personally since the battle of Culloden. He remained with me till nine o'clock in the evening, and the day passed over with the rapidity of lightning. I was deeply afflicted on learning that my mother was very ill, and had been obliged to keep her room for a long time, and was still more so, when Mrs. Blythe told me that her anxiety for me was the cause of her illness, and that the physicians thought her life in danger. My grief was natural and well founded, she had always adored me with the most tender maternal affection. I proposed several projects to my father for going to see her, but he would not hear of it, alleging that I run a risk of being discovered, and that if unfortunately I should be arrested, it would be the death of both of them. I therefore ceased to insist on seeing her. What a cruel situation to be so near a mother, whom I had such a reason for loving tenderly without being able to embrace her."

He frequently afterwards laments his cruel fate in being separated from his mother by her long illness, and the earnestness with which he constantly recurs to this subject, shows his disposition to have been naturally amiable and affectionate. At this time Leith was filled with Hessian and English soldiers, who were waiting to be embarked for Flanders. One day two English serjeants called on Mr. Blythe with billets, and remained in the house wrangling for nearly an hour, during which their lodger was concealed in a partition between two rooms, where he continued watching them through a hole which he had made, and saw Mrs. Blythe trembling, and turning pale, and changing colour every minute.

A long and intimate friendship had subsisted between our adventurer and the well-known Lady Jane Douglass, who now proposed to pay him a visit. Of this lady he draws the following most engaging portrait.

"This worthy and virtuous lady, who was idolized by her country, possessed every good and amiable quality that could adorn her sex. She was beloved, respected, and adored by all those who had the advantage of knowing her, as well as by the public in general, who only knew her through the high character and reputation she possessed. She had been very beautiful in her youth, and was still beautiful at the age of forty-five, appearing at least fifteen years younger than she really was, from the uniform, temperate, regular, frugal, and simple way of living she had always observed; she was virtuous, pious, devout, and charitable without ostentation, her devotedness was neither affected nor oppressive to others. Her affability, easy and engaging manners, and goodness of heart, soon set at their ease those who paid court to her, whom her graceful and majestic air might at first have rendered timid. Her mind was highly cultivated; she had a decided taste for literature: she had a great memory, much good sense and intelligence, a sound

judgment, and a quick discernment; her library was well stored with the best authors, without any of those trifling novels which generally form so large a portion of the libraries of women. She possessed great elevation of soul, and was even haughty and proud on proper occasions, supporting her illustrious birth with dignity, without arrogance, and without vanity, but in a manner truly noble."

Lady Jane, hearing of the dangers with which he was threatened, insisted that he should remove to her house, which was situated about half a league from Leith. This was effected in safety, and he remained here secluded about two months, which he passed away very agreeably by the help of books, for which he now acquired a decided taste. He was at last, however, suddenly roused from his retirement, by a piece of alarming intelligence. One of the servants, who had been at market for provisions, was there told by the lacquey of an English gentleman, a commissioner of the customs, that they knew that he was concealed with Lady Jane Douglass, and that the house would be immediately searched. It was then only nine o'clock in the morning, and it was necessary therefore speedily to contrive the means of escape. It was impossible to get out of the house without being seen by the servants, and it was equally impossible to remain concealed in it. As they were at that time making hay in an enclosure belonging to Lady Jane, it was proposed to conceal him in a cock of hay. He accordingly went into the enclosure with the footman, who was let into the secret, and Mr. Stewart, the gentleman who was afterwards married to Lady Jane. The footman and gardener immediately began throwing each other down among the hay, with which the one who happened to be undermost was covered by the other. At last they threw down Mr. Johnstone, and, as a part of the same sport, covered him with hay, and here he remained during a long hot day, almost suffocated, having scarcely space to breathe.

In consequence of this and other alarms, it became necessary to think of a retreat, and London was fixed upon as the safest asylum. Our adventurer was in consequence disguised as a pedlar, and every preparation was made for leaving his native country, never to see it more. The following passage gives a most painful picture of his agitated feelings.

"Next day my father came to bid me an eternal adieu, and passed the afternoon with me. I felt the utmost affliction and grief at the approach of this perpetual separation. I warmly urged my father, as well as Lady Jane, to permit me to go to Edinburgh for a few moments to embrace for the last time the most tender and affectionate of mothers, in the bed where she was then dangerously sick; but they would not give their consent on account of the danger I should run of being discovered, either in passing through the town, or by the servants of the house. What a cruel situation; to be within a mile of a tender mother, who had always fondly loved me, then dangerously ill, and yet be unable to bid her an eternal adieu."

After setting out he proceeded on horseback six leagues without stopping, and having alighted at a public house for the purpose of taking some refreshment, he consented to join a gentleman who was in the next room; but what was his surprise when he found that it was a Mr. Scott, banker in Edinburgh, to whom he was well known. Trusting, however, to his disguise, he continued to preserve his assumed character, when Mr. Scott unwarily pronounced his name. After this, however, he was at great pains to induce him to believe that he did not know him, for which Mr. Johnstone was unable to assign any motive. Having endeavoured to deceive Scott as to the road he was to take, he arrived at Kelso, where he slept at a private house, absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. Next day he entered England; and, without any farther accident, though he was occasionally exposed to danger, he arrived in London the seventh day after his departure from Lady Jane Douglass. Here he endeavoured to find out some safe lodgings, and he bethought himself of a female, with whom he was formerly acquainted, and who kept a shop. Having procured lodgings with her, he also renewed an attachment with a young lady, whom he celebrates in a strain of the most ardent tenderness and devotion. With her he exchanged mutual vows of eternal attachment, and during the short time he remained in London he passed his whole time with her. He dwells on this fleeting interval of happiness and joy with all the enthusiasm of an enraptured lover; and the remembran e of those delightful moments, he adds in his usual melancholy strain, has only served to embitter the hours of sorrow he has experienced since. He was at length awakened from this dream by an offer from Lady Jane Douglass to take him to the Continent disguised as her servant. This offer, after at first rejecting, owing to the attachment which he had formed, he at last determined to accept; and a separation from his mistress, who was now become the idol of his heart, was, in consequence, rendered necessary. The agony of their last interview is described in a strain calculated to touch every feeling of the heart.

"I took leave of her uncle immediately after dinner, and went to meet my charming Peggy at a rendezvous which we had agreed on, to pass the few precious moments that were left us in some solitary walk out of town. This was the more necessary, as so affecting a separation would not admit of witnesses, and especially of the presence of her uncle, who had not the least suspicion of our sentiments; the afternoon, which was the most melancholy we ever knew, was spent in reciprocal vows and promises of eternal fidelity and constancy, nevertheless it passed with the velocity of lightning; a hundred times I was tempted to renounce my intention of departing, and I had occasion for all the fortitude of my charming Peggy, to confirm me in my resolution. She accompanied me to the coach-office, where, having remained together till half-past eight o'clock, she called a coach, and entered it more dead than alive. I followed her coach with my eyes, and when it altogether disappeared, my resolution then became weak and wavering.

"If I could have foreseen that this was the last time I should ever see her, no consideration on earth could have torn me from her; and rather than have left her, I should have coolly awaited the ignominious death with which I was every day threatened. Vain hopes! vain illusions! My life has been one continued and uninterrupted series, a perpetual concatenation of the effects of adverse fortune. The Supreme Being has assigned a fixed period for the dissolution of every thing that is created of matter; but if there be such a thing as immortality, our two souls will be eternally united."

Having escaped to the Continent, he finally entered into the service of France, where he met with the most unjust treatment, being degraded to the rank of an ensign, although he had held a captain's commission in the service of Prince Charles, and at length deprived of a small pension which had been at first assigned him, and in consequence left in great pecuniary difficulties. His future life was, in short, spent in continual disappointment and misery, by which his spirit, though naturally firm and magnanimous, seems at length to have been entirely cast down and broken; and he breaks forth without restraint into the most distressing lamentations over the misery of his lot.

"I know not," he observes, "what star has presided at my birth, but my life has been continually passed in misfortune, adversity, pain, want, and the most crying injustice in the service,—very hard to be borne by a man of feeling and an officer well acquainted with the duties of his profession. I have always been in straits; and the third of the pension given me by the king, for my subsistence, has been retrenched from it. I owe nothing to fortune, which has always cruelly persecuted me, without having once been propitious. Providence has frequently saved my life as if by a miracle; but that life has never yet been a source of enjoyment to me."

The following is in the same strain of despondency:

"If I had at that time as perfect a knowledge of the government's offices as I have since acquired by experience, I should have been more successful with much less protection; but I was then unacquainted with the omnipotence of the clerks: the crooked paths which it was necessary to tread in order to arrive at any object, and the irresistible influence of petticoats, which force open all the barriers to fortune, though I am now acquainted with this marvellous key for opening a door to the reward of merit and demerit, I have never made use of it. M. Rouille gave my friends every possible assurance, that their demands in my favour would be complied with; and M. de la Porte assured me at the same time, that I should find my commission at Louisbourg on my arrival there. This minister sent me an order, towards the end of May, to repair to Rochefort; and M. de St. Contest having given me a gratification to defray in part the expenses of my journey, I immediately left Paris, not indeed confiding in their promises, for I had received as many the year before; and when once deceived, I seldom bestow my confidence in the same quarter a second time;

but I saw no other course open to me than that of returning to Louisbourg. If I had been in possession of sufficient funds, I should undoubtedly have then quitted France, and endeavoured to obtain employment in some other service; but the want of money forges chains that cannot possibly be broken, and binds for ever the unfortunate man to his wretched condition. This want forms the certain and infallible means of which fortune avails herself to crush and immolate her victims."

He embarked in 1750 on board a crazy vessel for Cape Breton, and had nearly perished in the passage-boat. In August 1751 returned to France, where he in vain applied either for promotion or favour. He again embarked for Louisbourg in 1752, and in 1754 received a lieutenancy. When that settlement was captured by the English, he made his escape into Nova Scotia, and thence into Canada, where he continued until Quebec was taken by the English in 1759. Here he was alarmed lest he should be apprehended as a rebel. He was treated, however, as a prisoner of war, and experienced great kindness and courtesy from the British officers, among whom he met with some of his relations. He returned to France in 1760, where he continued still, according to his own account, struggling with his adverse fate.

"Fortune," he observes, "has not proved more propitious to me since my return to France, having continued to persecute me unceasingly with an invincible obstinacy. There is now every appearance that she will only cease to persecute me with the termination of my existence, which perhaps will be occasioned by the want of the necessaries of life; at my age, our lot is not easily susceptible of amelioration."

Such was the issue of our hero's unfortunate attachment to a worthless and ill-fated cause. Driven from his home, his country, and his friends, an outcast in a foreign land, with all the avenues to preferment shut against him, and without friends to support his claims, his proud spirit was crushed at length by his continued poverty and neglect. The account which he gives of his misfortunes is touching in the extreme. It is written with great energy and talent, and it exhibits a most striking and faithful picture of his mind, whether affected by joy or sorrow. But the impressions to which it gives rise are beyond measure gloomy and distressing. It is painful to look on constant and unalloyed evil; and yet so deeply are we disposed to sympathise with the unfortunate, that we dwell with a sort of melancholy pleasure on scenes of affliction, and it is not willingly that we withdraw our minds from the indulgence of sympathy to fix them on objects of gayety and pleasure.

ART. IV.—*King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette*, with Explanatory Notes; and the *Council of the Metals*. Third Edition. To which is added, Baron Basalt's Tour. 12mo. pp. 120. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1819.

ART. V.—*A Geological Primer in Verse:* with a Poetical Geognosy, or Feasting and Fighting; and sundry right pleasant Poems; with Notes. To which is added, A Critical Dissertation on "King Coal's Levee," addressed to the Professors and Students of the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 80. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820.

ART. VI.—*Court News;* or, The Peers of King Coal: and the Errants; or a Survey of British Strata: with explanatory Notes. 12mo. pp. 65. 3s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1820. [*Monthly Review.*]

In this age of scientific glee, when all the animated families of nature have been summoned to the ball-room, we had ventured to anticipate that even the mineral *people* would ere long be asked to a *hop*, or, at least, *to tea and turn out:*—but, lo! they are greeted with the exalted pomp of a *levee*. This really appears marvellous to sedate Reviewers, who are instantly shocked at such a gross violation of probability as rocks and stones setting out on long journeys, and paying their ceremonious respects and making set speeches to a sovereign as inert and unorganized as themselves. Yet such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that, under this semblance of honest criticism, there may unconsciously lurk some movements of peevishness or envy; and, could we candidly analyze all the workings of our internal frame, we might perhaps be convinced that, precluded as we are by our ever-during vocation from the gayeties of gala-days and the ineffable delights of the presence-chamber, we cannot endure the humiliating reflection that brute matter should, even in poetry, be supposed capable of enjoying scenes and privileges from which, alas! we are debarred.

However this may be, it is certain that the public, including some lettered divines, have not scrupled to bestow their countenance on the present exhibition of bowing and speaking stones; for "it has now more than doubled its former size; and the author begs leave to acknowledge his obligations to the Rev. W. Conybeare of Christ Church, Oxford, for his scientific hints towards the enlargement of the text, and to the Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in that University, for his kind assistance in considerable additions to the Notes." The author, however, with becoming modesty, still limits the scene of his effusions to old England.

He commences, as every legitimate bard is bound to do, by an invocation; unfolding his theme, arraying the ceremonial of the court, and putting the loyal and dutiful subjects in motion, in the following animated strains:

"Hail shadowy power and subterranean state!
Still may such pomp around the monarch wait,
Still may the grovelling herd in silent awe
Bend at his throne, and make his nod their law,
And may some minstrel soul in happier vein,
With high-ton'd harp, in louder loftier strain,
Spread through this middle world the glories of his reign!
"King Coal, the mighty hero of the mine,
—Sprung from a dingy, but a far-fam'd line,
Who, fathoms deep, in peace our earth possest,
Curb'd but in sway by ocean's billowy breast,—
Would hold a Levee: by such gorgeous scene
To please Pyrites, his alluring queen;
Would wield the sceptre sovereign fate decreed,
Enforce obedience, smile the welcome meed,
And prove his pow'r from Vectis to the Tweed.
Forth flew the mandate; earthquakes through the land
Spoke in hoarse tones the monarch's high command:
Air caught the sounds, and in expansion free,
Spread the deep word to Albion's circling sea.
—Each pond'rous sire, each grave or sprightly dame,
Must bow before the prince of smoke and flame;
Must bend their steps, howe'er unus'd to rove,
To greet the dusky King, and his resplendent love.
"On ebon throne, with choicest gems enlaid,
Sat the two tenants of earth's darkest shade;
She bright and blythe, and blooming as the spring,
He stern and stately, 'every inch a King.'
From vaulted roof, in glist'ning arches turn'd,
Around the throne the silv'ry gas-lights burn'd;
Rose high in air, with soft ethereal fire,
That left the day no object of desire.
Mirrors of Mica, black, red, green, and white,
Mingling a rich and parti-colour'd light,
Suspensive dwelt those silv'ry suns between,
And pour'd their changeful splendor on the scene.
"On either side, at awful distance, stood
The subtle-minded gnomes, a swarthy brood;
The monarch's pages they,—well train'd to bear
His instant mandates through earth, sea, or air.
Ethereal spirits,—but to visual ray
Now bodied forth, in habits rich and gay:
With tinsel stars upon each velvet dress;
—Conductors of the eye to ugliness!
Each in his hand a staff of office bore,
And grave they stood as mutes beside the dead man's door.
"Beneath the queen so costly and so bright,
The maids of honour, rob'd in purest white,
Soft-smiling beauties, cheer'd the dazzled sight.

As in mild summer-nights the gazer sees,
When Heaven is fair, and hush'd is every breeze,
The constellation of the Pleiades.
" Behind the throne, triumphant music shed
Its loudest notes around the monarch's head.
The shrill-tongued trumpet, and the deep bassoon,
And cymbal, emblem of the pale-fac'd moon,
From full blown cheeks and brawny arms, combine
To wake the drowsy echoes of the mine.
" Earth shook,—and well it might; for now the throng
In indolent procession mov'd along:
Mov'd,—and around a hollow murmur sent;
Mov'd on,—and star'd, and wondered how they went.
" What boots it here, in glowing verse to tell
The dire events earth's puppets that befell;
What boots it here, though earth affrighted saw
Another Lisbon yield to nature's law;
Though thousands died,—it but abridg'd the span
That fate allotted to the creature man.
Rocks moving harmless would indeed be rare!
—Sufficient for our purpose, they were there."

The point of precedence being adjusted by seniority, Duke *Granite* moves first in the procession, attended by *Gneiss*, " a weather beaten man." Next appears the Marquis of *Slate*, " who will *split* with his best friends;" a wealthy nobleman, but racked with contortions which greatly perplexed all the faculty. To him succeeds the Countess-Dowager *Porphyry*, somewhat negligent of dress, being " a prime blue stocking." She is followed by Viscount *Sienite*, and his inseparable friend, *Hornblende*. Then appears Count *Grauwacke*, " by wizard Werner bred in Saxony," and laying claim to all the estates of the noble family of *Slate*. The elder *Sandstone* moves on, impatient for the arrival of his younger brother, who was flirting with Miss *Gypsum*.

Having noticed the subordinate kindred of the Sand-stones, and their affinity to the great Lord *Quartz*, the poet descants on the stately deportment and physical and chemical acquisitions of Sir Lawrence *Lime-stone;* the portraits of whose sons, *Lias*, *Oolite*, and *Chalk*, suggest that of their weaker cousin *Marl*. Sir Lawrence, announced by his lacquey *Spar*, in splendid livery dight, commences his speech with apologizing for the absence of his honoured mother, Lady *Marble*, who had gone to Italy on account of her health:

" He spake, and bow'd. The King here turn'd his head,
And to Pyrites in low accents said;
' I wish, sweet consort, you could once have seen
This Lady Marble; she hath lovely been.
Been, did I say? She *is*:—as I'm alive,
You scarce would take her to be thirty-five.

Astonishing how well her years she bears!
No muddy skin, no forehead seam'd by cares,
But a complexion, and an eye of light
Like a young child's, so beautiful and bright.
She shines in native loveliness and grace,
By far the most attractive of her race.
Ill health may be the plea; her native air
May tend the nervous system to repair;
But I should doubt her journey o'er the sea
Is prompted by the sex's vanity:
Since she may fancy a more genial ray
Will render beauty slower in decay.
That lady is most *highly polish'd* too,
Each court of Europe hath she travell'd through.
In this our isle indeed, you scarce can quote
A family of any style or note
Where Lady Marble cannot freely roam;
Indeed where she may not feel quite at *home*.
I wish,' the monarch whisper'd in her ear,
'That no intrigue be on the *tapis* here;
For I have heard of late repeated mention,
Canova pays her very great attention.'
Thus did the King reveal his mighty mind;
Then coldly to Sir Lawrence he inclin'd;
—Who saw with half an eye how sat the wind,
So bow'd again, and quickly pass'd along,
Bustling with look important through the throng.
The King had coldly view'd him,—and no wonder!
He always strove to keep that Lime-stone *under*."

The younger *Sand-stone*, and his bride-elect, Miss *Gypsum*, are next introduced; while her lovely cousin, *Selenite*, is allowed to loiter in the anti-room, for reasons best known to her relative. In this stage of the ceremony, her Majesty is suddenly thrown into a state of great agitation and alarm by Squire *Lias*, in his cups, fantastically accoutred, and mounted on a huge crocodile, at the instigation of his bottle-companion, Jack *Clay*. The Squire is violently extruded from the presence by the Gnomes, and left to snore in the anti-room:

"Soon he awoke, and ruling reason too
Waking sad shame,—he then look'd very *blue*.
Joy to the strife that wakes no funeral knell!
One dire mischance the muse hath here to tell.
Were it but *one*, alas! 'twere passing well!
Of the King's pages few e'er reach'd their homes;
—The crocodile had swallow'd half the Gnomes!"

Chalk, who had never *crossed* King Coal at any time, though attended by his companion *Flint*, "a right hard-hearted boy," ex-

periences a very gracious reception, which "served him to discourse on for a year."—*Marl*, unwilling ultimately to disobey the royal mandate, had despatched a messenger to Jack *Clay*, that he might be favoured with his advice and assistance. Jack was found in the island of Sheppey, but had become a gentleman of sufficient consequence to feel somewhat shy of keeping indifferent company; her Majesty's collections of shells and plants having devolved to his charge, and learned bodies having enrolled him in their ranks. Our dignified Professor, therefore, being not very anxious to appear at court in the humble capacity of attendant on a helpless invalid, was in no hurry to proceed; and, in the mean time, he had amused himself by playing his pranks on *Lias*. Poor *Marl*, quite impatient of the delay, had requested his own servants to bear him along: but, from their ignorance of the paths, he met only with obstructions and bruises, and was glad to return home. *Clay* appears *in propria persona*, but still too much under the influence of his late fit of hilarity to be able to stutter through his speech, or to obtain a smile from his sovereign.

The next group consists of Baron *Basalt*, Lady *Greenstone*, and Master *Whin*, attended by their foot-page, *Zeolite*. The haughty Baron, who boasted consummate skill in architecture, surveys the palace with great contempt:

"Anon he whispered in his Lady's ear,
'Fairhead and Staffa not like this appear!
Palace, forsooth!—a pig-stye should it be:
Scarce fit for that:—No; Fingal's Cave for *me!*'"

As the aforesaid Baron had often disconcerted the King's best laid plans by his audacious intrusions, and all his family were regarded as a *trap*, we need scarcely mention that he experienced no courtesy from the throne.—In the motley assemblage which next throngs the anti-room, appear "stout Mr. Hornestone," his "foster-brother, *Chert*," *Jasper*, *Agate*, *Felspar*,

"Fair Steatite, a dame of high degree,
Earl Serpentine's decided *chere amie*,"

Asbestus, *Clinkstone*, &c.

"Swinestone was there—but did not tarry long,
The ladies said he smelt so *very strong*."

"These timid souls were aw'd, and all aback:
Hornblende peep'd in—but said the King look'd *black*;*
On which Asbestus begg'd they might retire,
—Though reckon'd brave, and boasted—*to stand fire*."

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* Mr. Hornblende, who is by no means an Adonis, might have spared the remark.—*Rev.*

Old shivering *Shale*, however, took courage to advance, and greatly amused the Queen with his antique compliments and costume: while his Majesty, with much good sense and affability, received him cordially as a worthy friend and companion. In the mean time, a band of plebeian *Pebbles*, cheered by *Breccia*, had thrown the hall into confusion and alarm by their insulting and mutinous deportment, but were dispersed and put down by the efforts of the courtiers and the Gnomes. No sooner, however, were these *Radicals* quelled, than a spectacle still more appalling was presented in the form of a monstrous sledge, composed of a mammoth's skeleton, dragged by alternate pairs of hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and buffalos, and sustaining the mighty weight of *Gravel*. This huge giant remonstrates, in no very measured phrase, against the affront that had been put on him by omitting to invite his subjects to the levee:

"Off then his cloak, with gesture proud, he threw;
Around its gatherings, like a whirlwind, flew,
And, as they reach'd the dome's remotest edge,
Down sat the Giant; and on mov'd the sledge.
But the elk's antlers caught that flying cloak,
As o'er the palace its wide drapery broke;
And as the sledge upon the rugged ground
Mov'd slowly on, with deep and jarring sound,
Toss'd the torn fragments fancifully down,
The loose-built theories of man to crown.
"Now fear, that like an incubus had prest,
And check'd the vital current in each breast,
Roll'd slowly off: and, as with one consent,
A deep-drawn sigh from every bosom went:
The King gaz'd round, Pyrites rubb'd her eyes,
Gnomes, courtiers, all awoke in wild surprise."

The King, ashamed at having betrayed his fear, and enraged at the *Metals*, who had refused to acknowledge his supremacy, thus vows vengeance:

"Metals and Semi-Metals, *pure* and *base*,
Here I denounce your vile presumptuous race.
Earth shall behold each sulphury column roll
Its dark and poisonous skirts from pole to pole,
Speaking the deadly dictates of my soul.
The universe shall witness how I treat them:
I'll *melt* the dogs, wherever I shall meet them!"

Fear and volcanic tremblings shake the hall: the angry Monarch raises his arm: all is darkness and chaos; and many were the mishaps and discomfitures of the courtly throng in groping and squeezing their way home.

This spirited little morsel, which is neither altogether a *jeu d'esprit* nor a lesson on the mineralogy of England, and which yet partakes of both, somewhat savours of the ingenious effusions of Miss Porden;* and, as our numerous quotations must have already convinced our readers, it bespeaks much felicity of fancy, with no ordinary powers of versification. The author excels in trimming a triplet: but, in such a short poem, he should have made a more discreet use of his skill: at all events, he should have avoided two and three successive repetitions of such a license. We object, also, to such rhymes as *form'd* and *warm'd*, *stood* and *flood*, *assorts* and *quartz*. These, however, are blemishes which a little mechanical attention may remove, and which will probably disappear in the course of a more intimate acquaintance with the Muses; and the present flattering specimen of talent warrants the expectation of some more elevated and extended performance from the same quarter.

The notes, which unfold the *dull realities* of the theme, are far from prolix, yet may convey much useful information to those who are desirous of tracing the outlines of the geology of England, without all "the pomp and circumstance" of massy volumes. The definitions and statements are in general very correct, but one or two would require qualification. Thus, p. 48., "it is not agreed whether clay-slate contains organic remains or not, or is to be considered primitive or secondary." Now, the whole doctrine of mineral formations may to some appear questionable: but, if admitted, those beds of clay-slate which are found in a nearly vertical position, and associated with mica-slate, must be decidedly *primitive*. Again, the singular pyritous impressions of a family of crustaceous animals, *ogyginæ* of Brongniart, observed in the extensive slate-quarries of Angers, are a striking example of fossil remains in a repository of slate; for they pervade the mass, and figure like plates in the leaves of a book, their position being nearly vertical. In the same beds of slate are occasionally found dendritical delineations, more than a foot in length, which seem to represent some marine plant, although Guettard oddly conjectures that they are vestiges of *tremellæ*. If, then, the *secondary* character of any member of the mineral system is to be determined by its exhibiting traces of organized remains, who can doubt that such a substance as secondary slate exists?

That the members of the zeolite family are found *exclusively* in trap-rock is also asserted with too little reserve; for mesotype has been detected in primitive serpentine, and stilbite occurs in metallic veins which traverse mica-slate in Norway, as likewise in several of the primitive rocks of the Swiss and Dauphinese Alps. In the Pyrenees, too, it has been found in granite, or primitive schistus; and, in the island of Arran, in drusy cavities of the granitic rock.

* See Monthly Review, vol. lxxxv. p. 39.

Of the two minor poems in the present volume, the first is a sequel of the Levee. The assembly of the Metals, on the representation of Sir Lawrence Lime-stone in his discomfited guise, having deliberated on what steps should be taken in consequence of King Coal's fulminating speech, each proposes or endeavours to state his own views; when, at the lucky suggestion of *Manganese* they agree *never to come near him*. *Iron* had, however, reserved a *salvo* in his own breast, that his *sons* might be sent to court to push their fortunes, as they accordingly were, under the guidance of Jack Clay; and his Majesty, whose resentment had now subsided, consented to place them under the protection of Shale, for whose mellow society he had conceived a very decided *penchant*.

"Shale wove them a bower—that large *palm-trees* surrounded,
And with *ferns* quite gigantic its area bounded.
A passion for plants had so grappled his soul,
That an old *Hortus siccus* each spare moment stole:
For which he had ransac'k the swamps and the meads,
Till his *Hortus* was richest in *grasses* and *reeds*.
But a strange antiquarian whim he display'd;
From the simplest of plants his selection was made,
And of structure primeval like none *we* descry
'Mid the bountiful gifts that the seasons supply;
Nor confin'd he his search,—for the earth widely knew
From the poles to the tropics the treasures he drew:
Which long in his cabinet hoarded so slily,
As an ancient *Herbarium* are priz'd very highly.
To Shale then the urchins were duly consign'd,
Who found them at once to his studies inclin'd:
And with him and King Coal in these regular ways
They liv'd snugly enough all the rest of their days."

The object of *Baron Basalt's Tour* is to sketch the localities of the principal primitive and flœtz-trap-formations of England and Wales. It is very happily conceived, and executed in the style of the old romantic ballads, and in various measures. The Baron bestrides his Atlas; and his groom, Zeolite, rides Skeleton. The journey commences on the borders, and is prosecuted through the trap-districts of Northumberland, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Shropshire, Wales, Gloucestershire, Devonshire, and Cornwall; and the travellers encounter various adventures, occasionally alarming the natives, and quaffing freely wine or ale as often as they experience the hospitality of the hero's kindred. The 6th and 15th stanzas, which we cull at random, must suffice as samples of this amusing and ingenious narrative; which, also, is accompanied by neat explanatory notes.

"They rose with morning's bright career,
From those gray turrets to depart,
—Where meek-ey'd Pity bends to cheer
The shipwreck'd seaman's heart,—

And o'er the bosom of the deep
To the Farn Islands gayly sweep.
The Baron there got his cap well lin'd
With eider-down to nurse his brain:
By which his intellect, refin'd,
Started quite fresh again:
But since no Boswell's aid he cherish'd,
All his bon-mots—alas!—have perish'd.
But whilst he grappled each eider-duck's nest,
Zeolite suck'd the eggs;
Till the varlet grew so sick at last
He scarce could keep his legs;
And when they homeward came afloat,
He grac'd the bottom of the boat."—

"The Baron conceiv'd that a body, when heated,
Must be cool'd ere the process can well be repeated:
And with error of judgment no mortal can tax him,
For it seems 'tis a true philosophical maxim.
So away to St. David's bold headland he hied,
And splash'd like a drake in the billowy tide;
Whilst Zeolite stood with a cargo of towels,
And blest with delectable pains in his bowels:
For we seldom in pleasure life's moments employ,
Without paying toll for the scenes we enjoy.
But whether he died, and was turn'd to Welsh dust,
Or again had the comfort of moist'ning his crust,
In the manuscript, whence these short notes are extracted,
No mention is made,—nor how Zeolite acted."

Again we have to remind the author that *marauder* and *border*, *bore* and *war*, *nest* and *last*, *ton* and *bonnes*, *noddle* and *waddle*, are not legitimate rhymes: but we cannot close his performance without conveying to him our cordial acknowledgments for the pleasing remission from severer duties which the perusal of it has afforded us.

The "*Geological Primer*" is derived, we believe, from the pen of Mr. Bakewell, who is so well known by his geological lectures and publications.

The design of the *Poetical Geognosy* is to present, in familiar rhymes, a view of the general stratification of the earth's surface. At a grand dinner, given to all the rocks by old Neptune, each of the guests passes under the cognizance of the Muse, and his or her station is assigned in some spirited lines, which recall the smartness and vivacity of the preceding bard; and which, by the aid of an "Argument" and a few marginal notes, unfold the presumed history of mineral formations to country gentlemen.

"The Strata from Paris arrived very late,
With letters requesting a chair and a plate.

'*Eh bien*,' said the God, with a good-natured air,
'*Faites entrer Monsieur le Calcaire Grossier;*
Let him and his friends at a sideboard be placed,
And with Cerites and Lymnites the covers be graced."
"Now, Muse, raise thy voice, and be kind to our wishes,
And tell us the names of the principal dishes.
To Chalk, preserved palates and fossil Eschini
Were handed in C..am-shells more pearly than China.
Then Alcyonites, Nautilites, graced a tureen,
With Belemnites tastefully stuck in between.
The Oolites were served with a wondrous profusion
Of Bivalves, dish'd up in apparent confusion.
There Trigonias, Anomias, and Arcas were placed,
And each rock took the species that tickled his taste.
At this juncture some Limpets were sent in on one dish,
From our worthy friend Halifax, vicar of Standish.
Now oviparous creatures, in which the back-bone is,
Were hash'd with remains of the Cornua Ammonis."

The close of the banquet was disturbed by the fiery operations of Pluto, who felt highly incensed at not being asked by his brother:

"Thrice he stamp'd in a rage, and with crashes like thunder
The earth open'd wide, and the rocks burst asunder,
And the red streaming lava flow'd over and under.
It spread far and wide, till grim Pluto said 'Halt!'
And ranged it in columns and files of Basalt!
For he saw Neptune coming, collecting his might,
And roaring and raising his waves for the fight.
"Now were Eurite and Greenstone beginning to *run*,
Which Hutton and Hall said was excellent fun.
But a rock-rending scene in the sequel it proved,
E'en the hard heart of Porphyry was melted and moved.
And many a rock the Muse could not draw nigh to,
She saw very plainly was soften'd *in situ*.
Now thick vapours of Sulphur, and clouds black as night,
Roll'd in volumes, and hid the whole scene from the sight;
And the Muse told the Poet 'twas time to take flight:
Adding this—'My good fellow, pray leave off your writing,
We have had quite enough both of feasting and fighting.'

The *Geological Primer*, which, according to the title-page, should have been first in order, is intended as an Introduction to "King Coal's Levee," and is modelled on that erudite alphabetical effusion which begins with

"A was an Archer, and shot at a Frog," &c.

It exhausts all the letters of the alphabet, except Y, which might also have been pressed into the service of *yanolithe:* but the prin-

cipal objection to this parody, in a *critical* point of view, is that it blends geology and mineralogy, and is a complete primer of neither.

The *Granitology* was suggested by a visit to Derby, the former residence of Dr. Darwin; who, had he lived, might, it is supposed, have sung "The Loves of the Mountains," and have adopted a strain somewhat similar to that which is here exhibited. Thus:

"In ancient time, ere Granite first had birth,
And form'd the solid pavement of the earth,
Stern Silex reign'd, and felt the strong desire
To have a son, the semblance of the sire.
To soft Alumina his court he paid,
But tried in vain to win the gentle maid;
Till to Caloric and the sprites of flame
He sued for aid—nor sued for aid in vain:
They warm'd her heart, the bridal couch they spread,
And Felspar was the offspring of their bed:
He on his sparkling front and polish'd face
Mix'd with his father's strength his mother's grace."

The subject of the lines intitled *Physical Geography* is the huge repulsive nose of a person now deceased, which might have been allowed to moulder in its native dust without molestation.

Geological Cookery consists of six receipts for the production of Granite, Porphyry, Pudding-stone, Amygdaloid, good Breccia, with a calcareous cement, and a coarse Breccia. We quote the second:

"*To make Porphyry.*

"Let Silex and Argil be well kneaded down;
Then colour at pleasure, red, gray, green, or brown:
When the paste is all ready, stick in here and there
Small crystals of Felspar, both oblong and square."*

The verses "on reading Madam Maintenon's Memoirs" pointedly allude to the union of gallantry and devotion, of piety and profligacy, which characterized the court of Louis XIV.

Of the *Critical Dissertation* in prose on "King Coal's Levee," it becomes not us to speak; else we might endeavour to show that the ironical spirit which pervades it is *un peu trop fort:* but far be the *jalousie du metier* from our dwellings!

The remaining production is much less inviting than either of the preceding. The *Court News* comes from a friend who sat in

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* "This is the old-fashioned receipt for making Porphyry, used by our grandmothers; viz. they made the paste first, and stuck in the Felspar afterwards. This method is easy and plain: but in the most approved modern receipts, the ingredients are all mixed together at first, and the Felspar is left to crystallize while the paste is hardening."

a *cranny*, and observed the peers as they passed. The *Errants* is little more than a memorandum of the super-position of the strata of England and Wales *done into verse*, if such a phrase be applicable to a few uncouth lines, constructed with little regard to harmony, grammar, or rhyme. It may, indeed, convince the most sceptical of the existing *freedom* of the press.

ART. VII.—*Annals of the Parish, or the Chronicle of Dalmailing, during the Ministry of the* REV. MICAH BALWHIDDER, *written by himself.* Arranged and edited by the Author of the "Ayrshire Legatees." Pp. 400. Edinburgh. Blackwood. 1821. Philadelphia, Carey. 1821. (From the Edinburgh Review.)

BEFORE the Novelist of the North had conjured away our sympathies from inexorable fathers, wilful daughters, waiting maids, ensigns, rope ladders, and post-chaises; ruined the market for sentiment, shrieks, and swoons; sent into abeyance the whole class of the Strephons and Phillisses, the Lydias and Edwins, the Seraphinas and Zephrettas; and made obsolete, even the Lovelaces and Grandisons,—what chance of escaping derision would have been the man's who should have proposed to work up, into a novel, such raw and rude materials as the every-day incidents of a remote Scotish parish! Yet true it is, that a novel, with no other subject, now lies before us, which, although it has not only scorned the old-fashioned sickly sensibilities, and common place extravagancies, but has not borrowed an incident from romantic history, or local legend, an association from clanship or chivalry, or an image from the stores of the "land of the mountain and the flood," has succeeded in sustaining a peculiar and original interest of its own, with no creditor but Nature, in her simplest guise of truth and pathos. The artist has set his canvas for the homeliest subject, and, with much sagacity, and, in general, good feeling, with a knowledge of the world which estimates the value of the colouring of innocence, and with a quiet humour

> ——"That raises sly the fair impartial laugh,"

and knows with still finer tact,

> ——"From the yet laughing eye to draw the tear,"

has finished, on the whole, a very pleasing picture.

A well directed imagination can seize many poetical as well as moral points, in the interesting relation which subsists between a parish minister and his flock—impart the charm of fiction to a description of the tranquil reality of a humble rural pastor's parental cares and unambitious labours, and the affectionate attachment of his grateful people—and cull the simple incidents of village life, to build, withal, a tale of humour and pathos, or with yet higher object, to point a moral of deep social concernment, and universal application.

The parish chronicled is Dalmailing, a fictitious name, as is that

of the town of Irville in the neighbourhood; which last name, however, from its similarity to Irvine, coupled with other local allusions in the narrative, fixes the locality in the county of Ayr, in the West of Scotland. The minister is himself the annalist of an incumbency of half a century. He is a character of the most primitive simplicity, more common in the preceding than the present age of the Scotish church. He has studied at Glasgow college every thing but the world; a knowledge which all the learning of *Alma Mater* could not supply. But he does not need the acquisition; indeed is better without it; for while the *deficit* runs little risk of detection by his yet simpler flock, there is something in perfect blamelessness of life, kindliness of heart, and excellence of example, which operate more powerfully on a guileless community, than all the talent in the world not allied to these primitive graces.

The Rev. Micah Balwhidder, not less than his parishioners, is a great marveller at chronological coincidences. It falls out that he is placed in the pulpit of Dalmailing in the year 1760, on the very day on which his late Majesty, King George the Third, was placed on the throne. This is thought a very wonderful thing by his parishioners, who necessarily conclude that their king and their pastor are pre-ordained to flourish and fade in fellowship together." To this creed the worthy minister himself cannot help giving way, when it actually turns out, that in the same year in which the monarch's visitation veiled his aged head from the world, he, Micah Balwhidder, was persuaded to retire from his more active parish duties, and avail himself of the services of an assistant. The autobiographical chronicle begins with the year 1760. The annalist's induction to his living was what is, or rather was, known in Scotland by the denomination of *a violent settlement*. A rooted dislike to the interference of patronage, with what they vindicated as their unqestionable right, the choice of their own minister, was long prevalent with the people of Scotland; and was the cause ultimately of a serious schism in the church, in the withdrawing of that large class called the Seceders. Patrons would not yield their rights, and presentees asserted theirs; and before the Secession furnished a vent for the opposition, it was by no means uncommon to obtain the aid of the civil, and, not rarely, the military power, *to settle* a presentee, who was *put upon* the parish by a patron, and did not obtain what was termed a *harmonious* call from the parishioners. As there was no reason why the choice of the patron should not be as good as that of the parish, it not seldom happened that the opposed presentee was really unexceptionable; and the most unpopular new comer, by dint of good sense, temper, and zeal in his duties, brought the most prejudiced round, and became an useful and even beloved pastor. Professor Dugald Stewart, in his life of the celebrated philosopher Dr. Reid, gives that very history of the induction of that eminent and excellent person. He was presented in 1737 to the living of New Machar, but so contrary to the wishes and opinions of the parishioners, that " in the first dis-

charge of his functions, he had to encounter the most violent opposition, and was exposed to personal danger." But so had he gained on their affections, that when he was called to a different situation a few years afterwards, the same persons who had "taken a share in the outrages against him, followed him, on his departure, with their blessings and tears." "We fought *against* Dr. Reid when he came," said some old men to his successor, and would have fought *for* him when he went away." Our annalist is an example of violent settlement, and subsequent popularity. He is attended by soldiers to the church, and finding its door nailed up and barricadoed, he and his inductors are forced to enter by the window; a circumstance which induces Thomas Thorl the weaver, a pious zealot at the time, and spiritual ruler among the people, in other words, a conceited self-constituted judge of the doctrine, and pragmatical arbiter of the popularity of his minister, to rise and protest against the proceedings in a perverted text of Scripture. Notwithstanding this anathema, Thomas Thorl is the first in the parish to come round; a course not uncommon with the conceited, who have headed an unsuccesful opposition, in order to prove their power by effecting a reconciliation. Thomas might have worthier feelings; he is moved to see the pastor, who had been so violently opposed, going a round of parochial visitation, with the most Christian meekness, on the very next day. He sees him uncordially received at some doors, and rudely repulsed from others, and invites him into his house, remarking,

"'There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well, and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there was na a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it would na be lang till I would work a change.—'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'"

This is really the commencement to our annalist of great popularity, and consequent usefulness in his parish.

The first of his parishioners described by Mr. Balwhidder, with the exception of the redoubtable Thomas Thorl, is a very admirable person, who, with her family, makes a principal figure in the annals.

"I have now to speak of the coming of Mrs. Malcolm. She was the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, that was lost at sea with his ves-

sel. She was a genty body, calm and methodical. From morning to night she sat at her wheel, spinning the finest lint, which suited well with her pale hands. She never changed her widows weeds, and she was aye as if she had just been ta'en out of a band box. The tear was often in her e'e when the bairns were at the school; but when they came home, her spirit was lighted up with gladness, although, poor woman, she had many a time very little to give them. They were, however, wonderful well-bred things, and took with thankfulness whatever she set before them, for they knew that their father, the bred winner, was away, and that she had to work sore for their bit and drap."

It required some management to propose, in sufficiently delicate terms, to such a parishioner, some secret parish aid. The offer was declined for the most creditable reasons; and this part of the narrative touches with a delicate hand a proud feature in the character of the Scotish peasantry—the parish was rich in poors funds, and there was but *one* pauper on it, and he was a helpless cripple!

Mr. Balwhidder takes to wife his own cousin, Miss Betty Lanshaw; who, although there never had a word passed between them on the subject, had so habitually looked forward to the event, that she began, as a matter of course, to prepare her wedding garments, whenever Mr. Balwhidder got his living.

Our annalist being an upright conscientious man, is a great enemy to smuggling, and exerts himself strenuously to discourage it in his parish. The custom and excise laws were long most unpopular in Scotland; and while the actual smugglers very often banded and gave battle, the continuators of the smuggling transactions, the consumers, that is, the entire public, was very easy on the subject of their part of the office. Tea was long an article, the whole consumption of which was smuggled. In vain our annalist visited, and exhorted, and preached sixteen times from the text, "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's;"—tea made its way—and who can wonder that tea did make its way! Perhaps from some conscious feeling of the guilt of smuggling, but much rather, of refined indulgence, the Scotish peasantry were long ashamed of their use of tea. The following is in great simplicity.

"Before this year, the drinking of tea was little known in the parish, saving among a few of the heritors' houses on a Sabbath evening, but now it became very rife, yet the commoner sort did not like to let it be known that they were taken to the new luxury, especially the elderly women: who, for that reason, had their ploys in out-houses and by-places, just as the witches lang syne had their sinful possets and galravitchings; and they made their tea for common in the pint-stoup, and drank it out of caps and luggies, for there were but few among them that had cups and saucers. Well do I remember one night in harvest, in this very year, as I was taking my twilight dawner aneath the hedge, along the backside of Thomas Thorl's yard, meditating on the goodness of Providence,

and looking at the sheafs of victual on the field, that I heard his wife, and two or three other carlins, with their bohea in the inside of the hedge, and no doubt but it had a lacing of the conck*, for they were all cracking like pen-guns. But I gave them a sign by a loud host, that Providence sees all, and it skailed the bike; for I heard them, like guilty creatures, whispering and gathering up their truck-pots and trenchers, and cowering away home."

In 1761, Mr. Balwhidder's patron dies. The people had become attached to their minister, but never forgave the patron for "putting him upon them." A dancing-master settles in Irville, a visitation which the reverend annalist imputes entirely to the effects of smuggling, and the demoralization thence arising.

"But a thing happened in this year, which deserves to be recorded, as manifesting what effect the smuggling was beginning to take in the morals of the country side. One Mr. Macskipnish, of Highland parentage, who had been a valet-de-chambre with a Major in the campaigns, and taking a prisoner with him by the French, he having come home in a cartel, took up a dancing-school at Irville, the which art he had learnt in the genteelest fashion, in the mode of Paris, at the French court. Such a thing as a dancing-school had never, in the memory of man, been known in our country side; and there was such a sound about the steps and cottillons of Mr. Macskipnish, that every lad and lass, that could spare time and siller, went to him, to the great neglect of their work. The very bairns on the loan, instead of their wonted play, gaed linking and louping in the steps of Mr. Macskipnish, who was, to be sure, a great curiosity, with long spindle legs, his breast shot out like a duck's, and his head powdered and frizzled up like a tappit-hen. He was, indeed, the proudest peacock that could be seen, and he had a ring on his finger, and when he came to drink his tea at the Broadland, he brought no hat on his head, but a droll cockit thing under his arm, which, he said, was after the manner of the courtiers at the petty suppers of one Madam Pompadour, who was, at that time, the concubine of the French king."

The annals are full of the most wonderful coincidences. In the third year of Mr. B's ministry, "William Byres of the Loanhead had a cow that calved two calves at one calving, and Mrs. Byres the same year had twins, male and female;" and Mizy Spaewell, who was the witch of the community, died on the portentous night of Halloween, "which made every body wonder that it should have so fallen out for her to die on Halloween." Charles Malcolm, Mrs. Malcolm's eldest boy, goes to sea. The author never misses a touch of feeling.

"On the Monday morning, when Charlie was to go away to meet the Irville carrier on the road, we were all up, and I walked by myself from the Manse into the clachan to bid him farewell, and I

* Cogniack.

met him just coming from his mother's door, as blithe as a bee, in his sailor's dress, with a stick, and a bundle tied in a Barcelona silk handkerchief hanging o'er his shoulder, and his two little brothers were with him, and his sisters, Kate and Effie, looking out from the door all begreeten; but his mother was in the house, praying to the Lord to protect her orphan, as she afterwards told me. All the weans of the clachan were gathered at the kirk-yard yett to see him pass, and they gave him three great shouts as he was going by; and every body was at their doors, and said something encouraging to him; but there was a great laugh when auld Mizy Spaewell came herpling with her bachle in her hand, and flung it after him for good luck."

Charles's return is likwise a picture.

"One evening, towards the gloaming, as I was taking my walk of meditation, I saw a brisk sailor laddie coming towards me. He had a pretty green parrot, sitting on a bundle, tied in a Barcelona silk handkerchief, which he carried with a stick over his shoulder, and in this bundle was a wonderful big nut, such as no one in our parish had ever seen. It was called a cocker-nut. This blithe callant was Charlie Malcolm, who had come all the way that day his leaful lane, on his own legs from Greenock, where the tobacco trader was then 'livering her cargo. I told him how his mother, and his brothers, and his sisters were all in good health, and went to convoy him home; and as we were going along he told me many curious things, and he gave me six beautiful yellow limes, that he had brought in his pouch all the way across the seas, for me to make a bowl of punch with, and I thought more of them than if they had been golden guineas, it was so mindful of the laddie.

"When we got to the door of his mother's house, she was sitting at the fire-side, with her three other bairns at their bread and milk, Kate being then with Lady Skimmilk at the Breadland sewing. It was between the day and dark, when the shuttle stands still till the lamp is lighted. But such a shout of joy and thankfulness as rose from that hearth, when Charlie went in! The very parrot, ye would have thought, was a participator, for the beast gied a skraik that made my whole head dirl; and the neighbours came flying and flocking to see what was the matter, for it was the first parrot ever seen within the bounds of the parish, and some thought it was but a foreign hawk, with a yellow head and green feathers."

The minister loses his wife, whom he records, and distinguishes by the name of "the first Mrs. Balwhidder;" an accuracy very commendable, in as much as it was his lot to have three Mrs. Balwhidders, in legitimate succession. He first intended to have written an epitaph, for his wife's tomb-stone, in Latin; but remembering that if the departed "worthy woman" should come to read her own epitaph, she did not understand that tongue, he penned an inscription of no less than thirty-two lines of goodly English verse. After "a decent interval" he marries again, every thing in his

household going "to wastry," in his widowhood, through the good offices of the "servant lasses." His choice is a managing, notable woman, who is the means of saving to her husband many hundred pounds.

A new road through the parish, the source of many subsequent improvements, is the result of a disastrous overturn, in which Lord Eglesham, a neighbouring nobleman, is personally and principally concerned. The annalist records the event with perfect gravity.

"Coming, as I was noting, to see his new lands, he was obliged to pass through the clachan one day, when all the middens were gathered out reeking and sappy in the middle of the causeway. Just as his lordship was driving in with his prancing steeds like a Jehu at the one end of the Vennel, a long string of loaded coal carts came in at the other, and there was hardly room for my lord to pass them. What was to be done? his lordship could not turn back, and the coal carts were in no less perplexity. Every body was out of doors to see and to help, when in trying to get his lordship's carriage over the top of a midden, the horses gave a sudden loup, and couped the coach, and threw my lord, head foremost, into the very scent-bottle of the whole commodity, which made him go perfect mad, and he swore like a trooper that he would get an act of Parliament to put down the nuisance—the which now ripened in the course of this year into the undertaking of the trust road.

"His lordship being in a woful plight, left the carriage and came to the Manse, till his servant went to the Castle for a change for him; but he could not wait nor abide himself, so he got the lend of my best suit of clothes, and was wonderfully jocose both with Mrs. Balwhidder and me, for he was a portly man, and I but a thin body, and it was really a droll curiosity to see his lordship clad in my garments."

Miss Sabrina Hookie, a new schoolmistress and milliner, introduces divers new fashions and sentiments, but the benefit of such great improvements is doubted by Mr. Balwhidder. Lady Macadam, a personage of great importance in the neighbourhood, takes into her service, as a companion, Mrs. Malcolm's eldest daughter Kate; an interesting and beautiful girl, with whom the young laird falls in love, as happens in all parallel cases. The attachment is speedily mutual, likewise according to use and wont; and Lady Macadam, on discovering it, by accidentally opening a letter from her son to his love, is perfectly furious, in still farther consonance with the course of nature.

The only other events of importance in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, are the arrival in the clachan of a Muscovy duck and an English dean. The duck, the annalist says, after some negotiation, was received into fellowship by the other ducks and poultry—but would have died of an excess of beans, had not Miss Sabrina Hookie performed upon it what she called the Cæsarian operation, whereby she extracted the beans, and stitched up the crop again; "and the Muscovy went its way to the

water-side as jocund as ever, insomuch that in three days it was quite cured of all the consequences of its surfeit."

Mr. Balwhidder grows in favour with Lord Eglesham, and is invited to dine at the castle, where he meets the Dean. As the Dean was much more of a *rara avis*, in the clachan, than the Muscovy duck, and as the incident might have been rendered the most amusing in the narrative, if the contrast between the homely pastor and the hierarchical dignitary, had been well managed, we expected more amusement from this incident than we met with. The author has missed the opportunity of the contrast, although he has not omitted a portrait of the Dean.

"There was a vast company of English ladies and gentlemen, and his lordship, in a most jocose manner, told them all how he had fallen on the midden, and how I had clad him in my clothes, and there was a wonder of laughing and diversion; but the most particular thing in the company, was a large, round-faced man, with a wig, that was a dignitary in some great Episcopalian church in London, who was extraordinary condescending towards me, drinking wine with me at the table, and saying weighty sentences in a fine style of language, about the becoming grace of simplicity and innocence of heart, in the clergy of all denominations of Christians, which I was pleased to hear; for really he had a proud red countenance, and I could not have thought he was so mortified to humility within, had I not heard with what sincerity he delivered himself, and seen how much reverence and attention was paid to him by all present, particularly by my lord's chaplain, who was a pious and pleasant young divine, though educated at Oxford for the Episcopalian persuasion."

The young laird Macadam comes from England, and marries Kate Malcolm, and provides for the widow. Miss Betty Wadrife brings, from Edinburg, a new fashioned silk mantle, of which she refuses the pattern to Lady Macadam, not wishing it, as she says, to be "o'er common;" for which slight her Ladyship takes her revenge, by providing mantles, caricaturing the new fashion, to be worn by an ideot woman and her daughter.

"On the Sunday morning after, her ladyship sent for Jenny Gaffaw, and her daft daughter Meg, and showed them the mantles, and said she would give them half-a-crown if they would go with them to the kirk, and take their place in the bench beside the elders, and, after worship, walk home before Miss Betty Wadrife. The two poor natural things were just transported with the sight of such bravery, and needed no other bribe; so, over their bitts of ragged duds, they put on the pageantry, and walked away to the kirk like peacocks, and took their place on the bench, to the great diversion of the whole congregation.

"I had no suspicion of this, and had prepared an affecting discourse about the horrors of war, in which I touched, with a tender hand, on the troubles that threatened families and kindred in

America; but all the time I was preaching, doing my best, and expatiating till the tears came into my eyes, I could not divine what was the cause of the inattention of my people. But the two vain haverels were on the bench under me, and I could not see them; where they sat, spreading their feathers and picking their wings, stroking down and setting right their finery, with such an air as no living soul could see and withstand; while every eye in the kirk was now on them, and now at Miss Betty Wadrife, who was in a worse situation than if she had been on the stool of repentance.

Greatly grieved with the little heed that was paid to my discourse, I left the pulpit with a heavy heart; but when I came out into the kirk-yard, and saw the two antics linking like ladies, and aye keeping in the way before Miss Betty, and looking back and around in their pride and admiration, with high heads and a wonderful pomp, I was really overcome, and could not keep my gravity, but laughed loud out among the graves, and in the face of all my people, who, seeing how I was vanquished in that unguarded moment by the enemy, made a universal and most unreverent breach of all decorum, at which Miss Betty, who had been the cause of all, ran into the first open door, and almost fainted away with mortification."

War reaches the bosoms of our annalist's simple parishioners—many fine young men had *taken on* to be soldiers, and fall in the contest; and Charles Malcolm, who had been rated as midshipman, meets his fate in Rodney's action with De Grasse. The description affords another example of the author's skill in simple pathos. After the first burst of village-joy for the victory, it is discovered that there has been a letter by the post to the minister. This letter contains the fatal intelligence, which, of course, he is requested to *break* to the widow. She, anticipating some disastrous news, comes to the manse.

"When I saw her I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tear fleeing up into my eyes, she guessed what had happened. After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, 'How did he behave? I hope well, for he was aye a gallant laddie!—and then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter, and when I had done, she begged me to give it to her to keep, saying, 'It's all that I have now left of my pretty boy; but it's mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies;' and she begged me to return thanks to the Lord, for all the comforts and manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in Him alone, and that was when she was left a pennyless widow, with her five fatherless bairns.

"It was just an edification of the spirit, to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs. Balwhidder was confounded, and said, there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude, than tongue could tell.

"Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to con-

duct her to her own house, but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and kail-blades on sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of victory. But when they saw me and Mrs. Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy; and, standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness, along the kirk-yard wall as we passed, showed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping; and, taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door, like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbours came to look at it, as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babies fondlier to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

"I prepared a suitable sermon, taking as the words of my text, 'Howl ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste.' But when I saw around me so many of my people clad in complimentary mourning for the gallant Charles Malcolm, and that even poor daft Jenny Gaffaw, and her daughter, had on an old black ribbon; and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming home from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit and drop a tear.

"After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose me, I rose up, and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm; the singing of which brought the congregation round to themselves; but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do, therefore I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another psalm, dismissed the congregation."

The settlement in the parish of Mr. Cayenne, an American refugee, and considerable capitalist, is quite an epoch. He builds a cotton mill, and a complete new town to the clachan, which addition he calls Cayenneville, corrupted by the villagers into Canaille, and peoples it with cotton-spinners and tambourers brought all the way from Manchester. This altogether changes the industry of the country; the females become tambourers; it being made clear by Miss Sabrina, that if a woman can make more money by tambouring than spinning, it is expedient that she should not spin but tambour.

The second Mrs. Balwhidder dies, and, after another "decent interval," our good friend looks out for, and as rarely fails to happen, finds a third Mrs. Balwhidder. The servant lasses were again "off at the nail," so "I bent my brows, and looked towards Irville, which is an abundant trone for widows and other single women; and I fixed my purpose on Mrs. Nugent, the relic of a Professor in the University of Glasgow, both because she was a well-bred woman, without any children to plea about the interest of my own two, and likewise because she was held in great estimation by all who knew her, as a lady of a Christian principle."

In 1803 better principles came round among the weavers. Miss Balwhidder is married, with the enormous portion of fifteen hundred pounds; which is only a part of the savings of the second Mrs. Balwhidder. A volunteer corps is raised in the parish; embroidered colours are presented by the Miss Montgomeries; and the annalist and Dr. Marigold, the apothecary, are thrown down, by reason of not getting fast enough out of the way of a charge of bayonets: they are extricated from a position somewhat resembling that of knife and fork, into which their fall had brought them, and are found to have sustained no injury. Invasion is expected and an alarm spreads that an enemy's ship is in the frith of Clyde, and that the Greenock sharpshooters are embarked to attack her; and "our volunteers were just jumping and yowling like chained dogs to be at her too."

But the annalist's sorest trial, in his old days, is the actual erection and endowment of a seceding meeting-house, which takes away many of his parishioners. His powers begin to fail, and the elders come to the manse in a body, and make offer to him of "a helper," which the third Mrs. Balwhidder, "who had a very clear understanding," prevails upon him to accept. The conclusion, although a little protracted, is very affecting.

"My tasks are all near a close; and in writing this final record of my ministry, the very sound of my pen admonishes me that my life is a burden on the back of flying time, that he will soon be obliged to lay down in his great store-house, the grave. Old age has, indeed, long warned me to prepare for rest, and the darkened windows of my sight show that the night is coming on, while deafness, like a door fast barred, has shut out all the pleasant sounds of this world, and inclosed me, as it were, in a prison, even from the voices of my friends.

"I have lived longer than the common lot of man, and I have seen, in my time, many mutations and turnings, and ups and downs, notwithstanding the great spread that has been in our national prosperity. I have beheld them that were flourishing like the green bay trees, made desolate, and their branches scattered. But, in my own estate, I have had a large and liberal experience of goodness.

"At the beginning of my ministry I was reviled and rejected, but my honest endeavours to prove a faithful shepherd, were blessed from on high, and rewarded with the affection of my flock. Perhaps, in the vanity of doting old age, I thought in this there was a merit due to myself, which made the Lord to send the chastisement of the Canaille schism among my people, for I was then wroth without judgment, and by my heat hastened into an open division the flaw that a more considerate manner might have healed. But I confess my fault, and submit my cheek to the smiter; and I now see that the finger of Wisdom was in that probation, and it was far better that the weavers meddled with the things of God, which they could not change, than with those of the king, which they could only

harm. In that matter, however, I was like our gracious monarch in the American war; for though I thereby lost the pastoral allegiance of a portion of my people, in like manner as he did of his American subjects; yet, after the separation, I was enabled so to deport myself, that they showed me many voluntary testimonies of affectionate respect, and which it would be a vain glory in me to rehearse here. One thing I must record, because it is as much to their honour as it is to mine.

"When it was known that I was to preach my last sermon, every one of those who had been my hearers, and who had seceded to the Canaille meeting, made it a point that day to be in the parish kirk, and to stand in the crowd, that made a lane of reverence for me to pass from the kirk door to the back-yett of the Manse. And shortly after a deputation of all their brethren, with their minister at their head, came to me one morning, and presented to me a server of silver, in token, as they were pleased to say, of their esteem for my blameless life, and the charity that I had practised towards the poor of all sects in the neighbourhood; which is set forth in a well-penned inscription, written by a weaver lad that works for his daily bread. Such a thing would have been a prodigy at the beginning of my ministry, but the progress of book learning and education has been wonderful since, and with it has come a spirit of greater liberality than the world knew before, bringing men of adverse principles and doctrines, into a more humane communion with each other, showing, that it's by the mollifying influence of knowledge, the time will come to pass, when the tiger of papistry shall lie down with the lamb of reformation, and the vultures of prelacy be as harmless as the presbyterian doves; when the independent, the anabaptist, and every other order and denomination of Christians, not forgetting even these poor little wrens of the Lord, the burghers, and anti-burghers, who will pick from the hand of patronage, and dread no snare.

"On the next Sunday, after my farewell discourse, I took the arm of Mrs. Balwhidder, and with my cane in my hand, walked to our own pew, where I sat some time, but owing to my deafness, not being able to hear, I have not since gone back to the church. But my people are fond of having their weans still christened by me and the young folk, such as are of a serious turn, come to be married at my hands, believing, as they say, that there is something good in the blessing of an aged gospel minister. But even this remnant of my gown I must lay aside, for Mrs. Balwhidder is now and then obliged to stop me in my prayers, as I sometimes wander —pronouncing the baptismal blessing upon a bride and bridegroom, talking as if they were already parents. I am thankful, however, that I have been spared with a sound mind to write this book to the end; but it is my last task, and, indeed, really I have no more to say, saving only to wish a blessing on all people from on high, where I soon hope to be, and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, especially the first and second Mrs. Balwhidders.

There is no species of merit, in works of genius, more questioned by an envious world than that of originality. As invariably as we set ourselves to find out, when we see the children of our acquaintances, whether they resemble father or mother, or both, we are tempted when a work, like that before us, comes in our way, to conclude that it must of course be a copy; and we manifest a very generous alacrity in assigning it an original. Good sense and fairness, however, would dictate some pretty obvious prior considerations. Although it belongs to a genius unquestionably original as well as powerful, to discover and first set foot in a new region of literature, there may be in that region a great variety of soils to cultivate, and produce to raise; many more than the discoverer can himself undertake. Now he is not precluded from the credit of originality, who is only beholden to the first adventurer for the more general discovery, great as that debt is; but who skilfully appropriates and turns to account, in the new territory, spots that suit himself, and which possibly not suiting his precurser, might, as to all their capabilities, have remained unknown. An imitator, however, can only follow his leader closely in the particular walk, and is unable to diverge from his footsteps into a path of his own, however narrow and short, or to move without betraying the manner and all the peculiarities of his prototype. The head of a school of fictitious composition must have many such humble followers, who are all but plagiarists; but his were a narrow school, which did not admit of a variety of resembling yet distinguishable excellence, in authors whose honourable relation to him is more allegiance to a chief, than servitude to an instructor. Allegiance is, beyond all doubt, due by the author before us to the great novelist of the day. No one who reads this work will doubt, that, if the Scots novels had not had a previous existence, we never should have seen, "The Annals of the Parish." But of this we feel as much assurance, that "The Annals of the Parish" might not, or rather would not, have been imagined by the other novelist; and that but for this author we should never have seen a composition in the precise line which, in them, he has chosen. We are far from rating this work near to the pitch of the Scots novels, although here and there passages do occur, which affect us, in some degree, after the manner of these wonderful productions; yet it is coin of greatly inferior denomination—painting of much lower style and subject. There are in it, nevertheless, much original conception, humour, and pathos; some well-imagined incident, with a distinct drawing of character, a good effect of relief and contrast, and an occasional vividness of colouring, which set before our eyes the minute delineations of Crabbe.

With the taste of the author we cannot, in candour, say we are pleased. He, more than once, descends lower than a description of simple rural manners requires, into something like vulgarity. But this is more excusable than the symptoms he exhibits of defective feeling, in plainer language, coarseness, on some points of vital importance to the colour of his character as an author. There

is throughout the work an unhesitating use of Scripture, to aid ludicrous effect; and a marked sneer at our spiritual teachers, implied in the quaint names of *Heckletext*, *Kettleword*, and the like, and in some degree, we are not without our suspicions, in the unnecessary *simplicity* of the reverend annalist's own character, to whom consistent justice has not been done. We strenuously reject, for example, to his exhibition before the Lord High Commissioner at Edinburgh. The answer of Cayenne to the two seditious weaver lads, who were brought before him as a justice of peace, is too shocking to have been imagined or repeated by any one not at least careless on the subject which it profanes. We need not spare any other author on this ground, after reproaching the unknown novelist himself with the like offence. Here there *is* imitation. We do not impute to either author an intentional insult to religion; but the practice is a crying nuisance, and although meant only to amuse, it drives a mine deep beneath the rock of our faith, compared to which, the direct assaults of its open enemies are impotent. This is more worth consideration than the dealers in the ludicrous have given to it. The ground is perilous in the extreme. It may be trodden once, in gaiety of heart—in defect of thought, if not of good feeling—but him, who, in these times, risks its repetition, we should not hesitate to denounce as one of the most insidious enemies of his country, and his species.

We have said that Micah Balwhidder is on the whole, although an excellent person, somewhat of a caricature. He is greatly more a *Nathaniel* than he is required to have been; and marvels at some things, and mistakes the cause of others, in a manner which he could not have done, to have passed examination for his orders. We grant that much of the humour consists in his perfect simplicity and literalness; but we cannot admit that he is a just representation of the average, even in his own times, still less now, of the Scotish country clergy. The author has had more than one original in his eye, although he has followed none closely. Our excellent old friends, Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield, occur to us; we think Micah Balwhidder something between these personages, with some points of each, although a general inferiority to both. His simplicity, *quoad* the world, may be accounted for in the abstraction of his academical studies and clerical duties;—these last he is represented as performing in a manner well worthy of the example of the most zealous of his brethren; his pulpit exertions are sincere, pious, and often strikingly eloquent; and, on the whole, he is so estimable a person, that we do not wonder that his flock, soon forgot his unpopular settlement; and we are persuaded that they would have made—Thomas Thorl and all—a more zealous exertion to have kept him, had they been threatened with his removal; than they did to exclude him, before they knew him. There are no objects of contemplation, in social life, more affecting, no more powerful answer to those who would wound religion by reviling its ministers, than the silver hairs of a venerable pastor, who has spent a temperate, pious, healthful life, in the affection-

ate tending of one flock,—the attachment with which such a shepherd is honoured in his lifetime,—and, when time severs the hallowed bond which unites him with his people, the sorrow with which his remains are followed to the grave.

ART. VIII.—*Letters from an Englishman in the United States.*

LETTER VII.

(Continued from our last.)

MY DEAR SIR,

ON the arrival of emigrants in this country, they ought to spend as little time as possible in the cities, where living is exorbitantly dear. I must, however, be understood to allude to those whose views are agricultural, and whose finances do not admit of unnecessary expenditure. The change from the confined cabin of a ship, to the comforts of a good hotel is truly delightful; particularly to families unaccustomed to long voyages; but I think a week or ten days sufficiently ample, in all ordinary cases, for family arrangements and preparations for future research. In all the seaports there are persons whose business it is to lie in wait for the unwary; and who, under the semblance of pure disinterestedness, are not easily detected. These are connected immediately, or more remotely, with the sale of lands, and are eager to be introduced to unsuspecting strangers. They will tell you with seeming plausibility, that *their* lands are the best in the United States, no matter where, or how they are situated. Such persons must by all means be avoided, for none but fools will purchase lands which they have never seen; particularly in a wide and wild country like America. Land-jobbing is the order of the day, which will not appear surprising when we consider how many millions of acres are yet unpeopled and unsubdued.

But it is time that I should introduce you to the *backwoodsmen* of America, who constitute no inconsiderable part of the population. These people are of an erratic disposition, and are emigrants from the more settled parts of the different states. The only patrimony that a backwoodsman would desire, is, an axe and a rifle. Thus equipped, turn him into a trackless, and almost interminable forest, where white man never trod, and where the sound of the axe was never heard. Visit him in a few years and you will

find him cultivating the soil,—a portion of the gigantic woods will have disappeared; the blue smoke will be seen curling above his solitary habitation; and, where grew the hardy oak and lofty pine, you will behold his favourite maize, and yellow waving wheat. Such is the picture presented to the European, when he explores the back settlements of this new world.

No sooner has the backwoodsman made his situation tolerably comfortable, than he is ready to dispose of this "*improvement*," as it is called, and begin the world anew; and thus, from time to time, he seeks a new abode, in situations where the advancing population has not as yet driven the deer and other wild animals from their native forests.

These, then, are the pioneers in the grand march of the American people. Unable to relish the enjoyments of more polished life, they are perfectly satisfied to prepare the path for those who follow. How different, my dear sir, is this from our old fashioned English habits! I have witnessed families of a similar station to those of whom I am writing, who on being obliged to quit the small tenements which they and their fathers had occupied, were overwhelmed with the most poignant distress, as if the closest bonds of affection were about to be severed for ever, and there is something peculiarly affecting in such a scene, which displays the kinder charities and sweeter affections of our nature, in the humble, and I may say the ruder classes of society, where we would not expect to find them. There is in the American settler a carelessness about his farm, which appears to pervade his whole character. He seems to possess no local partialities. It is perfectly indifferent to him what place he resides in; or if any bias displays itself, it is generally in favour of remote and inconvenient situations. I confine these opinions of character particularly to that class of settlers known in the United States by the name of backwoodsmen, who are the precursors of settlement; and who, provided they have a rifle and an axe, can find a home in any part of the forest. There are, to be sure, different classes even of these woodsmen, and the thorough bred hunter is more frequently found among the emigrants from the southern than the northern states; in the latter of which, children are in general brought up in better and more orderly habits. In the southern states, the system of slavery has a bad effect upon the habits of the lower orders of the white people,

as I have already observed. The progress of settlement is westward; and hence you find the new lands in New York and Pennsylvania, settling principally with emigrants from New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut; the emigrants from New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, go to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri; while those from Virginia and the Carolinas go to Missouri, Alabama, Louisiana, and the Floridas.

When an Englishman first arrives in this country, although he may have occasionally been accustomed to cut down timber and hedge rows, he knows nothing of the woodsman's art; but he may acquire it from observation and practice. I observed one day, a young Englishman use an axe by way of experiment, and the bystanders, desirous of flattering him, told him that he chopped like a yankee; which they considered as the highest compliment. The act of hewing down the timber is called *slashing;* cutting the trees, when down, into shorter pieces, is called *chopping;* so that in *clearing* land, the timber is first slashed, next chopped, and then *logged* or brought together in heaps, in order to be burned.* Clearing is the most expensive operation attached to the improvement of new lands; but as soon as the timber is burned off, the ground is ready to receive the grain, or whatever the farmer may wish to entrust to its bosom, without the additional trouble of ploughing;—harrowing, of course, is necessary.

A volume intitled "Letters from the British Settlement, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, by C. B. Johnson, M. D." was published in England two years ago;† but from reasons which I cannot conjecture, its general circulation has been unequal to its merits. Dr. Johnson is an Englishman; and, like his countryman Mr. Birkbeck, too much an enthusiast. But his statements are more defined; and the district from which he writes, is more adapted to the taste of English farmers, than the much talked of Western countries.

In a future communication I will give you some accounts of this "British Settlement," for I think it well deserving the attention of families emigrating to the United States.

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* In Pennsylvania and Ohio, trees are simply *girdled;* in a few years they fall of themselves, when they are brought together in piles and burned. Ed. P. F.

† First printed in Philadelphia, at the Port Folio office. Ed. P. F.

LETTER VIII.

My Dear Sir,

It has been the fashion of Englishmen, who have visited this country, if qualified to write a legible hand, to publish their "Travels," for the edification or amusement of their untravelled friends. Many of these *travellers*, who, by the way, have never been five miles from the sea-port in which they landed, have conceived, that nothing which they could *invent* would be so eagerly swallowed, as the vilification and abuse of the American people. It is surprising that honest John Bull should suffer himself to be gulled by those unworthy specimens of the British character.

Such a line of conduct has had its effects on this side of the Atlantic; and has gone far towards a complete annihilation of the sympathies felt for the mother country. Every future sojourner here, for a considerable time at least, must feel the bad effects of such unwarrantable misrepresentations; for it has rendered the deportment of Americans towards strangers less generous and open than it would have been, provided a proper respect had been paid to truth. English laws have established the rule, that every man must be supposed honest, till he has been proved a rogue; but here it has been found expedient to reverse the rule, by supposing all Englishmen knaves, till they have been proved honest.

When an Englishman writes respecting America, he must find much difficulty in describing it so as to be well understood. This arises from the variety of taste—a country which is charming to one person, will disgust another. Your picturesque tourist has an easy task, when he knows that all the diversity among his readers, is that

> "One pursues
> The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild,"

While

> "Another sighs for harmony and grace
> And gentlest beauty,"—

but a book for farmers and mechanics to comprehend, is a very different affair. Most of these people are wedded to old habits, and it is almost impossible with many, however glaringly wrong they may be, to alter or correct them. Persons who come to this country, either as farmers or mechanics, should endeavour to ac-

commodate themselves to the place; and it must be confessed that I have seen many bad specimens of my countrymen. This kind of people are the most likely to get dissatisfied with any place where they may be, since good conduct is necessary for their welfare in every situation. The extreme ignorance of others is very amusing. I have been shown an extract of a letter, or letters of a person of the name of Howit, who says his brother preferred an English workhouse to any place he saw in America; and speaking of the British settlement, in Susquehanna county, he says, that for scores of miles, scarcely a blade of vegetation could be seen; and that nothing was visible but huge, ponderous, splintering stones, lying in one wide melancholy prospect, as if showered upon it by some inexhaustible volcano. He represents the inhabitants of this terrible place, as living on wild cats, raccoons, and squirrels. Now one would suppose, that on this subject no difference of opinion could exist; and yet although I have been a considerable time in the British settlement, and over all parts of it, I have seen none of those ponderous rocks and stones, which Howit has so lavishly showered upon it; nor have I ever seen or heard of a single wild cat; but I have heard of *one* raccoon that was killed in this *desolate* part of the country!—It is really difficult to account for the strange misrepresentations so frequently made of this country, by some of our countrymen who have been here. When I read the above mentioned statement, I supposed the person who wrote it had never been in the settlement; but on making inquiry, I was told that a person who was believed to be the writer alluded to, in company with another who carried a gun, came into the settlement about two years ago, and that he amused some English settlers, by the singular questions which he asked, among which were, whether the grass raised in this country would feed cattle? How came the stumps in the fields? &c. &c. and that, taking offence at the risibility which his inquiries occasioned among his own countrymen, he set off some time in the night without the family of the house being informed of his departure. This person is too insignificant to have his falsehoods noticed; but there are many others of more consequence, who have committed the overflowings of an ill-temper to paper, and repaid American hospitality with contumely and abuse. Writers of this description, destroy the harmony of a kindred people, and excite a spirit which is at least as injurious to

Great Britain as to America. But I have the pleasure to think, that we shall see much hereafter in the tone of a late number of the Edinburgh Review. Indeed, I saw a few days ago, a letter dated in October last, from Isaac Weld, who was the writer, some years since, of "Travels in America," in which letter he makes many apologies for the language used in his "Travels," which he attributes to youth and want of proper temper and information. In this letter he says, "it appears to me, as if those genuine feelings were reviving, which the rancour of civil war had interrupted, and that England might now be proud of her offspring, as America might glory in her parent. I wish well to America with all my heart and soul; and to the great political experiment carrying on in her realm. What a bright contrast is there between the United States, and the countries on the continent, which I have lately visited, where despotic and absolute sway has been the order of the day! America need not be impatient; if she is prudent, her power and strength will be more than great; and wisely and justly directed, will influence the destinies of the old hemisphere, during generations which have yet to play their part in this bustling world."

This is like

> "Pytholeon libelled you; but here's a letter
> Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better."

Each country has its peculiarity; and I do not recollect ever hearing of one remarkable for being remarkable for nothing at all. Though the Americans have coined a few new words, and neglect the authorities of Johnson and Walker in a few others; yet through all this amazing extent of territory, there is to be found but one dialect.

I was much amused with that part of one of your letters, in which you so anxiously inquire after my safety from wolves, bears and rattle snakes. I am extremely obliged to you for the kind solicitude you are pleased to express; but I assure you, who, like many more of our countrymen, are annoyed with apprehensions of dangers which never existed, that I have yet escaped. The most dreadful of this mortal trio, will not attack a person, unless driven to it in self defence. Besides, they are comparatively scarce, for as man advances, they fall back into the more remote forests, and are but rarely seen.

Mr. Shultze and another gentleman, who were lately travelling in the western part of New York state, relate the following story: "We stopped," say they, "the same evening, at a settlement a little above Wood creek, in order to obtain a fresh supply of milk for our coffee and chocolate. The sun had just set as we were ascending the bank, when we heard the cries of a hog in distress; and upon approaching the house, we found it occasioned by a bear, that had come upon the same errand with ourselves, namely, to get something to eat; but as he found no one with whom to make a bargain, he very deliberately seized a *small* hog of about three hundred pounds weight, and marched off into the woods. By the time we came to the house, we discovered an old woman, with a long-handled-frying-pan in one hand, and a ladle in the other, running after the robber; but she soon returned, and informed us that 'this was the second time the *darnation devil* had visited them within a week.'"

The bear is easily tamed when caught young, and is really a fine playful fellow. We have here two kinds of foxes, the red and the gray. The red fox is said to have been imported from Europe, but I think it improbable, for neither in shape nor colour do the foxes of the two countries agree. Reynard is not very troublesome, for though he is sometimes heard at night barking in the woods, his visits to the farm yard are by no means frequent; and when he treats himself to a goose, it is sheer necessity which compels him; whereas English foxes often destroy the whole hen-roost, without bearing off a single prize, as if they delighted in bloodshed and cruelty.

Buffaloes and elks are found in many parts of the Western states; the former are exceedingly numerous. The various nations, or tribes of Indians, subsist principally on the flesh of those animals and that of the wild deer. As the country becomes settled, they retreat to the wild and uninhabited wildernesses; except the deer, which are found near the abode of man, so long as any extent of woodland remains. The chief amusement of the backwoodsman is deer-hunting, or rather shooting, for his rifle is his sole dependence. Wagon loads of venison are sent to the cities in winter, where it seldom sells for more than from four to sixpence per pound. In the country, the common price is from a penny to two-pence! This country cannot boast of a great variety

of game. A small species of hare is found in many places, which is something between the English hare and rabbit. Wild turkeys abound in many of the states, some of which weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. Pheasants are inferior both in size and plumage to ours; partridges are also much smaller. Woodcocks are numerous in some places, but are not so large as those of Europe. Water fowl are peculiarly abundant on the sea board, and also about the rivers and lakes. Squirrel shooting is an amusement among the woodsmen—the gray and black ones are large and good to eat. These people shoot the squirrels and pheasants through the eye, with a single ball, for fear of injuring the carcase! This I know will appear almost incredible to you, for so it did to me when first I came among them, but I can now bear witness to its being a fact.

(To be continued.)

ART. IX.—*The Pirate.* By the author of "Waverley, Kenilworth," &c. In three vols. Edinburgh: First American edit. two vols. Carey & Lea. [*Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE author of Waverly has taken the field this season in a new and unknown territory, and with forces of a novel description, but with as much skill, boldness, vigour, and, we may add, with as much certainty of success, as ever distinguished him at any preceding era of his career. Having already shown himself the unrivalled master of Scotish manners and English character, he has now transferred the scene to the Isles and the deep; and the beautiful lines of Shakspeare, which he has partly applied to his hero, may be applied without mutilation and without alteration, and every way with much greater propriety, to himself:—

> Nothing of him *that doth fade,*
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> *Into something rich and strange.*

The encounter of new and untried difficulties has, as in the case of Ivanhoe, served only for an additional spur of his imagination; and if the Pirate be, from the nature of its subject, a less splendid, it is, we venture to say, not a less delightful effort of the first genius of our age, than even Ivanhoe itself.

The essential fable of this romance is very simple, and, indeed, very slender,—so that a very few words may serve to give as full an account of it as is necessary for our present purpose. Availing himself of a true story (which is shortly told in the preface,*) he

* This is unaccountably omitted in the American edition; and we are disposed to apprehend that there is another hiatus about the middle of the first volume. The 13th chapter opens with a reference to a drinking bout

undertakes to frame a romantic narrative out of the partly real, partly imaginary, adventures of a set of pirates, apprehended among the Orkney Islands, during the reign of George I., though the author has chosen to throw the date of his fiction as far back as the end of the 17th century. Goffe, the captain of these pirates, and the hero of their tale, occupies, however, but a secondary place in the representation of the Novelist, who has thought fit to concentrate the chief interest of his story on the character and fortunes of a purely imaginary personage, that figures, at the opening of the romance, under the name of Clement Cleveland. The reader has, without doubt, remarked, that when the author avails himself of historical materials, he seldom fails to follow the same rule which is exemplified here. Young Milnwood, and Sergeant Bothwell, and Waverly, and Ivanhoe, are instances which must immediately recur to one's recollection; and if we may presume to hint what the author himself is no doubt quite aware of, he or any author who converts such materials to such purposes, can pursue. In order to bend the historical character of Leicester so as to furnish out *the hero of a romance*, the author of Kenilworth found himself obliged to commit faults of a sort which he had previously avoided with great caution and great felicity. He was not only obliged to falsify dates and distort events which are or should be well known to the reader of English history; but, what was much worse, to give, in many respects, a discoloured view of the historical being, the great Earl of Leicester himself. Now, Captain Goffe might, no doubt, have been dealt with after this fashion without exciting any such feelings of dissatisfaction as marred and diminished our delight in perusing the exquisite romance of the days of Queen Bess; but there is no occasion to take any liberties of that nature even with such a personage as Captain Goffe; and, therefore, the author has done wisely in refraining from them. We hope he will always follow the same rule in future; and for this reason as much as for any other, that it is a rule of his own establishing—a rule, the adherence to which has stamped a value upon his writings, which, if it had been neglected, even his genius could not have done—a rule, by observing which he has in fact made himself one of the greatest of national historians, as well as of national novelists. For who, after all, can doubt that, when the manners of Britain, (which express the soul of Britain much more forcibly than even the events of British history,) shall have passed away, it will be from his pages, and such as his, that the students of after generations will collect their best and truest lights? Cervantes, not Mariana, is the true historian of Spain—and there is more to be learned of Scotland from three of this author's novels, than all the industry of all the Chalmerses could ever extract from all the folios

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at Magnus Troil's, of which no account is to be found in the preceding pages. [Ed. P. F.]

Since this was written, we learn that there was an omission in the volume received by the American publishers, which they have been enabled to supply from a more correct copy.

and quartos, printed and MS., that are or ever have been in existence.

Captain Cleveland and Captain Goffe command two pirate ships, which, after a successful cruise in the Spanish Main, find it necessary to sojourn for a little among the Shetland Isles before they make for the English port where they hope to deposit their booty. The navigation of the stormy seas in that region is, however, less familiar to them than that of the Atlantic, and the ship of Cleveland, who cannot prevail upon his crew to obey all his orders, is lost off Sumburgh-head, a fearful promontory, with a no less fearful description of which the romance commences. The whole crew are lost, except Cleveland himself, who drifts ashore with the wreck of the vessel, while the sailors, who had abandoned their ship, and their duty, and their captain, go down, within his sight, in the long boat. The violence of the surf, however, had exhausted his last exertions, and he is about to die on the very threshold of safety, when his situation is observed by a young man who is walking with his father on the summit of the cliff, many hundred feet above that perilous and foaming beach on which the relics of Cleveland's ship have just been dashed. Trained to the dangerous sports of the islanders, young Mordaunt Mertoun, although himself a stranger, and the son of a stranger, fearlessly descends the precipitous rock, and saves Cleveland's life at the imminent risk of his own. The father of Mordaunt, a melancholy refugee, who had for some time tenanted a lonely mansion-house on a sequestered extremity of the island, has habits which prevent the rescued mariner from being carried home by his gallant preserver; but Cleveland, who has nothing of the bearded buccaneer in his aspect, is conveyed to a cottage in the neighbouring village, where he personally receives every sort of kindness, although it is by no means an easy matter to protect any part of his shipwrecked property, even the chest containing his clothes, from the rapacious hands of these islanders, who, it is scarcely necessary to add, were not without some share, at that period, in the inhospitable reproach of Cornwall, where, according to the old song,

> "Shipwreck'd mariners were slain,
> That false men might have surer gain;
> False men, who evil gladly spy,
> And thrive full well thereby."

Cleveland and young Mertoun are thus brought together under circumstances of the most interesting nature, at the very commencement of the narrative. Throughout the whole of it, their interests, characters, actions, and manners, are opposed to each other in the most skilful manner possible, and yet the interest of this contrast is never at its height till the last volume of the PIRATE is closed in the reluctant hand of the reader.

Young Mertoun, educated under the roof of a misanthropical and solitary father, and holding converse with none except the plain, open-mannered natives of Zetland, had grown up to the verge of manhood, not indeed, in happiness, but in simplicity. He is naturally graceful and high spirited---circumstances have kept

him ignorant of the world, and alike ignorant of the real vices, as of the external blandishments, of worldly characters. Cleveland, on the other hand, is graceful and high spirited too, but his course of life has left many of its natural traces behind it. He is hot, fierce, careless, desperate, like one whose trade has been too much in blood; but guilt has not seared him to the core, and with the sins of a pirate on his head, he still bears in his heart not a little of the real kindness, as on his brow not a little of the open gallantry of the British sailor, whose character he assumes.

Scorning the limited acquirements and views, as well as the homebred innocence of Mertoun's character, Cleveland speaks and acts in a style, which by no means tends to rivet links of affection between him and his preserver. But jealousy comes in to tear far asunder what gratitude has never been able to blend, and Cleveland and Mordaunt Mertoun are enemies from the moment when the former first sets foot on the threshold of MAGNUS TROIL, a wealthy Zetlander, under whose hospitable roof Mertoun has been accustomed to spend all his blithest days---in the company of whose beautiful daughters, MINNA and BRENDA, he had from infancy been taught to sooth or dismiss those melancholy thoughts, which the nature of his father's residence, his character and his demeanour, all together, had been, at other times, well calculated to nourish within his breast.

All the world of Zetland has said that young Mertoun is to marry Brenda or Minna, but no one can tell which of them. He himself lives with them both like a brother, and scarcely knows whether the dark and lofty beauty of Minna, or the lighter charms of the gentler Brenda, be the dearer to his affections. These simple maids are equally innocent, and equally ignorant. They both love Mordaunt. Perhaps neither of them has ever as yet looked on him with other eyes than those of sisterly love. They are all happy in the union of simple affection, and being happy, they seek not to ask why they are so. The arrival of Cleveland the pirate, interrupts all the smoothness of this course of things. From the moment of his appearance, the dream of island bliss is dissipated; all the tumultuous passions are kindled in male and in female bosoms, at the sight of one to whom the novelist applies those beautiful words of a brother poet——

> He was a lovely youth I guess;
> The Panther in the wilderness
> Was not so fair as he.
> And when he chose to sport and play,
> No dolphin ever was so gay
> Upon the Tropic sea.*

From the time when this adventurer finds access to the domestic circle of *the Udaller* Magnus Troil, Mordaunt Mertoun begins to perceive a remarkable falling off in the attentions he had hitherto been accustomed to receive from the kindness of Magnus Troil and his family. No little messages, no invitations---in short, it was evident that something was wrong; and Mordaunt, knowing that

* Wordsworth's Ruth.

Cleveland had become an inmate in the house, could not avoid connecting that circumstance with his own disfavour, in a manner that raised him many very angry, and, perhaps, revengeful thoughts. In particular, he is astonished and perplexed by hearing of a great annual feast about to be given by the Udaller, to which all the Zetlanders, beaux and belles, have been summoned—himself alone excepted. When he is perfectly sure that this is the case, he steals out to the desert, and seats himself beside a lonely *mere*, on whose bosom the wild-fowl are screaming, in a state of the most perturbed and melancholy feeling---when suddenly there stands by his side an ancient woman of the island—a lady by birth, but a solitary in her life---a maniac---a sorceress---the heiress---(so, in her delusion, she believes, and so, in their superstition, the islanders believe her to be)---of all the mysterious power of the old prophetess of the Norse—the last of the true bred Scandinavian Rheim-Kennars---Norna of the Fitful Head. This woman has often before shown kindness to young Mordaunt, who again, without being altogether a believer in the unnatural pre-eminence of her powers, is too young to be able entirely to devest himself of some reverence and awe, when he finds himself in her imposing presence; and has, moreover, learned, from many singular incidents, to acknowledge the extraordinary shrewdness and sagacious wit---if not witchcraft, of Norna. This strange woman advises and commands Mordaunt Mertoun, in spite of the coldness he has observed---nay, in spite of the non-arrival of the expected summons, to undertake his journey immediately across the wastes of the island towards the mansion of the old Udaller. Love, curiosity, jealousy, wrath, and some mixture of superstition to boot, make him obey the dictates of *the Rheimkennar;* and Mordaunt Mertoun arrives in the neighbourhood of Magnus Troil's habitation, at the very moment when all the throng of his expected visiters are pouring towards the scene of jollity. On the way he falls in with a most ludicrous couple---an absurd creature, half-farmer, half-pedant—the deputy of the lord-chamberlain of those isles---a sort of Scotish-agricultural-society hero of the 17th century---and a penurious old Scots maiden, his sister. These worthies, who have been transplanted from the farm of Cauldhouthers in Angus, for the hopeful purpose of improving what Mr. Coke and Sir John Sinclair call "the first of human sciences," among the natives of these hyperborean islands, furnish admirable relief to the indigenous manners of Thule, and afford a great deal of excellent mirth throughout a considerable part of this romance. Bryce Snailsfoot, an Orkney pedlar, who chiefly deals in the sale of shipwrecked garments and the like, is also present at this great feast; and he too, is a character of great comic power. But the chief source of merriment is unquestionably Claud Halcro, a Zetlander, and a laird; a dandy of sixty, and a poet of no contemptible order. Claud Halcro, in his youth, had sojourned some space among the wits of London; and his *Cheval de Battaille* is nothing less than the story of his having *once* been so fortunate as to be permitted a pinch from the box of Dryden

himself, or he commonly styles him, "Glorious John." This insular literateur is a great man at the residence of Magnus Troil—it is he who sings, plays, dances the best: his judgment is without appeal in all matters of festive arrangement:—he is the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* among the "barbarous folk" of Zetland. For the rest, he is a kind-hearted old gentleman, and contributes considerably to the carrying on of the incidents in the romance. His literary conversation is, throughout, a perfect resurrection of the dead. The moment he speaks, the reader can never doubt that he is listening to one who *had* taken a pinch of snuff out of the box of Dryden.

Magnus Troil is very much surprized, it is evident, at seeing Mordaunt Mertoun arrive an uninvited guest; but quoth he, "when Magnus Troil says welcome, his summons takes in all who hear his voice"—and, therefore, he constrains himself to receive Mertoun with some civility. The young ladies meet him in a style equally remote from what had formerly been usual. Minna, the dark beauty, is cold and stately—Brenda blushes as she turns away; but even in her demeanour it is easy to see the traces of some secret pique. Mertoun is totally unable to account for these severe changes; but Cleveland is the declared favourite of the fair sisters, and, as all men see and say, the lover of Minna, and Mertoun may be pardoned for suspecting the person who has supplanted him of having done so by not the most legitimate of means. In a word, he is jealous, and Cleveland is haughty; and it requires all the skill of old Halcro to prevent them from quarelling openly in the presence of the guests of Magnus Troil, while they are engaged in emptying an enormous punch-bowl, the fragile relique of some foundered East-Indiaman. Next day, after breakfast, the whole company are summoned to assist in the capture of a whale, that has suffered itself to be left behind the tide in the shallow water of a small arm of the sea, or voe; and Mordaunt Mertoun and captain Cleveland are, of course, among the most active in this singular species of diversion.

The monstrous animal, however, escapes in spite of all the efforts of experienced and inexperienced harpooners. The tide is making, and he at last "floats many a rood," overturning in one of his struggles, the boat in which young Mertoun has his place. The rest got ashore easily, but Mertoun is stunned, and would have been lost—but for Cleveland, who rejoices in having an opportunity of paying back in the same coin the obligation under which the youth had laid him on their first meeting. Minna Troil grows pale as death when she perceives the peril of Mertoun; but Brenda shrieks aloud; and it is easy to be seen that old affection, in spite of appearances, has not been quite banished from their bosoms. However, all retreat hastily; and there is none close to the youth when he recovers full possession of himself except old Claud Halcro.——

"About ten paces off stood Cleveland—his hair and clothes dropping water, and his features wearing so peculiar an expression, as immediately to arrest the attention of Mordaunt. There was a suppressed smile on his cheek, and a look of pride in his eye, that implied liberation from a painful restraint, and something resembling gratified scorn. Claud Halcro hastened to intimate to Mordaunt, that he owed his life to Cleveland; and the youth, rising from the ground, and loosing all other feelings in those of gratitude, stepped forward with his hand stretched out, to offer his warmest thanks to his preserver. But he stopped short in surprise, as Cleveland, retreating a pace or two, folded his arms on his breast, and declined to accept his proffered hand. He drew back in turn, and gazed with astonishment at the ungracious manner, and almost insulting look, with which Cleveland, who had formerly rather expressed a frank cordiality, or at least, openness of bearing, now, after having thus rendered him a most important service, chose to receive his thanks."

"It is enough," said Cleveland, observing his surprise, "and it is unnecessary to say more about it. I have paid back my debt, and we are now equal."

"You are more than equal with me, Mr. Cleveland," answered Mertoun, "because you endangered your life to do for me what I did for you without the slightest risk;—besides," he added, trying to give the discourse a more pleasant turn, "I have your rifle gun to boot."

"Cowards only count danger for any point of the game," said Cleveland. "Danger has been my consort for life, and sailed with me on a thousand worse voyages;—and for rifles, I have enough of my own, and you may see, when you will, which can use them best."

There was something in the tone with which this was said, that struck Mordaunt strongly; it was miching malicho, as Hamlet says, and meant mischief. Cleveland saw his surprise, came close up to him, and spoke in a low tone of voice;—"Hark ye, my young brother. There is a custom amongst us gentlemen of fortune, that when we follow the same chase, and take the wind out of each other's sails, we think sixty yards of the sea-beach, and a brace of rifles, are no bad way of making our odds even."

"I do not understand you, Captain Cleveland," said Mordaunt.

"I do not suppose you do,—I did not suppose you would," said the Captain; and turning on his heel, with a smile that resembled a sneer, Mordaunt saw him mingle with the guests, and very soon beheld him at the side of Minna, who was talking to him with animated features that seemed to thank him for his gallant and generous conduct.

"If it were not for Brenda," thought Mordaunt, "I almost wish he had left me in the voe, for no one seems to care whether I am alive or dead.—Two rifles and sixty yards of sea-beach—is that what he points at?—it may come,—but not on the day he has saved my life with risk of his own."

While he was thus musing, Eric Scambester was whispering to Halcro, "If these two lads do not do each other a mischief, there is no faith in freits. Master Mordaunt saves Cleveland,—well.—Cleveland, in requital, has turned all the sun-shine of Burgh Westra to his own side of the house; and think what it is to lose favour in such a house as this, where the punch-kettle is never allowed to cool! Well, now that Cleveland in his turn has been such a fool as to fish Mordaunt out of the voe, see if he does not give him sour sillocks for stock-fish."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" replied the poet, "that is all old women's fancies, my friend Eric; for what says glorious Dryden—sainted John,—

> "The yellow gall, that in your bosom floats,
> Engenders all these melancholy thoughts.'"

"Saint John, or Saint James either, may be mistaken in the matter," said Eric; "for I think neither of them lived in Zetland. I only say, that if there is faith in old saws, these two lads will do each other a mischief."

The passages we have just quoted occur about the middle of the second volume, where so many scenes of great interest are crowded close upon each other, that we are much perplexed in selecting any one passage as more worthy of quotation than another. The scene during the night after the first day of Troils three-day festival, when Brenda and Mordaunt meet by the sea-shore, and the youth finds means, not only to vindicate himself in the maiden's good opinion, but to learn from her that she observes with pain the progress which the unknown adventurer has made in the affections of her elder sister, is one of peculiar felicity. Another night-scene of the utmost power and splendour, represents Norna of the Fitful-Head, as finding her way into the bed-chamber of the two sisters—partly for the purpose of warning Miuna of the danger of listening to Cleveland's addresses, and partly of relieving her own misery of madness, by narrating the fearful story of domestic sorrows out of which her wretchedness has sprung. The reader, when he first meets with Norna may be in some danger of mistaking her for a mere repetition of Meg Merilies; but here he will see with what art these two characters are not only *discriminated*, but, if we may so speak, *contrasted*. Meg Merilies, interesting as she is, is, after all, a lesser personage than Norna. The gypsey wants the grandeur of the Rheim Kennar, for she wants her misery. The story of Norna is briefly this: her real name is Ulla Troil, and she is of the same family with the young ladies to whom she tells her story. In early youth she was seduced by a wanderer of appearance as fascinating as Cleveland, and of the same profession, and brought forth a son, whose birth gave her parents the greatest affliction. She was deserted by her lover shortly after, and had already sunk into a state of incipient insanity, when a terrible incident completed the havoc of her brain. In passing by the door of her father's chamber one night, after he had gone to bed, she observed that it was not fastened, and she shut it. He was found dead in his bed next morning; and, as it was evident that he had been suffocated by the noxious vapours, from the coals in the fire, which, had the door remained open, could not have proved fatal, the poor girl conceived herself to have incurred the guilt of parricide by an act, which was, in fact, one of doubtfulness. She conceived that this had been a fearful sacrifice necessary to her initiation into the mysteries of Scandinavian sorcery, and regarded herself, from that moment, as an outcast from the christian church, and the involuntary slave and priestess of the old fiendish deities of the North.*

* This part of the story has its foundation in one that is not only true but recent.

But the most charming scenes of all are those which depict the secret workings of the minds of Minna and Brenda, whose fulness of sisterly confidence (although not their sisterly affection) has been shaken in consequence of the secret attachments that have gradually attained such strength in either bosom, as neither can exert courage enough to reveal to the other. The sadness inspired into their innocent breasts by the sense of something like *estrangement*, gives rise to a variety of the most pathetic incidents, and dialogues. But we cannot quote all the book. We shall, however, extract one scene, because it tells more strongly than any other single one upon the fable of the romance.

"That night, the mutual sorrow of Minna and Brenda, if it could not wholly remove the reserve which had estranged the sisters from each other, at least melted all its frozen and unkindly symptoms. They wept in each other's arms; and though neither spoke, yet each became dearer to the other; because they felt that the grief which called forth these drops had a source common to them both.

"It is probable, that though Brenda's tears were most abundant, the grief of Minna was most deeply seated; for long after the younger had sobbed herself asleep, like a child, upon her sister's bosom, Minna lay awake, watching the dubious twilight, while tear after tear slowly gathered in her eye, and found a current down her cheek, as soon as it became too heavy to be supported by her long black silken eye-lashes. As she lay bewildered among the sorrowful thoughts which supplied these tears, she was surprised to distinguish, beneath the window, the sounds of music At first she supposed it was some freak of Claud Halcro, whose fantastic humour sometimes indulged itself in such serenades. But it was not the *gue* of the old minstrel, but the guitar which she heard; an instrument which none in the island knew how to touch except Cleveland, who had learned, in his intercourse with the South American Spaniards, to play on it with superior execution. Perhaps it was in these climates also that he had learned the song, which, though he now sung it under the window of a maiden of Thule, had certainly never been composed for the native of a climate so northerly and so severe, since it spoke of productions of the earth and skies which are there unknown.

1

"Love wakes and weeps,
While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

2

"Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling:
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3

"O wake and live,
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real-excelling:
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling."

"The voice of Cleveland was deep, rich, and manly, and accorded well with the Spanish air, to which the words, probably a translation from the same language, had been adapted. His invocation would not probably have been fruitless, could Minna have arisen without awakening her sister. But that was impossible; for Brenda, who as we already mentioned, had wept bitterly before she had sunk into repose, now lay with her face on her sister's neck, and one arm stretched around her, in the attitude of a child which has cried itself asleep in the arms of her nurse. It was impossible for Minna to extricate herself from her grasp without awaking her; and she could not, therefore, execute her hasty purpose, of donning her gown, and hastening to the window to speak with Cleveland, who, she had no doubt, had resorted to this contrivance, to procure an interview. The restraint was sufficiently provoking, for it was more than probable that her lover came to take his last farewell; but that Brenda, inimical as she seemed to be of late towards Cleveland, should awake and witness it, was a thought not to be endured.

There was a short pause in which Minna endeavoured more than once, with as much gentleness as possible, to unclasp Brenda's arm from her neck: but whenever she attempted it the slumberer muttered some little pettish sound, like a child disturbed in its sleep, which sufficiently showed that perseverance in the attempt would awaken her fully.

To her great vexation, therefore, Minna was compelled to remain still and silent; when her lover, as if determined upon gaining her ear by music of another strain, sung the following fragment of a sea-ditty."

"Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

"The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling cheek,
Must give the word above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

"The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine—
Must point the guns upon the chase,—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

"To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!"

He was again silent; and again she, to whom the serenade was addressed, strove in vain to arise without rousing her sister. It was impossible;

and she had nothing before her but the unhappy thought that Cleveland was taking leave in his desolation, without a single glance, or a single word. He, too, whose temper was so fiery, yet who subjected his violent mood with such sedulous attention to her will,—could she but have stolen a moment but to say adieu—to caution him against new quarrels with Mertoun—to implore him to detach himself from such comrades as he had described,—could she but have done this, who could say what effect such parting admonitions might have had upon his character—nay, upon the future events of his life?

Tantalized by such thoughts, Minna was about to make another and decisive effort, when she heard voices beneath the window, and thought she could distinguish that they were those of Cleveland and Mertoun, speaking in a sharp tone, which, at the same time, seemed cautiously suppressed, as if the speakers feared being overheard. Alarm now mingled with her former desire to rise from bed, and she accomplished at once the purpose which she had so often attempted in vain. Brenda's arm was unloosed from her sister's neck, without the sleeper receiving more alarm than provoked two or three unintelligible murmurs: while, with equal speed and silence, Minna put on some part of her dress, with the intention to steal to the window. But, ere she could accomplish this, the sound of the voices without was exchanged for that of blows and struggling, which terminated suddenly by a deep groan.

"Terrified at this last signal of mischief, Minna sprung to the window, and endeavoured to open it, for the persons were so close under the walls of the house that she could not see them, save by putting her head out of the casement. The iron hasp was stiff and rusted, and, as generally happens, the haste with which she laboured to undo it, only rendered the task more difficult. When it was accomplished, and Minna had eagerly thrust her body half out at the casement, those who had created the sounds which alarmed her were become invisible, excepting that she saw a shadow cross the moonlight, the substance of which must have been in the act of turning a corner, which concealed it from her sight. The shadow moved slowly, and seemed that of a man who supported another upon his shoulders; an indication which put the climax to Minna's agony of mind. The window was not above eight feet from the ground, and she hesitated not to throw herself from it hastily, and to pursue the object which had excited her terror.

But when she came to the corner of the buildings from which the shadow seemed to have been projected, she discovered nothing which could point out the way that the figure had gone; and, after a moment's consideration, became sensible that all attempts at pursuit would be alike wild and fruitless. Besides all the projections and recesses of the many-angled mansion, and its numerous offices—besides the various cellars, storehouses, stables, and so forth, which defied her solitary search, there was a range of low rocks, stretching down to the little haven, and which were, in fact, a continuation of the ridge which formed its pier. These rocks had many indentures, hollows, and caverns, into any one of which the figure to which the shadow belonged might have retired with his fatal burden; for fatal, she feared, it was most likely to prove.

"A moment's reflection, as we have said, convinced Minna of the folly of further pursuit; her next thought was to alarm the family; but what tale had she to tell, and of whom was that tale to be told?—on the other hand, the wounded man—if indeed he was wounded—alas, if indeed he were not mortally wounded,—might not be past the reach of assistance; and, with this idea, she was about to raise her voice, when she was interrupted by that of Claud Halcro, who was returning apparently from the haven,

and singing, in his manner, a scrap of an old Norse ditty, which might run thus in English,—

"And you shall deal the funeral dole;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.

* * * * * * * *

The singular adaptation of these rhymes to the situation in which she found herself, seemed to Minna like a warning from heaven. We are speaking of a land of omens and superstitions, and perhaps will scarce be understood by those whose limited imagination cannot conceive how strongly these operate upon the human mind during a certain progress of society. A line of Virgil, turned up casually, was received in the seventeenth century, and in the court of England, as an intimation of future events; and no wonder that a maiden of the distant and wild isles of Zetland should have considered, as an injunction from Heaven, verses which happened to convey a sense analogous to her present situation.

"I will be silent," she muttered,—"I will seal my lips—

The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time."

"Who speaks there?" said Claud Halcro, in some alarm; for he had not, in his travels in foreign parts, been able by any means to rid himself of his native superstitions. In the condition to which fear and horror had reduced her, Minna was at first unable to reply; and Halcro, fixing his eyes upon the female white figure, which he saw indistinctly, for she stood in the shadow of the house, and the morning was thick and misty, began to conjure her in an ancient rhyme which occurred to him as suited for the occasion, and which had in its gibberish a wild and unearthly sound, which may be lost in the ensuing translation:—

"Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason;
Saint Roman rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason.
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry! &c.

"It is I, Halcro," muttered Minna, in a tone so thin and low, that it might have passed for the faint reply of the conjured phantom.

"You!—you!" said Halcro, his tone of alarm changing to one of extreme surprise; "by this moonlight, which is waning, and so it is!—Who could have thought to find you, my most lovely Night, wandering abroad in your own element!—But you saw them, I reckon, as well as I—bold enough in you to follow them, though."

"Saw whom?—follow whom?" said Minna, hoping to gain some information on the subject of her fears and her anxiety.

"The corpse-lights which danced at the haven," replied Halcro; "they bode no good, I promise you—you wot well what the old rhyme says—

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

I went half as far as the haven to look after them, but they had vanished. I think I saw a boat put off, however,—some one bound for the haaf, I suppose.—I would we had good news of this fishing—there was Norna left us in anger, and then these corpse-lights!—Well, God help the while. I am an old man, and can but wish that all were well over.—But how now, my pretty Minna? tears in your eyes!—And now that I see you in the fair moonlight, barefooted too, by Saint Magnus!—Were there no stockings of Zetland wool, soft enough for these pretty feet and ancles, that glance so white in the moon-beam?—What, silent!—angry, perhaps," he added, in a more serious tone, "at my nonsense. For shame, silly maiden!—Remember I am old enough to be your father, and have always loved you as my child."

* * * * * * *

They separated, and Minna's limbs conveyed her with difficulty, through several devious passages, to her own chamber, where she stretched herself cautiously beside her still sleeping sister, with a mind harassed with the most agonizing apprehensions. That she had heard Cleveland, she was positive—the tenor of the songs left her no doubt on that subject. If not equally certain that she had heard young Mertoun's voice in hot quarrel with her lover, the impression to that effect was strong on her mind. The groan, with which the struggle seemed to terminate—the fearful indication from which it seemed that the conqueror had borne off the lifeless body of his victim—all tended to prove that some fatal event had concluded the contest. And which of the unhappy men had fallen?—which had met a bloody death?—which had achieved a fatal and a bloody victory? These were questions to which the small still voice of interior conviction answered, that her lover Cleveland, from character, temper, and habit, was most likely to have been the survivor of the fray. She received from the reflection an involuntary consolation, which she almost detested herself for admitting, when she recollected that it was at once darkened with her lover's guilt, and embittered with the destruction of Brenda's happiness for ever."

Cleveland and Mertoun now both disappear from the scene, and it is long before either Minna or Brenda gain any intelligence of the fate of their lovers. The truth, however, is very shortly, that Mertoun encountering Cleveland while he is endeavouring to gain Minna's ear, they of course quarrel, and Cleveland stabs Mertoun with his poniard. He then takes his departure for Orkney, where he had heard his consort, the ship of Goffe, had been seen in safety. Mordaunt's wound it seems was not deadly. He is taken care of by old Norna, who conceals and nurses him in a retirement of her own choosing, during the long period of his illness and convalescence.

In the meantime, anxiety, sorrow, and concealed affection, make their prey of Minna, whose health, yielding under the pressure of mental evils, fails in such a manner as to inspire all her family with the keenest alarm. The wise people of Burgh-Westra all recommend a visit to the Rheimkennar, Norna; and Magnus, who is not without some belief in the supernatural powers of his unhappy kinswoman, at length complies with what he hears all advise him to. He, and his daughters, therefore, undertake a journey to

the solitary retreat of Norna, where a new series of highly coloured scenes occur, and where, above all, the author makes the most lavish use of his unrivalled powers of describing external nature. After a variety of strange ceremonies, incantations, and spells, Norna utters such rhymes concerning the cause of the visit, and the fortunes of poor Minna, as to have the effect, in a very considerable degree, of restoring her mental quiet. She concludes with commanding Magnus on no account to omit attending, with his two daughters, the approaching great annual fair of the Orkney's to be held a few days after at Kirkwall. Obedience is promised; for a time we lose sight of the Udaller and his household; and the scene shifts to Kirkwall, beneath the shadow of whose ancient cathedral all manner of gay preparations for the near festival and fair of St. Magnus are already going forwards.

Here Cleveland once more meets us. We find him strolling alone in a very dejected mood beneath the pillars of the half ruined cathedral of Kirkwall. The ship of Goffe is lying off the town, and the pirate crew revelling among the citizens. The situation of Cleveland is, at this moment, one of great anxiety. First of all, the rude and drunken pirate, old Goffe, and he, are by no means kindred spirits, and Goffe is very jealous of a considerable part of his own crew, who he fears, may prefer being under the command of Cleveland, and expel himself from the chief sway of the ship—for which, in fact, his brutal habits render him very ill adapted. Secondly, Cleveland is anxious to recover his own property from the ship, and, if possible, bid adieu forever to the companions and the dangers of a mode of life which his renewed intercourse with virtuous and happy society has taught him thoroughly to abhor. Thirdly, and lastly, he fears it will not be possible for him, under any circumstances, to obtain the consent of the proud Udaller, to his union with Minna, should his true situation and history become known; and between all these anxieties, his elastic spirit has undergone no trifling change of sobriety. The appearance of the pirates on the canvas gives new animation to the fancy of the artist, and new delight. Nothing can be better than these sea characters. They have all the poetical colouring which the author of Waverley knows how to bestow on the creatures of his imagination; and at the same time, they have, in our opinion, truth and reality not inferior to any thing that is to be found in Roderick Random itself. Of the sea dialact we profess to be no judges; but so far as we can judge, it is as good as possible, as rich, as easy, and as unaffected as if Smollet had written the scenes which it enlivens.

A sudden and unexpected incident throws back the reluctant Cleveland into the company of his old associates. He is loitering about the cathedral with one of his old cronies, an ex-player who had left Drury Lane for scenes of real tragedy, and who was known among the pirate crew, both by his own proper name of *Jack Bunce*, and by his histrionic title of *Frederick Altamont*. Their notice is attracted to one of the rising booths of the fair, in

front of which the pedlar, Bryce Snaelsfoot, is already unfolding and arranging his marketable wares. Among these Cleveland recognizes, much to his surprise, several articles which he knew had been left by himself locked up in his chest at the place where he landed after his shipwreck. He challenges the pedlar, who having by this time ascertained pretty accurately the true character and situation of the gay Captain Cleveland, thinks it likely his own right may be about as good as the other's, and is, at all events, resolved not to give up his prize without a proper struggle in defence of it. Here follows part of the scene:

"Ou dear, Captain," said the conscientious pedlar, "what wad ye hae had twa poor folk to do? There was yoursell gane that aught the things, and Master Mordaunt was gane that had them in keeping, and the things were but damply put up, where they were rotting with moth and mould, and——"

"And so this old thief sold them, and you bought them, I suppose, just to keep them from spoiling," said Cleveland.

"Well then," said the merchant, "I'm thinking, noble Captain, that wad be just the gate of it."

"Well then, hark ye, you impudent scoundrel," said the Captain. "I do not wish to dirty my fingers with you, or to make any disturbance in this place——"

"Good reason for that, Captain—aha!" said the Jagger slily.

"I will break your bones if you speak another word," replied Cleveland. Take notice—I offer you fair terms—give me back the black leathern pocket-book with the lock upon it, and the purse with the doubloons, with some few of the clothes I want, and keep the rest in the devil's name."

"Doubloons!!"—exclaimed the Jagger, with an exaltation of voice intended to indicate the utmost extremity of surprise,—"What do I ken of doubloons! my dealing was for doublets, and not for doubloons—If there were doubloons in the kist, doubtless, Swertha will have them in safe keeping for your honour—the damp wouldna harm the gold, ye ken."

"Give me back my pocket-book and my goods, you rascally thief," said Cleveland, "or without a word more I will beat your brains out!"

The wily Jagger casting eye round him, saw that succour was near, in the shape of a party of officers, six in number; for several rencontres with the crew of the pirate had taught the magistrates of Kirkwall to strengthen their police parties when these strangers were in question.

"Ye had better keep the *thief* to suit yoursell, honoured Captain," said the Jagger, emboldened by the approach of the civil power; for wha kens how a' these fine goods and bonny-dies were come by?"

This was uttered with such provoking slyness of look and tone, that Cleveland made no further delay, but, seizing upon the Jagger by the collar, dragged him over his temporary counter which was, with all the goods displayed thereon, overset in the scuffle; and holding him with one hand, inflicted on him with the other a severe beating with his cane. All this was done so suddenly and with such energy, that Bryce Snaelsfoot, though rather a stout man, was totally surprised by the vivacity of the attack, and made scarce any other effort at extricating himself than by roaring for assistance like a bull-calf. The "loitering aid" being at length come up, the officers made an effort to seize on Cleveland, and by their united exertions succeeded in compelling him to quit hold of the pedlar, in order to defend himself from their assault. This he did with infinite strength, resolution, and dexterity, being at the same time well seconded by his friend Jack

Bunce, who had seen with infinite glee the drubbing sustained by the pedlar, and now combatted tightly to save his companion from the consequences. But as there had been for some time a growing feud between the town's people and the crew of the Rover, the former, provoked by the insolent deportment of the seamen, had resolved to stand by each other, and to aid the civil power upon such occasions of riot as should occur in future; and so many assistants came up to the rescue of the constables, that Cleveland, after fighting most manfully, was at length brought to the ground and made prisoner. His more fortunate companion had escaped by speed of foot, so soon as he saw that the day must needs be determined against them.

The proud heart of Cleveland, which, even in its perversion, had in its feelings something of original nobleness, was like to burst, when he felt himself borne down in this unworthy brawl—dragged into the town as a prisoner, and hurried through the streets towards the Council-house, where the magistrates of the burgh were then seated in council. The probability of imprisonment, with all its consequences, rushed also upon his mind, and he cursed an hundred times the folly which had not rather submitted to the pedlar's knavery, than involved him in so perilous an embarrassment.

But just as they approached the door of the Council-house, which is situated in the middle of the little town, the face of matters was suddenly changed by a new and unexpected incident.

Bunce, who had designed by his precipitate retreat to serve as well his friend as himself, had hied him to the haven, where the boat of the Rover was then lying, and called the coxswain and boat's crew to the assistance of Cleveland. They now appeared on the scene, fierce desperadoes, as became their calling, with features bronzed by the tropical sun under which they had pursued it. They rushed at once amongst the crowd, laying about them with their stretchers, and, forcing their way up to Cleveland, speedily delivered him from the hands of the officers, who were totally unprepared to resist an attack so furious and so sudden, and carried him off in triumph towards the quay, two or three of their number facing about from time to time to keep back the crowd, whose efforts to recover the prisoner were the less violent, that most of the seamen were armed with pistols and cutlasses, as well as with the less lethal weapons which alone they had as yet made use of.

They gained their boat in safety, and jumped into it, carrying along with them Cleveland, to whom circumstances seemed to offer no other refuge, and pushed off for their vessel, singing in chorus to their oars an old ditty, of which the natives of Kirkwall could only hear the first stanza:

"Thus said the Rover
To his gallant crew,
'Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!—
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below.'"

The wild chorus of their voices was heard long after the words ceased to be intelligible.—And thus was the pirate Cleveland again thrown almost involuntarily amongst those desperate associates, from whom he had so often resolved to detach himself.

The return of Cleveland gives rise to a fierce quarrel among the pirate crew, part of whom are entirely the creatures of Goffe—while the younger and more gallant spirits side with Cleveland,

and endeavour to procure for him, what he himself by no means covets, the command of the ship. After a great many squabbles, which are described with uncommon liveliness, the faction of Goffe become alarmed for their own safety, in consequence of the continual drunkenness of their old favourite, who delays from day to day getting on board the necessary provisions, without which they cannot leave Orkney, and otherwise betrays gross incapacity; and the result is, that all combine in forcing the temporary elevation of Cleveland to the captaincy of the vessel. He, being informed that a royal frigate has been seen off the coast of Caithness, is sensible that no further delay must take place, and does not hesitate to go on shore at the head of a resolute band, for the purpose of compelling the magistrates of Kirkwall, to grant the needful supplies. With great art he at last half terrifies, half persuades them to accede to his proposal, and a paction is made that biscuit, fish, &c. shall be given in secret, if the ship be removed to another part of the coast, so as to prevent the character of the magistracy from being stained by any suspicion of having assisted a piratical crew in their necessities. Nothing can be better than the scene between Cleveland and the Provost. Cleveland agrees in the end to remain as a hostage in the hands of the baillies till the bargain be fulfilled on both sides, while they promise to send one of their own number as an hostage in his place on board the vessel. But while Cleveland is kept safe among the towns-people, the person to be conveyed on board contrives to makes his escape, in consequence of which the crew seize upon the first vessel they find entering the harbour; and in this, it so happens, are Magnus Troil and his fair daughters, who had sailed from Zetland, according to Norna's command, for the purpose of being present at the fair of Kirkwall.

The old Udaller and his daughters are treated with considerable politeness by Jack Bunce, who commands in the absence of Cleveland and inebriety of Goffe. Jack has discovered the secret of Cleveland's attachment, and it is his respect for him, that chiefly induces him to follow this anti-piratical line of conduct, more particularly in regard to the ladies. After a little time he has the daughters conveyed on shore, retaining Magnus alone in pledge of his Captain's personal safety; and he expects with much reason that Cleveland's escape may be favoured by the intercession of Minna and Brenda.

And without question, the Baillies would have done whatever was requisite to secure the safety of Magnus Troil, but unfortunately for Cleveland, the near approach of the king's ship above alluded to was now so well known, that these municipal worthies could not help fearing the consequences of doing any thing that might be interpreted into an improper familiarity with the enemies of the public peace of the seas. Cleveland therefore would have had a poor chance of getting away from Kirkwall, but for the private exertions of Minna herself, and of Norna, the Rheimkennar.

The prisoner is permitted to walk within the guarded walls of the ancient cathedral; and it is there that we find him in the evening, when Minna breaks in upon his melancholy solitude. The passage is exquisitely beautiful.

Here walked Cleveland, musing over the events of a mis-spent life, which it seemed probable might be brought to a violent and shameful close, while he was yet in the prime of youth. "With these dead," he said, looking on the pavement, "will I soon be numbered—but no holy man will speak a blessing—no friendly hand register an inscription—no proud descendant sculpture armorial bearings over the grave of the pirate Cleveland. My whitening bones will swing in the gibbet-irons on some wild beach or lonely cape, that will be esteemed fatal and accursed for my sake. The old mariner, as he passes the sound, will shake his head, and tell of my name and actions as a warning to his younger comrades.—But Minna! —Minna!—what will be thy thoughts when the news reaches thee?—Would to God the tidings were drowned in the deepest whirlpool betwixt Kirkwall and Burgh-Westra ere they came to her ear!—and O, would to Heaven that we had never met, since we never can meet again!"

He lifted up his eyes as he spoke, and Minna Troil stood before him. Her face was pale and her hair dishevelled, but her look was composed and firm, with its usual expression of high-minded melancholy. She was still shrouded in the large mantle which she had assumed on leaving the vessel. Cleveland's first emotion was astonishment, his next was joy, not unmixed with awe. He would have exclaimed—he would have thrown himself at her feet, but she imposed at once silence and composure on him, by raising her finger, and saying, in a low but commanding accent—"Be cautious—we are observed—there are men without—they let me enter with difficulty. I dare not remain long—they would think—they might believe—O, Cleveland! I have hazarded every thing to save you!"

"To save me?—alas! poor Minna!" answered Cleveland; to save me is impossible—enough that I have seen you once more, were it but to say, for ever farewell!"

"We must indeed say farewell," said Minna; "for fate and your guilt have divided us for ever.—Cleveland, I have seen your associates—need I tell you more—need I say that I know now what a pirate is?"

"You have been in the ruffians' power!" said Cleveland, with a start of agony—"Did they presume——"

"Cleveland," replied Minna, "they presumed nothing—your name was a spell over them; by the power of that spell over these ferocious banditti, and by that alone, I was reminded of the qualities I once thought my Cleveland's!"

"Yes," said Cleveland, proudly, "my name has and shall have power over them, when they are at the wildest; and had they harmed you, by one rude word, they should have found—Yet what do I rave about—I am a prisoner!"

"You shall be so no longer," said Minna—"Your safety—the safety of my dear father, all demand your instant freedom. I have formed a scheme for your liberty, which, boldly executed, cannot fail. The light is failing without—muffle yourself in my cloak, and you will easily pass the guards—I have given them the means of carousing, and they are deeply engaged. Haste to the Loch of Stennis, and hide yourself till day dawns; then make a smoke on the point where the land, stretching into the lake on each side, divides it nearly in two at the Bridge of Broisgar. Your vessel, which lies not far distant, will send a boat ashore—do not hesitate an instant."

"But you, Minna!—should this wild scheme succeed," said Cleveland—"what is to become of you?"

"For my share in your escape," answered the maiden, "the honesty of my own intention—the honesty of my intention will vindicate me in the sight of Heaven, and the safety of my father, whose fate depends on yours, will be my excuse to man."

In a few words, she gave him the history of their capture, and its consequences. Cleveland cast up his eyes and raised his hands to heaven, in thankfulness for the escape of the sisters from his evil companions, and then hastily added, "But you are right, Minna, I must fly at all rates—for your father's sake I must fly. Here, then, we part—yet not, I trust, forever."

"For ever!" answered a voice, that sounded as from a sepulchral vault.

They started, looked around them, and then gazed on each other. It seemed as if the echoes of the building had returned Cleveland's last words, but the pronunciation was too emphatically accented.

"Yes, for ever!" said Norna of the Fitful-head, stepping forward from behind one of the massive Saxon pillars which support the roof of the Cathedral. "Here meet the crimson foot and the crimson hand—well for both that the wound is healed whence the crimson was derived—well for both, but best for him who shed it.—Here, then, you meet—and meet for the last time!"

"Not so," said Cleveland, as if about to take Minna's hand—"to separate me from Minna, while I have life, must be the work of herself alone."

"Away!" said Norna, stepping betwixt them, "away with such vain folly!—nourish no vain dreams of future meetings—you part here, and you part for ever. The hawk pairs not with the dove—guilt matches not with innocence. Minna Troil, you look for the last time on this bold and criminal man—Cleveland, you behold Minna for the last time!"

"And dream you," said Cleveland, indignantly, "that your mummery imposes on me, and that I am among the fools who see more than trick in your pretended art?"

"Forbear, Cleveland, forbear," said Minna, her hereditary awe of Norna augmented by the circumstance of her sudden appearance. "O, forbear—she is powerful—she is but too powerful. And do you, O Norna, remember my father's safety is linked with Cleveland's."

"And it is well for Cleveland that I do remember it," replied the Pythoness—"and that for the sake of one I am here to aid both—you with your childish purpose of passing one of his bulk and stature under the disguise of a few paltry folds of wadmaal—what would your device have procured him but instant restraint with bolt and shackle? I will save him—I will place him in security on board his bark. But let him renounce these shores forever, and carry elsewhere the terrors of his sable flag, and his yet blacker name; for if the sun rises twice, and finds him still at anchor, his blood be on his own head. Ay—look to each other—look the last look that I permit to frail affection, and say, if you *can* say it, Farewell for ever."

"Obey her," stammered Minna; "remonstrate not, but obey her."

Cleveland, grasping her hand, and kissing it ardently, said, but so low that she only could hear it, "Farewell, Minna, but *not* forever."

"And now, maiden, begone," said Norna, "and leave the rest to the Rheimkennar."

"One word more," said Minna, "and I obey you—tell me but if I have caught aright your meaning—Is Mordaunt Mertoun safe and recovered?"

"Recovered, and safe," said Norna, "else wo to the hand that shed his blood!"

Minna slowly sought the door of the Cathedral, and turned back from

time to time to look at the shadowy form of Norna, and the stately and military figure of Cleveland, as they stood together in the deepening gloom of the ancient cathedral. When she looked back a second time, they were in motion, and Cleveland followed the matron, as with a slow and solemn step she glided towards one of the side aisles. When Minna looked back a third time, their figures were no longer visible. She collected herself, and walked on to the eastern door by which she had entered, and listened for an instant to the guard who talked together on the outside.

. . . . . .

But our extracts have been too numerous, and we must hasten to the conclusion of the tale. Cleveland gains the shore in safety, and might easily have reached the ship, and sailed immediately; but he cannot think of departing without once more seeing Minna, and pronouncing that adieu which he now feels must be forever. This seals his fate. The ship is detained a night longer than was necessary; and the king's vessel is seen at day break, advancing before a favourable breeze towards the shores of Pomona.

Before its arrival, Cleveland *has* said farewell; and, heart broken as he is, he is just ready to quit forever the shore on which he can no longer hope for any thing but sorrow, at the very moment when the colours of his vessel are struck, and all his companions landed, under the custody of the king's troops.

It is discovered the day they reach Kirkwall, in this situation, that old Mertoun, the father of Mordaunt, is the very man who had, in early youth, gained and abused the affections of Norna. She herself had all along known this, and protected Mordaunt, under the belief that he was her son; but it is now ascertained that Mordaunt was indeed the son of Mertoun, but that *his* mother was not Norna. Cleveland himself turns out to be *her* son; and it is chiefly the discovery of this mistake which serves to dispossess the unhappy woman of her delusions, and convince her that all her supernatural power and knowledge were but the dreams of madness. The end of the whole is, that Cleveland, being conveyed for trial to London, escapes the fate which awaits many of his companions, in consequence of a certain act of kindness, which he had rendered some time before to a Spanish lady of high rank, who had found means to obtain a pardon for him. In this pardon Jack Bunce is also included; and both Cleveland and he live to serve their country honourably, in the same seas, which had been heretofore the scene of their guilty distinction as "gentlemen adventurers." Cleveland is slain in battle, and Jack is commonly supposed to have been the same person with a certain venerable gentleman in a fiercely cocked hat and long periwig, who was a constant lounger about Button's coffee-house, in the reign of George I., and told long stories about the Spanish Main, under the style and title of *Captain Bunce*.

We shall not trespass upon our readers by more than very few remarks upon the Romance of which we have now finished a very scanty, and we fear, imperfect outline. In point of composition, it must rank with the very best of the preceding works of the same author. Indeed, we rather incline to think that his prose is be-

coming more and more graceful every volume that he writes. As to the story, it is certainly one of great simplicity, but it affords room for many scenes of deep interest, as well as of exquisite humour; which, to be sure, would be the case with any story in the world, under the same masterly management. The descriptive passages are throughout of the same bewitching excellence and beauty. The characters are various, strongly drawn, and all of them full of life. Cleveland, Bunce, Goffe, are beings whom we shall never forget. We shall be familiar to our dying day with Claud Halcro and the jovial Udaller of Burgh-Westra. Norna will be henceforth the guardian spirit of the rocks and waves around the desolate shores of Thule; and Minna and Brenda will live with the Rebeccas and the Julieta, in the imagination of unborn poets.

We conclude with remarking, that these volumes are interspersed with verse more largely than any of those that have preceded them. Some specimens have appeared in the course of our extracts, and we have no hesitation in saying, that, taken altogether, the poetry of the Pirate appears to us to be of the very highest class of excellence. Our language posseases few things more exquisite than the solemn antique music which breathes along the rhythmical monologues of the Rheim-Kennar. In one or two of them, the author seems to have recovered all the long-lost inspiration of the old Norse Muse, or at least approached as near as any modern imitator could do, to the majestic energies of the songs of the Odins and the Ladbrooks. The fine Scandinavianism of SINTRAM is not more impressive.

ART. X.—*Literary Intelligence.*

Mr. Nicholson, of Herkimer County, New York, has published "*The Farmer's Assistant*; being a digest of all that relates to Agriculture and the conducting of Rural Affairs, alphabetically arranged and adapted to the United States." This is the result of the author's own practice combined with an enlarged survey of the works of foreign writers on the same subject. Treating of the soil, climate, and productions of various countries, it must include many things which are not suited to any one meridian. These must be considered and tried according to local circumstances, and if agriculturists in the different states communicate to Mr. Nicholson, the fruits of their own observations on such experiments, he may be enabled to present, in a future edition, to the American Farmer, a *vade mecum* of great utility.

The Editor of the Monthly Magazine, a periodical vehicle of Jacobinism, whines in a most lugubrious strain over the tomb of the ferocious and malignant tyrant, who recently terminated his earthly career. "At length," says the veracious Sir Richard, "that conqueror is himself overcome, whose presence always insured victo-

ry over the bravest hosts; and who never suffered defeat, though sometimes baffled by treachery and overpowered by numbers." The Knight forgets the battle of Marengo where the victory was "insured" by Dessaix, who was rewarded by assassination. Lodi, and Acre, and Aspern, the plains of Russia and the immortal field of Waterloo, must all be forgotten, before the knight can be credited. At St. Helena, *le Grand Empereur* had "an opportunity of perfecting his character by his resignation in adversity, and by exhibiting the passive virtues just as in former days he had displayed his heroic ones:" i. e. the butcheries at Toulon, the wholesale massacres in Italy, the poisonings in Egpyt, the murders of Palm, Wright, Hoffer, Pichegru and the Duc D' Enghien.

Judge Hopkinson's humorous description of the practice of white-washing in Philadelphia, has been recently published, for the ninety-ninth time, in an English Journal, as an original communication. This last appearance is in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May, 1821.

It is reported that Sir Walter Scott is writing a life of Pope.

General Pepe, it is said, is preparing for the press "Historical Memoirs on the late Revolution in Naples."

In the *Richmond Enquirer*, a proposition has been made that Congress should procure a translation of the Bible, in which the anti-republican appellations of Emperor, King, Prince, &c. should be omitted and others substituted. As the Editor of this journal professes great zeal for the Constitution of the United States, he might be asked to indicate the section in which Congress is vested with so ridiculous a power. In his rage for reformation he should not forget the aristocratical names of counties in his own state, where we find King George, Prince George, King William, &c. His squeamishness reminds us of a laughable instance of egotism, which lately occurred in that prostituted vehicle of malignity and misrepresentation, called Niles' Register. This Editor is perpetually boring his readers about himself, his face, his sugar and tea, his "chair of freedom," &c. but in December last, he thought proper to introduce his children and to inform his readers that he had torn a leaf out of their book, because it contained the following abominable treason: "G. R. means George *the* king," and he found in it, also "Bart" "K. G." "K. B." "K. P." "and twenty other *English* things." We are moreover told that if the aforesaid children "ever use the term George *the* king," in the hearing of this important personage, he will "feel disposed to correct them for it." We presume it is in consequence of this inveterate hostility to the sovereign in question, that Mr. Niles makes such dreadful havoc with the "King's English" in those incomprehensible and interminable lucubrations, with which—"sleepless himself to make his readers sleep,"—he strives to enlighten the gaping multitude.

Some time ago the Editor of the Port Folio sent to a literary friend in London a few copies of the "Memoirs of a life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania within the last sixty years;" by the late Alexander Graydon. We have repeatedly, but in vain called the

attention of our readers to this work, which presents views of manners in Pennsylvania and sketches of persons distinguished in American history, of the most interesting nature. As it is about to be republished in London and Edinburgh, it will thus obtain a stamp which, *according to the usual course of things*, will make it popular among the countrymen of the neglected author.

The life of General Marion, is now in the press and will be printed with all possible despatch. The first part of it, is an abridgement of the History of the Revolutionary War in South Carolina, from its commencement until June 1780, in which several former accounts have been corrected upon indubitable authority. In June 1780, the History of Marion's Brigade commences, and is continued with a short view of the general history of that period, connected with it until December 1782. This part of the work contains much detail and develops the character of an extraordinary leader at the head of a few determined men, surrounded on all sides by foes and by difficulties, but still opposing them with valour and stratagem, and finally by the utmost fortitude coming off victorious. But little of this detail has been made known to the public by any former account.

The Editor of the New Monthly Magazine has made a frank and gentlemanly apology for the manner in which the American character was treated in one of his early numbers. We owe this, no doubt, to what Mr. Campbell describes as "the fair and temperate reply" of Mr. Everett. The following language will be read with warm emotions by every American. "If any ill-natured remarks should be made on this apology which the Editor has offered the people of the United States, he can promise his critics one advantage, that he will (in all probability) make no reply to them. But the sober part of the British community will scarcely require an excuse for his having spoken thus respectfully of the Americans. It was a duty peculiarly imposed on him by the candid manner of Mr. Everett's reply; and it was otherwise, as he felt in his heart deservedly claimed by a people eulogized by Burke and Chatham—by a land that brings such recollections as the wisdom of Washington and Franklin, and the heroism of Warren and Montgomery." How much more honourable is this than the vulgar and easy occupation of raking up slanders, from the Billingsgate pages of unprincipled libellers which cherish national antipathies and banish all sociable feeling! "The evil," says Mr. Campbell, "of nationally hostile writers lives long after their short reputations—it is felt by posterity, when their works are gone to the grocer's shop."

Art. XI.—*Poetry.*

To the memory of John Philpot Curran Samson, *Esq.*

I.

No common mind illum'd thy cold remains;
Freedom almost its God! Wherever men
Had hearts that throbb'd against oppression's chains,
Thine beat with sympathy; thy voice and pen
Would cheer them to the glorious strife, and when
A tyrant triumph'd, or a people fell,
Thy buoyant spirit and pure soul would stem
The tide of fate, with Hope portray'd so well,
That she would linger still where Freedom dar'd not dwell!

II.

Too early for thy country and thy name,
Too early for the hearts you leave behind,
Was thy hard doom. You lov'd them all, and Fame
Held a proud empire o'er thy glowing mind—
Now all but that is scatter'd to the wind:
It was immortal, and gave bright presage,
If death had spar'd thee till thy sun declined;
Perchance thy name had liv'd from age to age,
Trac'd by the hand of Glory on Time's ample page!

III.

Or hadst thou fall'n as Fancy now beholds,
The green flag floating o'er thy bleeding breast,
Thy glaring eye fix'd on its waving folds,
And shouts of triumph hymning thee to rest—
With Friendship's victor hand in thine close prest!
This lyre's proud notes to heaven thy praise had thrown,
Rejoicing; that you gave at Fame's behest,
The bauble breath—for breath, which she alone
Strikes from the patriot's harp in many a cherish'd tone.

IV.

But that's a dream—thy growing hopes, thy years,
Are clos'd forever in the silent grave—
It has been honor'd—and will be, by tears
Far dearer to thy soul than all we gave
In worldly sorrow, for the young, the brave.
But oh! the suffocating sobs that rise
When death has burst the links—love could not save.
Such hallow'd grief is hid from mortal eyes!
Heal'd be the mourner's hearts; and hush'd my own vain sighs.

Drawn by R. Westall R.A. Engraved by F. Kearny.

IVANHOE.

FORTITUDE OF REBECCA

THE PORT FOLIO,

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

New York Monthly Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1822. No. II.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. II.—*Resolution of Rebecca.*

"As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed 'Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court yard, ere it become the victim of thy brutality'."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. II.—*The Spy. A Tale of the Neutral Ground. By the author of "Precaution." New York. Wiley and Halsted*, 1821. *Two vols.* 12*mo.*

Whether the author of the Spy be in dread of that repulsive coldness with which we are accustomed to salute our native muse—or believing, like the Waverley Magician, that the spell would doubly charm while the enchanter is concealed, he has thought proper to try his powers behind the scene. To an American Reviewer, an anonymous publication is not unwelcome, for we are wholly averse from that ungentle criticism which in Great Britain wields the scourge without feeling or forbearance. In this instance, however, we should not fear to wound; we are delighted with so fair a specimen of native talent—and with the exhibition of such materials as confirm the opinion, that although we possess no popular traditions to enchain the imagination, yet in the history, the character, and the varied face of our country, there exists an ample fund for interesting narrations.

The war which separated us from our unnatural mother, produced not only great men and great events, but must necessarily have evolved the latent qualities of our nature, both good and bad, in many a private dwelling. The Americans were driven from their homes on the approach of the enemy or remained to share them with hostile soldiers. Some were again obliged to fly when the British took the road towards their hastily-chosen retreats, and all endured innumerable vexations and privations. Many were the anecdotes and incidents, both ludicrous and affecting, which arose from these compulsory migrations. Friends were separated, and new connections formed by the accidental meeting of two families from the same city or town. Distinctions of rank were forgotten, for all were sacrificing alike in the same holy cause; and the plebeian was cordially received into the same log hut with the patrician during this temporary banishment from their native place. "These things will be talked of by our children when we are gone," said an active old patriot of Philadelphia, while he recounted, at the fire-side of a friend after the return of the citizens, the incredible hardships which his family had undergone. The zeal, the devotedness, and the fortitude which were displayed in those days by both sexes and all ages,

require little from the imagination to produce in story a rich and splendid effect.

In the year 1780, Mr. Wharton, a wealthy gentleman of New York, retires from that city, then in the possession of the British, to an estate in West Chester county, with his family, consisting of Miss Peyton, his sister-in-law, and his daughters, Sarah and Frances. His only son was an officer in his Majesty's troops. This part of the country had received the name of the *Neutral ground*, because it was occasionally occupied by either contending army, and the scattered population were compelled to wear a neutral mask.

The Spy is soon introduced, and he keeps our curiosity alive throughout the whole of the work. He is the Edie Ochiltree of these volumes. Mysterious, active, and useful, his motions always excite a deep and powerful interest. He is believed to be an emissary in the employ of the enemy, and is three times seized by the Americans and condemned to die. He escapes, however, and although gliding about, from place to place, unseen, he is ever in the way to perform some admirable exploit, in emergent cases. The Miss Whartons are both very lovely: Sarah is a loyal subject of her sovereign, because her heart was engaged to Col. Wellmere, an English officer, whom she had known in New York. Frances, like the most of her generous countrywomen, was a disciple of liberty, and engaged to Major Dunwoodie, of the Virginian cavalry.

One stormy night, a stranger well mounted and of noble mein, asks for shelter in Mr. Wharton's *cottage*. Whilst he is detained several days by the rain, young Wharton in disguise, arrives on a visit to his father and sisters. The stranger is rigidly reserved, yet displays much dignity and benevolence. The son is discovered by his penetrating observation, or, perhaps, by information from Harvey Birch; but the terrified family are assured of his secrecy, and the soldier of his friendship, should his indiscreet enterprize involve him in danger. Soon after the departure of this gentleman, who called himself Mr. Harper, a detachment of Virginian cavalry arrives, and accidentally discovers the British officer, who is seized and put under guard. In the confusion of a battle between the Americans and Hessians, in view of the cottage, the prisoner contrives to escape, and rejoin his friends. The battle continues—he is wounded and retaken,

Mr. Wharton's mansion now becomes a hospital. Col. Wellmere, Sarah's old acquaintance, is brought in, a prisoner and wounded—and he, together with George Singleton, a fine young Virginian, whose life is despaired of, is placed under Dr. Sitgreaves' care. Another addition is made to the family by the arrival of Miss Singleton, who had attended her father to the American camp, and is now brought to nurse her brother. The gallant Dunwoodie is an active partisan in all these scenes. His fine figure, his valour and address, have made a deep, though hopeless impression on the heart of Isabella Singleton, which is not long concealed from the eye of Frances.

The invalids, through the skill of Dr. Sitgreaves, and the care of the ladies, recover in due time, and the addresses of Col. Wellmere to Sarah are renewed. The wedding day arrives; and at the moment when the ceremony is concluded, a voice announces the arrival of *his wife* from England! While the company are engaged about the fainting bride, Lawton, a high-spirited officer, fiercely calls out the deceiver, to answer for his base treatment of an American lady. At the moment that the avenging pistol is levelled, they are interrupted by a party of marauders, called *Skinners*. These were a set of wretches, who, under the guise of patriotism, took the liberty of plundering all who were suspected of toryism, of whom Mr. Wharton was one, although for the sake of his property, he had conducted himself with great discretion. Wellmere escapes to New York, and the Skinners after robbing the *Tory* of his plate, leave the house in flames! A scene of agonising misery ensues. The family being all occupied about the person of the distracted Sarah, in a distant apartment, are, for some time, ignorant of the desolation which is spreading around them, and consequently, they are with difficulty delivered from the devouring element! On the following morning the sufferers are removed to the *Hotel Flanagan*, a miserable hut, so called from the name of the hostess, an Irish washerwoman, who followed the camp, and who makes a conspicuous figure in the story. The pressing call for such accomodation as poor Singleton and the wretched Sarah required, left no leisure to deplore their lost comforts. All hands were busied in keeping out the chilling blasts of a November night, which whistled through the gaping walls and broken panes: nor was it yet accomplished, when a new affliction is added to evils al-

most insupportable. A ball from the musket of one of the miscreants, just mentioned, which was intended for Capt. Lawton, pierces the heart of the unfortunate Isabella! On her deathbed she relieves the anxious spirit of Frances from all suspicion of the honour of her lover. She acknowledges her passion for Dunwoodie, and declares it to be the voluntary weakness of her own heart, unsought by him. After the interment of Miss Singleton, the Wharton family are removed, in consequence of an order from Gen. Washington, to a farm house in the Highlands. Here a court-martial is convened to try the unfortunate Henry Wharton. Confident in his innocence, his friends had indulged a hope of his safety; but the circumstance of his disguise condemns him, and he is sentenced to death. Every engine is now put in motion to procure a pardon, but no ray enlightens the gloomy prospect, until Harper, the mysterious traveller, is remembered. The emphatic tone in which he had intimated both his power and his inclination to return the hospitality of the Whartons, raises them somewhat from despondence, and Harper is anxiously sought. Dunwoodie returns disappointed, from the search: Harper cannot be found. Fully persuaded, however, that the latter will redeem his pledge, he hears with deep vexation, that during his absence, Henry had again escaped! An affecting dialogue takes place between the lovers, in which he urges his duty to pursue the fugitive, while she endeavours to detain him until a certain hour, when she had secretly ascertained that her brother would be safe. At length she delivers a note to Dunwoodie from her brother, (the contents of which are unknown to her) entreating him to obtain a legal right to protect the forlorn family, by instantly marrying Frances. After the flight of Henry, finding the troops on the alert, and determined on his re-capture, this heroic girl had stolen out in the evening in search of a hut, near the summit of a mountain, where, in her journey to the Highlands, she had discerned a moving figure, resembling that of Harvey Birch, the Pedlar-Spy. Here she did not doubt her brother would be concealed for the present, as he had been liberated by that extraordinary person. But to her astonishment and joy she finds Harper—and alone in the hut. She claims his interposition, and receives an assurance of Wharton's safety—if his pursuers can be detained but two hours. He leaves her, and

the two runaways appear. She prevails on her brother to pursue his journey without loss of time—and receives from him the note above-mentioned to the Major. The marriage takes place—the troops are immediately summoned to meet an approaching enemy—and Henry Wharton, now abandoned for a more important object, arrives safely in New York.

The ensuing battle is chiefly remarkable for the death of Lawton, whose fine spirit, generosity, and good nature, must find an admirer in every reader. The troops go into winter quarters, and Dunwoodie and his friends retire to his estate in Virginia. The following year our successes in the South, bringing the war nearly to a close, Harvey Birch has an interview with Washington, whom we now discover to have been the dignified and efficient *Harper*. Such is the consummate skill with which the part of the *Spy* is sustained, that we now learn with surprise that he has been, throughout, the confidential agent of the great father of his country—and firmly devoted to the interests of America. Under every vicissitude he had been sincere and constant, vigilant and formidable. He is offered gold as a compensation for his services, which he rejects, but receives with gratitude, a frank testimony to his merits, although he is told that he must remain perhaps, for ever, under public reprobation, as his connexion with the commander in chief, cannot be avowed.

Here the work might very satisfactorily have concluded; but we find in addition, a gratuitous scene on the banks of the Niagara in the year 1814, where our gallant sons wove a new wreath for their honoured country.

Two youths standing near the cataract, observe an aged man passing through the eddies in a light skiff. The memorable battle of Lundy's Lane follows, and the old man is found dead on the field, with his musket by his side. This was *the Spy of the Neutral ground*. Near him was discovered a box which, on being opened by young Dunwoodie, the son of the revolutionary soldier, appeared to contain a paper in which the following words were written—

"Circumstances of political importance, which involve the lives and fortunes of many, have hitherto kept secret what this paper now reveals. Harvey Birch has for years been a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct."

"George Washington."

This, we are compelled to say, is a lame and impotent conclusion. The work should have terminated with the interview in Gen. Washington's camp, in which the reader might have been led to believe that the faithful agent had been rewarded by a competency in some part of the country, remote from the scene of his services.

We have purposely given a bare outline of this attractive story, because we wish to excite, not allay curiosity. Many circumstances subservient to the events which we have mentioned are omitted. All are well imagined, and we think the whole picture, with some very trifling exceptions, in excellent keeping. For the same reason we give but two extracts—indeed, the feast is so abundant, that we know not where to choose. The characters are sufficiently numerous to produce variety; yet not so crowded, as to create confusion, or distract attention.

They are naturally delineated, and consistently supported. The dialogues are humorous, sentimental, or pathetic, in strict accordance with the proper element of the speakers. Some of these, might be curtailed with advantage to the whole—for the main affair is so fascinating, that we are sometimes disposed to be impatient under the interruption. We allude to the conversations between the inferior characters. Yet to those who relish the exhibition of low life, many of these scenes must be exquisite, because they bear the stamp of nature. But no reader of taste or feeling would part with a single word that passses between Dunwoodie and the engaging Frances. We cannot agree with one of our journalists, that "exaggeration prevails without." This critic is of opinion that "the death of Isabella is a gratuitous and revolting tragedy." Now, according to all the laws of romantic love, we think she is taken out of the way in the best possible manner. If a young lady be at all indulged in falling in love before she is courted—which sounds like a solecism even in the ears of an old bachelor—and that too with one who was previously betrothed, the poet may well be excused for a corresponding violence in disposing of her. The love of Isabella, we are rather inclined to pronounce, a blemish in the book. But that her death is not *singularly* "revolting" may be proved by the fact, that a very amiable lady of Elizabeth-town, (New Jersey,) did actually lose her life precisely

in this way, during the revolutionary war. Whilst she sat in her own parlour, surrounded by her children, she was killed by a shot from a British musket, which entered through the window. To complete this tragedy in real life—her husband was killed about the same period, by one of our own centinels—whether by accident, or misapprehension of his character, is not now recollected. Several of these children are now amongst our most respectable citizens; and as they reside in New York, it is highly probable that the author of "the Neutral ground," had this disastrous incident in his eye, when he introduced the catastrophe in question.

The manner in which Gen. Washington is introduced is a serious defect. He should have worn the disguise of Mr. Harper to the last; for it is offering too great a violence to our veneration for this immortal man to exhibit him, unattended and almost in sight of the enemy, begging for a nights' lodging, or skulking in a hut to obtain an interview with a pedlar-spy. Moreover there is nothing done by him, which could not have been effected by an inferior agency. Mr. Harper's testimony might have procured Captain Wharton's acquittal before the Court Martial, or a reversal of the sentence from the Commander in Chief. *Nec Deus intersit*—is a maxim which must be familiar to our American novelist.

Dr. Sitgreaves is so little connected with the main story, that we could not introduce him in the rapid sketch to which we have confined ourselves. Yet he ought not to be passed over in silence. His benevolence, his singleness of heart and a certain degree of originality, make him welcome whenever he appears. Perhaps his simplicity is carried too far in the dialogue with Katy Haynes; and this damsel herself shows a little spice of the sentimental order of lovelorn heroines when she talks of that gentleman *seeming to take an interest in her story*. The language does not accord with her usual style of discourse and station in life.

Honest old Cæsar should not be thrown in the shade though his colour be black. He is active, faithful and diligent; and forms a good contrast with the imbecility of his master.

The following extract will afford a favourable specimen of the author's style; while it shows that he is capable of depicting scenes of distress with a deep and touching pathos. Harvey

Birch, after a narrow escape from a troop of horse, enters his hut where he finds Katy and Cæsar at the bedside of his dying father:

"Is he alive?" asked Birch tremulously, and seemingly afraid to receive an answer to his own question.

"Surely," said the maiden, rising hastily, and officiously offering her chair to the pedlar, "he must live till day or the tide is down."

Disregarding all but her assurance, the pedlar stole gently to the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound this father and son together was one of no ordinary kind. In the wide world they were all to each other. Had Katy but have read a few lines farther in the record, she would have seen the sad tale of their misfortunes. At one blow competence and kindred had been swept from before them, and from that day to the present hour, persecution and distress had followed their wandering steps. Approaching the bed side, Harvey leaned his body forward, and said, in a voice nearly choked by his feelings—

"Father, do you know me?"

The parent slowly opened his eyes, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his pallid features, leaving behind it the impression of death in still greater force from the contrast. The pedlar gave a restorative he had brought with him to the parched lips of the sick man, and for a few minutes new vigor seemed to be imparted to his frame. He spoke, but slowly and with difficulty. Curiosity kept Katy silent; awe had the same effect on Cæsar; and Harvey seemed hardly to breathe, as he listened to the language of the departing spirit.

"My son," said the father in a hollow voice, "God is as merciful as he is just—if I threw the cup of salvation from my lips when a youth, he graciously offers it to me in mine age. He chastiseth to purify, and I go to join the spirits of our lost family. In a little while, my child, you will be alone. I know you too well not to foresee you will be a lone pilgrim through life. The bruised reed may endure, but it will never rise. You have that within you, Harvey, that will guide you aright; persevere as you have begun, for the duties of life are never to be neglected—and" —A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient pedlar hastened to learn the cause, followed by Katy and the black. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the door-way told the trader but too well both his errand, and the fate that probably awaited himself. The intruder was a man still young in years, but his lineaments bespoke a mind long agitated by evil passions. His dress was of the meanest materials, and so ragged and unseemly, as to give him the appearance of studied poverty. His hair was prematurely whitened, and his sunken, lowering eye avoided the bold, forward look of innocence.

There was a restlessness in his movements, and agitation in his manner, that proceeded from the workings of the foul spirit within him, and which was not less offensive to others than distressing to himself. This man was a well known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the county with a semblance of patriotism, and, were guilty of every grade of offence, from simple theft up to murder. Behind him stood several other figures clad in a similar manner, but whose countenances expressed nothing more than the callous indifference of brutal insensibility. They were all well armed with muskets and bayonets, and provided with the usual implements of foot soldiers. Harvey knew resistance to be vain, and quietly submitted to their directions. In the twinkling of an eye both he and Cæsar were stripped of their decent garments, and made to exchange clothes with two of the filthiest of the band. They were then placed in separate corners of the room, and under the muzzles of the muskets, required faithfully to answer such interrogatories as were put to them.

"Where is your pack?" was the first question to the pedlar.

"Hear me," said Birch, trembling with agitation; "in the next room is my father now in the agonies of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing, and close his eyes, and you shall have all—aye, all.

"Answer me as I put the questions, or this musket shall send you to keep the old driveller company—where is your pack?"

"I will tell you nothing unless you let me go to my father," said the pedlar resolutely.

His persecutor raised his arm with a malicious sneer, and was about to execute his threat, when one of his companions checked him, and cried—

"What would you do? you surely forget the reward. Tell us where are your goods, and you shall go to your father."

Birch complied instantly, and a man was despatched in quest of the booty: he soon returned, throwing the bundle on the floor, swearing it was as light as feathers.

"Ay," cried the leader, "there must be gold somewhere for what it did contain; give us your gold, Mr. Birch; we know you have it; you will not take continental not you."

"You break your faith," said Harvey sullenly.

"Give us your gold," exclaimed the other furiously, pricking the pedlar with his boyonet until the blood followed his pushes in streams. At this instant a slight movement was heard in the adjoining room, and Harvey cried imploringly—

"Let me—let me go to my father, and you shall have all."

"I swear you shall go then," said the skinner.

"Here take the trash," cried Birch, as he threw aside the purse, which he had contrived to conceal, notwithstanding the change in his garments.

The robber raised it from the floor with a hellish laugh, as he said coolly—

"Ay, but it shall be to your father in heaven."

"Monster!" exclaimed Birch, "have you no feeling, no faith, no honesty?"

"Why, to hear him, one would think there was not a rope around his neck already," said the other malignantly. There is no necessity of your being uneasy, Mr. Birch; if the old man gets a few hours the start of you in the journey, you will be sure to follow him before noon to-morrow."

This unfeeling communication had no effect on the pedlar, who listed with gasping breath to every sound from the room of his parent, until he heard his own name spoken in the hollow, sepulchral tones of death. Birch could endure no more, but shrieking out—

"Father, hush, father, I come—I come:" he darted by his keeper, and was the next moment pinned to the wall by the bayonet of another; fortunately his quick motion had caused him to escape a thrust aimed at his life, and it was by his clothes only that he was confined.

"No, Mr. Birch," said the skinner, "we know you too well for a slippery rascal to trust you out of sight—your gold—your gold."

"You have it," said the pedlar, writhing with the agony of his situation.

"Ay, we have the purse; but you have more purses. King George is a prompt paymaster, and you have done him many a piece of good service. Where is your hoard? without it you will never see your father."

"Remove the stone underneath the woman," cried the pedlar eagerly—"remove the stone."

"He raves—he raves," said Katy, instinctively moving her position to another stone than the one on which she had been standing; in a moment it was torn from its bed, and nothing but earth was seen under it.

"He raves; you have driven him from his right mind," continued the trembling spinster; "would any man in his senses think of keeping gold under a hearth-stone?"

"Peace, babbling fool," cried Harvey—"lift the corner stone, and you will find what will make you rich, and me a beggar."

"And then you will be despiseable," said the housekeeper bitterly. "A pedlar without goods and without money—is sure to be despiseable."

"There will be enough left to pay for his halter," cried the skinner, as he opened upon a store of English guineas. These were quickly transferred to a bag, notwithstanding the declarations of the spinster, that her dues were unsatisfied, and that of right, ten of the guineas should be her property.

Delighted with a prize that greatly exceeded their expectations, the band prepared to depart, intending to take the pedlar with them in order to give him up to some of the American troops above, and claim the reward offered for his apprehension. Every thing was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, as he refused to move an inch; when a figure entered the room, that appalled the group—around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed from which he had risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy and Cæsar thought it was the spirit of the elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed skinners.

The excitement which had given the sick man strength soon vanished, and the pedlar, lifting him in his arms, re-conveyed him to his bed. The re-action of the system which followed hastened to close the scene.

The glazed eye of the father was fixed upon the son; his lips moved, but his voice was unheard. Harvey bent down, and, with his parting breath, received the dying benediction of his parent. A life of privation, of care, and of wrongs, embittered most of the future hours of the pedlar. But under no sufferings—in no misfortune—the subject of poverty and biting obloquy—the remembrance of that blessing never left him. It constantly gleamed over the images of the past, shedding a holy radiance around his saddest hours of despondency. It cheered the prospect of the future with the prayers of a pious spirit for his well-being; and it brought assurance to his soul of having discharged faithfully and truly the sacred offices of filial love.

The language and manners of the American officers have been censured as coarse and vulgar. Without undertaking to decide whether they do not talk as young *gentlemen* in a camp—or "free and easy" when at a jovial board, are accustomed to converse, we can at least observe, they never disgust us with profanity. As we wish to bestow on this accomplished writer all the praise that is due to him—both for the credit of our own literature, and in return for the pleasure we have received, we will mention one more very rare quality of his book—we mean its total freedom from indelicacy in word and thought. We do not recollect that a single page is tarnished by this unpardonable stain. If we were to examine severely, we might point out some passages, not altogether to our mind. But its faults are very trivial. As to the style—we really devoured the whole work with such avidity, that we had no time to be fastidious on that score. It may be characterized generally as deficient in richness and classical purity. It

does not possess that exuberant and precipitous flow which distinguishes works of original genius. But if it breathe not the warm current of inspiration, if the eye be not dazzled by the profusion and splendour which we behold in some of the pages of the mighty masters of song, we should not be the less grateful to that vigorous conception which has sketched so animated a picture of scenes which "come home to the business and bosom" of every American.

We understand that the author has already projected another work. Let it not come too soon, but when it does, we hope his countrymen will continue to purchase and to praise. With this wish, which we believe, embraces all that the author can reasonably desire, we dismiss him, with our warmest thanks for the very high gratification which we have derived from his pages.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. III.—*On the Penitentiary System of Pennsylvania.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL—

The North American Review, for October, 1821, contains an article on the penitentiary system, upon which it is my intention to make some remarks.

The improvements which the writer suggests, are to confine juvenile offenders, and all convicts for the first time, and for the lighter kind of offences, in one establishment to be called the Penitentiary; and the more hardened convicts, or those convicted of "heavy" crimes and second offences in another, to be called the State Prison. In both, the convicts are to be kept at work, and in society, except in particular cases. "Such is the only plan of punishments which he believes can be permanently adopted in this country, and to prove this position negatively, he briefly examines some of the other schemes that have been suggested." These are transportation; labour in chains on the highway; the restoration of the "good old system of flogging, branding, pillorying, gibbeting, &c. &c.; and exclusive solitary confinement." I shall notice these in the order in which they stand; first observing, however, that there does not appear to be the least necessity for having two separate establishments. Why might not all the convicts be confined in one prison? One great recommendation

of a single prison, is its great economy, when compared with the expenses attending the erection and support of two.

The writer in the Review is strongly opposed to transportation; and his arguments are unanswerable, so far as they refer to the places which he notices as having been pointed out as proper *depots*. These are Columbia river, and an island in Lake Superior. Both are highly objectionable for the reasons which he gives, viz. great expense, and danger of escaping. The first objection, alone, ought to prevent us from thinking of either place, and the consequence of escape would be the return of the convicts "to their old haunts," as stated by the reviewer, or, which is as bad, the exposure to their depredations of the people on the frontiers, who are struggling with hardships and privations unavoidably incident to their situation. Besides, the convict establishment at Columbia river would interfere with, if not entirely prevent, the success of a settlement at the mouth of Columbia river, which it is highly probable the American government will make before long; or it might injure the useful enterprise of Mr. Astor, which it is our duty and interest to encourage. I put the places mentioned, therefore, wholly out of the question.

Now let us examine the force of the arguments against the general policy of the measure of transportation.

Criminals, it is said, are "a miserable kind of material for new settlements. It is inexcusable in any nation to resort to it, until the accumulation of distress, and petty offences in consequence, have increased to an inconvenient and alarming degree." The idea of "new settlements," implies that we are to hold future intercourse with the convicts, but this is far from entering into my views. After having placed them in a secure spot, from which their escape would be impossible, and after furnishing them with the means of temporary sustenance, and of future existence and even comfort by the aid of their own labour, they ought to be left to themselves, and all intercourse with them provided against under the severest penalty. The Botany Bay plan must be studiously avoided. An argument in favour of effectually relieving ourselves from certain convicts by the proposed measure is derived from the actual existence of the state of things which, in the opinion of the Reviewer, could alone justify it, viz. "the accumulation of petty offences," and I will

add, of heinous crimes, to "an inconvenient and alarming degree;" for do we not daily see accounts of them in every part of the union, and do not the criminal courts of our capitals exhibit abundant proofs of them, from the gentleman-robbers of banks, (who commonly contrive to escape punishment,) parricides, and every species of daring crime, down to the sly pilfering of a fruitstall? But "transportation" is said to be of all "modes of punishment, the most costly, and of little importance in detering the unprincipled from crime, as they do not see the punishment." Now the fact is, that transportation, of all modes, may be made the cheapest that can be adopted: the cost of removal amounting to little more than the annual expense of a convict in some of the states: the first expense moreover will be the last. It is certainly a singular argument, at this day, against the salutary influence of transportation upon the wicked, "that they do not see the punishment," because it was taken for granted that the principle was fully established by the experience derived from European penal codes, that "public examples," as they are called, so far from deterring from the commission of crimes, increase their number, and that their enormity is proportioned to the severity and publicity of the punishment. The use of the argument last quoted, is the more extraordinary, considering that the inefficiency of the barbarous corporeal inflictions of the old American, and present European penal codes* is ably and fully pourtrayed by the writer himself: and any one who believes in the restraining influence of example, may be satisfied of the delusion under which he labours, by resorting to the next public execution with one end of his handkerchief a little out of his pocket. So fully am I convinced of the inefficacy of public punishments, in preventing crimes, that it is firmly believed, the execution of a convict, at midnight in the jail yard in the presence of his fellow convicts, and by torch light would have a much

* I might add, the shocking proposals recently made in the publication of Mr. Beaumont, a London magistrate, of "branding on each cheek, and on the forehead; amputation of offending members; and death with previous amputation of the hands." If the progress of mental light had not caused the abolition of the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal, Mr. B. would have merited a high station in that mild and humane estbalishment for the reformation of heretics,—against the church "*as by law established.*"—See the Pamphleteer, vol. xviii. p. 416.

greater effect upon them, and the public at large, than the most solemn and ostentatious parade. But as it is possible that there are some persons who from not having duly considered the subject, are still persuaded of the admonitory and moral effects of public punishments on society, I beg leave to recommend to them the perusal of the unanswerable observations on it, by our late eminent citizen and philanthropist Dr. Rush, which laid the foundation for their total abolition in Pennsylvania.* He has proved that public punishments make men worse; that they never reform; never terrify, and so far from preventing crimes, tend to increase them, by destroying the sense of shame; by exciting revenge against the community, and from a strange propensity among fanatics and the miserable, even to commit capital crimes, that they may imitate an heroic death, and draw forth a repetition of expressions of admiration and praise for fortitude and suffering, which they may have heard uttered by spectators of a public execution.

Instead of "it costing twenty times as much to punish our convicts by transportation, as it does now in the state prisons," the cost would very probably be twenty times less; for as 20 years might be safely taken as the average term of the life of a convict in his new habitation, their outfit during that period, would not average more than the annual cost at present. Nay, it may be safely asserted, that the general average would be less; for although the expense of the first cargo might cause the amount to be a little more, owing to the purchase of many necessary articles of a permanent nature, yet as they would not be required again until after a long time, the cost of the subsequent shipments would certainly be so much less, as to bring out the result of a given term in favour of transportation, on the ground of economy.

2d. I have anticipated myself in some measure on the subject of public punishments, by a reference to the essays of Dr. Rush. The plan of punishing convicts by labour on the highways and streets was fully tried in the year 1786, and I well remember the

* See his Essays, literary, moral and philosophical, Philadelphia, 1798. Bradford.—A work that ought to be in the hands of every family in the United States. See also Roscoe on Penal Jurisprudence, and Montague "on the punishment of murder by death."

shocking scenes then exhibited, and the universal disgust they excited among all classes of citizens. The law was intended to continue only three years, and during that period petitions for its repeal, covered the tables of the legislature. It was accordingly permitted to die, and another was passed upon the old principles of labour and confinement.*

3. The writer in the Review is decidedly opposed to solitary confinement, which he says, "has been recommended by some without even having considered its effects. In the first place, if this should be adopted, the view of the economists must be abandoned, for the criminals can perform no labour." Now, so far from solitary confinement having been recommended without due reflection, the fact is, that it was seriously brought before the judiciary committee of the Pennsylvania legislature, during the last session,† after mature consideration for several months on the total inefficiency of the system hitherto adopted in our state; on the good effects of short periods of seclusion experienced in Philadelphia, in subduing outrageous tempers; and on the equally well known injury experienced by the convicts, from their constantly increasing contamination, the unavailing influence of labour upon their moral faculties, when performed in so-

* The following relation may not be without use. An act for substituting labour and confinement for public punishments, had been draughted during the session in which the "wheelbarrow" law was passed; when, on a meeting of the committee preparatory to its introduction, it was unfortunately resolved upon the motion of a member, who probably thought they were treading on sacred ground, to refer it to the chief justice, (the late Governor M'Kean,) who it was supposed must be master of the subject, and who would set them right if they were wrong: his approbation was also deemed important to insure the passage of the bill. He returned the bill, and proposed as a substitute the "wheelbarrow law," which met the approbation of a majority of the committee, from deference to the authority of so great a legal character, and was approved of by the legislature. This information comes from the late Geo. Clymer, who was a member of the first committee, and warmly opposed the reference to the judge. Thus for a short time were suspended the happy effects of Dr. Rush's anxious labours for years, in preparing the public mind for the amelioration of the penal code, and in breaking down the strong holds of prejudice and ignorance which supported the detestable old system.

† In "observations on the Penitentiary System of Pennsylvania, by Medicus."

preferable plan is to keep them in solitude without work, during the whole period of their sentence, and then to present them with 5, 10, *or* 15 *dollars, acquainting them at the time, that in the event of their being again convicted, they would inevitably be transported for life to Tristan da Cunha, whencetheir escape would be hopeless.* Such a plan would constitute perfection in criminal jurisprudence, and when adopted, will clear our jails of all old convicts, and greatly diminish the number of first offences. It does not follow that "labour must be abandoned in solitary confinement;" for the cells may be constructed of dimensions to admit of it; and it is believed that the new prison to be commenced the next spring in Philadelphia, will be erected on that principle. Nor cannot it be considered "an abandonment of the views of the economists," if work were wholly restricted, as it is very probable that in the end, a saving to the public would ensue, if the convicts were kept idle, for,

1. They would wear fewer clothes than when at work.
2. They might do well with two meals a day, instead of three, which are now given.
3. The quantity of food at each meal would be diminished, by reason of the lessened appetite arising from want of exercise in the open air.
4. The horrors of confinement would be so lasting, that the criminals once subjected to it for a proper length of time, (not a few months) will be effectually deterred from risking a repetition of them, by the commission of crimes in a state where such punishment awaits them. Besides, a continuation of the plan of working convicts is the less important at present, and probably for some years to come will not deserve consideration, in consequence of the difficulty of making sale of the product of their labour, and even supposing that they remained wholly idle during their confinement, still economy would ensue, for it may be taken for granted that from the cause just mentioned, the prison after a few years will contain but a small number of inhabitants.

Another objection to solitary confinement is the fear of making the convicts "maniacs, if it does not destroy them." But this is altogether imaginary, being contrary to experience in such cases. The records of the bastile of France and of other prisons

in Europe, shew, that men have been confined for 10, 20, and even more than 30 years in solitary cells without loss of reason or life. Most of us have read the interesting story of the confinement of Henry Masers de la Tude, who, with but little interruption was immured in the bastile from 1749 to 1784;* and what American youth has not been roused to indignation at the sufferings of the high minded but imprudent Treack, who for ten years groaned in the dungeon of Magdeburg, by order of the Prussian tyrant, whom it is the fashion to call, the *great* Frederick? Our enterprising fellow citizen W. D. Robinson was confined in the year 1817 in a loathsome cell, an "infernal prison," under one of the arches of the ramparts of the castle of San Juan de Ulua, on the Spanish Main, for eleven months.† Our own prisons furnish additional proofs in point. By a reference to the keeper of the Philadelphia prison, and to an inspector, who has been for 15 years almost successively in office, I have ascertained that some of the convicts have been confined for nearly a year in a cell. The diet during part of the time, (about two weeks) of those confined for long periods, is what is called "cell allowance," viz. half a pound of bread per day, with water. Afterwards some soup is allowed; then a little meat twice a week, and at a more advanced stage, three times a week. It is not deemed necessary to state the particular cases, or to multiply proofs of a fact which is known to all who have had any intercourse with the prison, and of which any one may be fully satisfied by application to the keeper or board of inspectors. One man now in prison, states that he was confined in a cell of the jail at Providence, of smaller dimensions than those of Philadelphia, during ten months and twenty one days: that during three months of the time he was chained to the floor, and that he had two meals in a day.

The inspectors and the keeper of the Philadelphia prison, deny positively that any injurious effect has been observed upon the intellects of those confined in solitary cells, even for the longest period mentioned; and also deny the accuracy of the statement

* This account is recorded in a variety of foreign works, and also in that popular miscellany, the "Percy Anecdotes," part 6th.

† Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution by W. D. Robinson Philadelphia 1820.

of the writer in the N. A. Review, that "a week or ten days is generally sufficient to subdue the obstinate temper of a convict;" a much longer time being often required. One woman required 52 days confinement in an upper remote cell, and to increase her punishment, not a word was spoken to her during all that time. She had previously been some time confined in a lower cell, where conversation was practicable with an adjoining convict, and was permitted with the cell keepers, but had not become penitent. They say further that none are ever taken out of the cells, until completely subdued, unless the attending physician desire their removal by reason of the state of their health; and it is the invariable rule to remand them to their solitary abode, whenever they are able to bear it, in order to complete the time of their sentence to that punishment. The inspectors well know the constitution of the minds of criminals, and that to restore one of them to the luxury of working and sleeping in society before their turbulent passions are overcome, would be a victory over the discipline of the prison, and produce the most ruinous effects upon the system. Such a triumph is therefore never permitted.

The writer in the Review, says he was "assured by the inspectors of the Philadelphia and Baltimore penitentiaries that in each of those prisons but one instance had occurred of solitary confinement failing to subdue the criminal. In each of these cases, after a confinement of a month, and "when the pulse had been reduced to a cambric thread," the criminal was still obstinate, and they were obliged to release him to prevent his perishing under it." The practice of the Philadelphia prison has been stated. The particular case just mentioned, is not recollected by the present inspectors who have been consulted; but they have no hesitation in saying that a repetition of the experiment would have succeeded. So far from the mental faculties being impaired by solitary confinement, it is a fact, that even the muscular powers often apparently suffer very little diminution, and even in cases where debility is perceptible, after the release of a criminal, it is only temporary. Some have actually acquired flesh during their confinement; one man carried a keg of nails the length of the yard, immediately on coming out, after a seclusion of upwards of a month. The man confined in Providence, says

he tottered when taken out, but in one month he was as strong as ever. This man was exposed to a highly debilitating cause while in his cell, viz. an almost constant stench from inattention on the part of the prison keepers to the removal of an obvious cause, but once in ten days!

Mr. Robinson though debilitated by confinements, low diet, and an illness of several weeks with a violent hœmorrhage, recovered and suffered no permanent injury in his health.

The writer resumes the subject in the progress of his remarks, and says, that "it is a mistake of some theorists to plan a prison so that every man shall be in absolute seclusion. It is only desirable that the greater part of the convicts, particularly the more atrocious and hardened should be thus separated. But in many cases a superintendant will find it advantageous to put two or three together, where he perceives a repentant disposition, and that they will sympathise and confirm each other in such a course?"

It is a strong argument in favour of solitary confinment, that it is warmly advocated by the most experienced among the present inspectors of Philadelphia, whose knowledge derived from long familiarity with prison discipline, and management of convicts, is far removed from "theory," and is not exceeded by that of any men in this country, or in Europe. There are few—very few of those committed to the Philadelphia prison, who do not deserve the epithets which the writer affixes to those whose consignment to the cells he allows to be proper; and as to repentence, although "a consummation devoutly to be wished," yet is so rare an occurrence, as not to enter into the calculation of the inspectors so long as more than one are confined in a cell at a time. Several have successfully played the hypocrite, and one man "fairly prayed himself out of prison," sometime before the expiration of the period for which he was sentenced; but he returned within the year. It is evident that the writer himself "theorises," for he speaks of "a repentant disposition," as a possible occurrence, but mentions no instance of this communion of penitent souls, having been successfully allowed in support of the practice he recommends. He may be assured that any useful "sympathetic" or moral influence, or "confirmation" in a repentent disposition, derived from the company of "two or three in a cell," is wholly imaginary, and will not be experienced. The greater

probability is, that the discovery of any symptoms of contrition in convict, by another in the same cell, would end in his being laughed out of it by his companions, and in the establishment of his old habits. An equally probable consequence of such intercourse would be, the planning of future robberies, or the contriving the means of escape: of this, I shall say more presently. It must be acknowledged, that although 19 out 20 now confined in Philadelphia have been before in the prison there, or in that of some other city, yet that numbers once released, have not again offended against the laws; but it is possible that they would have behaved equally well, if they had never been punished; and it does not follow that any serious reformation has taken place in the heart of a man, merely because he has not committed a larcency or other crime, the penalty of which is confinement; for a dislike to the prison life, and a preference to the enjoyment of domestic quiet and liberty, may be the restraining causes, and not a moral impression received during imprisonment.

The plan proposed by the reviewer, of classifying the prisoners, and confining them in different establishments, according to their degrees of criminality, although an improvement upon the present bad plan of an indiscriminate mixture of criminals of all ages, and of every degree of vice, would not however accomplish the two great objects of confinement, which ought constantly to be kept in view, viz. punishment, and reformation of the criminal. Permission given to them to work in society diminishes the first to a very trifling degree, and completely prevents the last. Every one who has had any experience among criminals knows, that very different degrees of vice are perceived among young or first offenders, and that a youth of 16 years of age, will be able to increase the corruption of mind in a man of 40. The idea of vice, or vicious propensities being graduated by age, can only be entertained by persons totally unacquainted with the inmates of a prison. Hence the absolute impossibility of any useful classification, of which so much has been recently written in England, and again urged by the reviewer. It may be relied on as an axiom in criminal jurisprudence, that whenever two or more criminals are in the same apartment, evil communications will take place among them, *and plans of future mischief will be*

matured. I have elsewhere* referred to a fact in direct proof of this position, on the authority of the late Judge Rush of Pennsylvania. The well known Sir John Fielding, so long a police magistrate in London, amply experienced in criminal affairs, and in all the habits and wiles of Newgate, many years since stated a similar fact. A recent occurrence, affords additional proof in point, The Boston Gazette, of December, 1821, contains a letter from a convict in the state prison of Massachusetts, directed to a gentleman of that town, stating that "the late robbery of the store of Messrs. R. D. Tucker & Co. was planned in the prison, and that he had numbered twenty-five stores in Boston, against the proprietors of which conspiracies are planned for their robbery." One of the great benefits which the friends to humanity promised themselves, would result from the confinement of convicts at labour in prison, was the acquisition of a trade, or the improvement in one already partially acquired, and by which they might obtain a living after their release. Nothing in theory can be more plausible, yet nothing is found more opposite to the supposed consequence of such instruction: for no instance has occurred of any trade having been followed that was learnt in prison; but many undeniable proofs have been afforded of the manual skill acquired in confinement, being used to enable convicts more successfully to commit depredations on society after their release. The letter of the convict just quoted, stated further, "that the machinery for the execution of the robberies then planned in Boston, were all prepared in prison, viz. false keys, machinery for cutting off the heads of bolts, of a very compact and curious construction, together with instruments for opening window-shutters, the ingenuity of which would command a patent, if executed in a good cause.† The machinery for the robbery of Messrs. Tuckers, and for a variety of other purposes equally destructive to the peace and welfare of society, were made there." It

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* Observations on the Penitentiary System of Pennsylvania, 1820.

† Governor Brooks says that in the recent insurrection in the state prison of Massachusetts, many of the convicts were armed with deadly weapons, which had been forged in the workshops. Communication to Mass. Legislature, Jan. 1822.

may be remarked by the way, that this letter speaks very little for the discipline of an establishment which permits the convicts thus to occupy their time, and their leaving it with the predatory tools about them. Solitary confinement will be free from all such misapplication of time and talents. Shall we hear any more of the benefits arising from working classified convicts in societies?

Another evil arising from convicts working in society, is the murders that are committed by convicts of their fellow prisoners. Two or three instances of this have occurred in the jail of Philadelphia, (one last year) owing to a suspicion being entertained of the sufferer having given information of a plot to escape. Another was recently committed in the state prison of Massachusetts from the same cause. What has happened will happen again. Solitary confinement will effectually prevent such occurrences.

A still greater evil, proceeding from the assemblage of convicts in workshops or in the prison yard, is their insurrection and attempt to escape. One we have seen lately took place in the Massachusetts prison. In March 1820, a very serious attempt was made in the Philadelphia prison. The convicts had actually reached the outer gate, but were dismayed by seeing through the key hole, the street filled with armed men formally drawn up, and by the entrance of others into the yard from the front. It was ascertained that in the case of their having succeeded in breaking jail, the city was to be set on fire in several places. The consequences to society of nearly 500 convicts being at liberty, and excited to madness, may be easily conceived. Solitary confinement will prevent insurrections. The Reviewer speaks of the alleged anxiety of some convicts to enter our penitentiaries, arising from the excellent fare they enjoy there, as "a *stupid* bravado." If such an opinion is to cause the application of those epithets, it will be some consolation to the concerned to know that the persons thus implicated, are by no means few; for the opinion has been very generally entertained: nor does it follow, that because the criminals do make attempts to escape, some did not commit crimes to entitle them to the superior comforts of the prison; because although they may have been urged by hunger and cold to steal, yet having enjoyed the benefits provided for them in the house,

for some time, they may forget their former sufferings; and their constitutional restlesness returning on the approach of warm weather, they sigh for a change, and for liberty once more to indulge in the "sins that so strongly beset them," and are willing to take their chance for better fortune in future, to enable them to live at large on the produce of their vocations, during a succeeding winter. Besides, the attempt to escape, which the Reviewer thinks proves the absurdity of the assertion in question, may be made by those who do not seek a refuge in jail from hunger and cold, and those who do, may have declined interfering; during the alarming insurrection that took place in the Philadelphia prison, two years since, many refused to join the rioters. But the determination of the point is of little importance: that the expression however has been uttered by a man sentenced for one month's confinement during the winter, to the Philadelphia workhouse, and apparently with great sincerity, there can be no doubt.* The prison has long ceased to have terrors, and to attribute this fearlesness to the enjoyment of protection from the weather, and of warmth in winter, and food, all of which most of the convicts would be deprived of if at full liberty, is not an unreasonable, much less a stupid idea. This absence of fear will most certainly prevail so long as the prisons shall continue to be places of comparative comfort, and not of suffering, and so long will they be filled by a succession of inhabitants. The sooner therefore the discipline is changed, and made to assume a proper character, the better. When the incorrigible who are now existing, shall have finished their evil courses, and gone to their last account, we may hope that by the help of the general diffusion of moral education among the rising classes of society, a diminution of crime will take place. What that does not effect, rigid solitary confinement and transportation will complete.†

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*The man shivering with cold, asked the constable, when going to prison, how long he was to be confined? he was told one month.—"Oh," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "I wish it were for *three!*"

†"Prisons, says Mr. Holford, should be considered as places of punishment, and not as scenes of cheerful industry."—*See Ed. Rev. No. 70, p. 279.* And in the words of another writer, "no punishment will be found to be wise or humane, or just or effectual, that is not the natural reaction of a *man's own conduct on his own head,* or the making him feel in his own person, the conse-

The reviewer recommends to the other States a recent law of Massachusetts, which condemns criminals to a further term of seven years because of a second conviction, and to imprisonment for life, if they come there a third time. Seven convicts are now confined for life under this law. In this way, he says, all those who are incorrigible will be taken away from preying on the public, and having learned a trade in the prison, can be advantageously employed. The objection to this plan is, the multiplication of such criminals which will result from its adoption, and the inevitable existence of the following evils:

1. Upon the supposition that the convicts are to be kept at work in society, agreeably to the idea of the reviewer, these inveterate rogues will serve as teachers to their less accomplished associates, the bad effects of which tuition are well known, and greatly deplored as one of the most powerful causes of preventing a change in the habits of vicious men, which was expected from the substitution of hard labour and confinement. If they are kept by themselves, upon the theoretical principle of classification, they will mutually corrupt one another, and all hope of amendment or change of mind will be at an end.

2. If confined in solitary cells, they would take up the room that ought to be reserved for first offenders, of whom some expectation of reformation might be entertained.

3. From their numbers, the expense of the prison would be greatly increased; and as it would be impossible to sell all their work, unless at reduced prices, the support of honest citizens, at a time when there is little demand for labour, might be interfered with.

4. The confinement of the criminals must be recommended solely upon the principle of just punishment for crimes, and as a

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quences of the injury he has meditated against others."—*Ed. Rev. No.* 70, *p.* 346. Working in society prevents such reflections. "The case is different with the prisoner doomed to the solitary cell. There the hand of justice presses on him with grievous weight. The cold rough walls that encircle him, the unvarying shades that hang around, and the death-like silence, only broken by the clanking of wearying chains, remind him of the violated law, and teach him that "the way of the transgressor is hard." There buried in solitude the fire of the spirit may be subdued, remorse may be succeeded by repentance, and the punishment may be productive of reform." *Emporium, Dec.* 1821.

safeguard against their future depredations. Reformation is out of the question. As it certainly can do society no possible good to imprison them, merely as a punishment, their long, or perpetual confinement does not seem to constitute a reason sufficiently strong to justify its infliction; it is, therefore, certainly a more eligible plan to send them away to the place proposed, to which the objections just urged do not apply, where the safety of the public from their future depredations, will be as great as by their confinement in prison, and where there will be some chance of a reformation. They will indeed be in society, but under circumstances so different from those in a prison, as not to justify the belief that contamination will take place, even on the supposition that an inequality in the scale of guilt prevailed among them, because from the obvious necessity that will appear of depending upon their own labour for existence, they will be "advantageously employed," and so constantly in tilling the earth, in some mechanical occupation, or in fishing, as not to afford time to think of mischief. There can, moreover, be no inducement to lay schemes for future robbery, or to break prison; and the severe discipline established by themselves, will insure the enjoyment to every man of his own little property. The criminal will no longer be forced to act at the will of a keeper, but will become a free agent, and one of the lords of the soil which he cultivates.

If it be an argument in favour of perpetual imprisonment, that "we shall no more hear of a fourth conviction," it certainly is a stronger one in favour of transportation that we shall not hear of a third, or, for some offences, even of a second, and that thus the expense of one or of two convictions, of supporting the criminals in prison for a time previously to trial, and of paying for the excess of the cost of their maintenance over the value of their labour, while serving out the periods of conviction, will be saved. It might be added, as a consideration of no small importance, that, by their removal at an earlier date than after a third conviction, there will be a vast gain, as respects morality, among the inferior classes of society; for it may be easily conceived that the infection diffused by three or four hundred reprobates, for seven or ten years, during which they may be supposed to be at large before they would commit a third offence, and be

finally shut up for life, must be great. He who is not reformed after one imprisonment, or deterred from repeating crimes, after having once experienced the discipline of the institution, will not be affected by a second experiment; the absurdity of making it, therefore, must be evident. Besides, on the principles of humanity and moral justice to the miserable wretch himself, it ought not to be repeated, because every new association with criminals in a jailonly tends to increase or confirm his evil habits, and to lessen his chance of reform. Transportation will prevent this wide spread of moral contamination.

It is pleasing to find that my recommendation of transportation for life is supported by Mr. Harmer, a gentleman who "has been concerned during twenty years in constant trials at the old Bailey, and who is equally distinguished by assiduity, acuteness, and humanity in his profession. 'As to transportation, I think it ought to be for life; if it is for seven years, the novelty of the thing, and the prospect of returning to their friends and associates, reconciles offenders to it, so that in fact they consider it no punishment, and when this sentence is passed upon men, they frequently say, 'Thank you, my Lord.' Indeed this is a common expression used every session by prisoners when sentenced to seven years transportation.'"*

When an Englishman talks of transportation, he refers to Botany Bay, which has become, comparatively, to British convicts, a happy residence; but the place and plan proposed for American convicts are far superior: on these, there is nooccasion to enlarge, as both have been treated of in the publication already alluded to.

MEDICUS.

ART. IV.—*Letters from the West.* Letter IV.

I had not been long on board of the boat, when I discovered that its progress was frequently so slow as to allow me to make short excursions on the shore. Such opportunities were too precious to be lost; accordingly, equipped in a light summer dress, with a fowling-piece on my shoulder, I invaded, sometimes one bank, and sometimes the other, waging war against the squirrels of Virginia, Ohio, or Kentucky, as was most convenient. Thus I

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* Report of the Select Committee on Criminal Laws of England, 1819, p. 100.—*Edinb. Rev.* No. 70.

gained sport, and healthful exercise, and procured a grateful addition to my frugal meals. In these digressions, I frequently encountered the inhabitants, and could make enquiries respecting the country. At their cabins I would always procure a refreshing draught of milk, as well as a dish of conversation; and if I had found nothing else, I believe I should have been amply repaid for my trouble, in gazing at the droves of chubby children, who are mentioned in the Navigator, as a staple commodity of the country. They are almost as plenty as the squirrels; and as plump and ruddy, as health and cleanliness can make them. By walking at a brisk pace along the shore, I could keep ahead of the boat, when the men were not rowing; thus I could pop over the squirrels, talk to the men, take a peep at the women, and kiss—the children, while I was jogging on my way.

On these occasions, I had opportunities of examining into the correctness of the assertion, made by almost all the English travellers. They describe our people, in the humbler walks of life, as possessing a certain surly independence, which they delight to display on every occasion; which induces them to insult a well-dressed stranger, whenever they get an opportunity; and to render any services which they may be called on to perform, with an air of doing a favour; so that while they pocket your money they remind you that they are your equals. I shall also notice at the same time, an assertion, made by a writer in the Edinburgh Review; he says, "They, of the Western Country, are hospitable to strangers, *because they are seldom troubled with them;* and *because they have plenty of maize and smoked hams.* Their hospitality, too, is *always* accompanied with *impertinent questions*, and a *disgusting display* of *national vanity.*" If the author of this precious scrap had ever visited the country he libels, he would find that it contains as many distinct falsehoods, as could conveniently be crowded into so small a paragraph. No country is more "troubled" with strangers, than this; they swarm the land, spreading themselves over it in every direction; every stream is traced, every forest explored, and the taverns of every little village, have at times been filled and overflowing with the crowds brought hither by emigration, by curiosity, or by business. Many of these are needy wanderers from the very land whose writers thus abuse us, who, destitute of the means of sub-

sistence, and of any knowledge of the country, must needs be indebted to its inhabitants, for food to support, and advice to guide their steps. The hospitality of the West, is best known to those who have experienced it.

> "Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
> That warms chill life, her charities produce."

But if that hospitality is caused by the abundance with which Heaven has blessed our prolific country, it springs from that which we suspect seldom troubles these Scotish gentry, and whose charities, by the same rule, ought to be very sparing. The critic might have found a better reason; it is, that their hearts are as generous as they are brave—the latter quality not being denied them even in "the fast anchored isle." The same spirit which glowed at Chippewa, on Lake Erie, and at New-Orleans, still illumines the shadows of our Western forests; in war it produced daring achievements, in peace it warms the heart to acts of charity and mercy.

If a foreigner, in passing through our country, grasps at every occasion to make invidious comparisons, sneering at its population, its manners, and its institutions, and sextoling those of his native land, nothing is said of *national vanity*. When it was determined in England to tear the "striped bunting," from the mast heads of our frigates, and to "sweep the Yankey cockboats" from the ocean, no *national vanity* was displayed at all. When the very Review in question, tells us that England is the bulwark of religion, the arbiter of the fates of kingdoms, the last refuge of freedom, there is no *national vanity* in the business—not a spice. But if a plain back-woodsman, ventures to praise his own country, because he finds all his wants supplied, and all his rights defended; while he is not pestered with tax-gatherers, and excise-men; while he sees no dragoons galloping about his cottage, and is allowed to vote for whom he pleases to represent him—all of which he is told, and has good reason to believe, is ordered differently in another country—this is "a disgusting display of *national vanity*." If he ventures to exhibit a shattered limb, or a breast covered with scars, and to tell that he received these honourable marks, in defence of his native land, on an occa-

sion when the best troops in the world fled before the valour of undisciplined freemen, led by a Jackson or a Brown—this is very *disgusting*.

During my jaunt, I have entered freely the meanest habitations, and conversed familiarly, with the most indigent of the people; but never have I received a rude, or an indecorous reply. When I approached the door of the rudest hut, I was invited to enter, a seat was handed me, and if the family was eating, I was pressed to partake of their meal. However homely their fare might be, they neither seemed ashamed to offer, nor unwilling to share it. At the little cabins along the river, we paid reasonable prices for butter, bread, milk, and other articles, which we purchased, but they seldom charged for what we eat in their houses; and when I penetrated a little further into the country, among the respectable farmers, they seemed offended at my offering money for any little refreshments, or provisions, which I had procured from them.

Returning from one of these excursions, in the night, I found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river, which being choked with logs and brush, I did not like to attempt to swim; and observing a house at some distance on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half naked, ill-looking fellow, came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river, with some trouble, ferried me over; and I followed him to his house, which was near to where our own boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the *lowest* kind; consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which accommodated a family of seven or eight souls; and every thing seemed to designate him as a new, and unthrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water, to which he good-humouredly replied, that "he never took money for helping a traveller on his way." Well then, let me pay you for your milk." "I never sell milk." "But" said I, urging him, "I would rather pay you, I have money enough"—"well," said he, "I have milk enough—so we're even; I have as good a right to give you milk, as you have to give me money."

In my visits to these people, I sometimes enquired minutely

respecting their employments, their prospects and their health; and have always found them sufficiently communicative. They not only spoke frankly of their own concerns, and of all that transpired within the little sphere of their own neighbourhood, but could, most of them, give accurate views of distant portions of the country. Their opinions are given promptly, and with the utmost sincerity; for nothing would be viewed among them with more indignation, than an attempt to mislead a stranger. I was often, it is true, obliged to submit, in return, to a similar inquisition. But such is the custom of the country; and though the people are seldom intrusive, or troublesome, to those who do not seek their society, if you commence a conversation, they expect it to be continued on terms of equality, and are offended if you are less unreserved than themselves. A traveller might pass from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, without being asked a question, except those relating to the state of the roads or rivers or such subjects, as strangers, who are thrown together, may speak of with propriety to each other. True, he might meet with a wag, a humourist, or an impudent fellow, but so might he, in any part of the world; and an incident of that sort should not be brought into question, in examining the character of a people.

The surly wight, therefore, who, wrapt in his own reflections, fancies himself journeying among "strange cold hearts," and shrinks from an intercourse, which he believes will produce him neither benefit nor pleasure; whose suspicious temper induces him to look upon human nature with an eye of doubt and fear; or whose pride repels the unauthorised familiarity of honest indigence; who, in short, keeps a herald's office in his own bosom, and measures his civilities according to the rank of his companion, may enjoy the solitude and taciturnity which he covets. He might even pass unnoticed, unless indeed, a waggish boatman, should remark, as I heard one of them do on a similar occasion; that "he kept his mouth shut for fear of getting his teeth sunburnt." How much more amiable is the conduct of the tourist, who, feeling himself interested in the country through which he is passing and knowing that he can only become acquainted with its character by a familiar intercourse with the people, endeavours to make himself an acceptable guest in every circle; who enters into the diversions, and employments of those around him;

who looks on men as his fellow creatures, whose virtues please him, and whose vices he deplores, who accepts the hospitality of the peasant as freely as that of the planter, and can say to each

> "I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
> As freely as 'tis nobly given!"

How amiable too, must be the character of the people, who, acting upon the rule, that a polite deportment is the best letter of introduction, neither suspect nor repel the stranger, who wears the vestments of decency, and carries the stamp of candour in his visage; who make a companion of the stranger, and cheer the heart of the way faring man!

You must recollect, that the most secluded spots in this country are frequently visited by intelligent strangers, who must naturally be desirous of examining into the very points, which so many persons have traversed the land to investigate, and which so many books have been written to explain. In the dwellings of the wealthy, such persons may remark the abundance, and admire the intelligence, which prevails; but they must seek in humbler scenes for *first causes* and *minute details*; they must trace out and analize the distant fountain in its native cave, follow its sinuosities, and mark its accumulating course, before they are competent to delineate the distinct traits which form the character of the majestic stream. They inquire, therefore, into all the little details respecting the settler's origin, emigration and settlement —the increase of his wealth and family—the hardships of his pilgrimage, and the final results of his exertions. Now, certainly, it is not surprising, that the man who is frequently required to answer such questions, should sometimes undertake to ask them; nor is it more so, that a plain man should put his interrogatories in direct and rather homely language, such as, "Stranger, if it's no offence, what might be your father and mother's name? What parts are you from," &c. This is natural enough in a free country; and as it evinces an honest independence, and shows that a man is neither ashamed of himself, nor afraid of his guest, I confess that I am not displeased with it. It must be added too, that this inquisitive disposition, if it can be so called, is only found in new and thinly settled neighbourhoods, and among uneducated men. In short, every thing connected with the settlement, growth,

and improvement of the country is interesting, as well to the traveller as to the inhabitant; the one wishes to improve his mind, or his fortune, by the collection of such information, and the other to compare notes with those who have preceded, or those who are about to follow him. Those who have not the opportunity of gaining such intelligence by their own observation, must elicit it from others who have had that advantage; and in such conversations they cannot avoid being minute and *personal* in their enquiries. To form an opinion of the productiveness of the country, you must ask the settler, what property he brought with him, and how much he has increased it—whether he works himself, or hires labourers—what wages he pays his hirelings, and whether he gives them money or produce—whether his wife makes her own clothes or buys them, &c. To judge of the climate, by its effects on him and his family, you wish to know to what latitude their constitutions had been previously accustomed; and you enquire the number and ages of his children, and their manner of living, in order to decide whether their healthful or sickly appearance, is attributable to the climate, or to their own habits. Now all these are impertinent questions, which one gentleman has no right to ask of another; and he who puts them to our sturdy citizens must expect to return the compliment; but they are justified by the motive, and that motive is well understood. The settler, also, wishes to know the destination of *other* emigrants, their opinions of the country they have left, and of that to which they are going—the progress of other settlements compared with his own—the productions which succeed best—and the professions or trades which flourish most. It is not, therefore, always an idle curiosity which leads him to enquire your rank, wealth, profession, and country; and when he asks your name, it is only an awkward way of introducing the subject. These causes have led to that habit of asking questions, which is ridiculed by foreigners; and to these frequent and free discussions must we attribute that acuteness, and that knowledge of their own country, for which the Americans, and particularly those of the West, are remarkable.

With regard to the want of affability, noticed by foreigners, I can only say, that I have travelled from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, and from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mis-

sissippi, without observing it. I have never proposed a civil question to an American, without receiving a civil answer, and I have seldom entered his dwelling, without partaking of its hospitality. I have more than once, in consequence of accidents to which all travellers are liable, been thrown upon the kindness of strangers, yet never did I know my countrymen deny the sacred claims of a stranger in distress. At their taverns or their private houses, a man of decent appearance, and civil deportment, will always be kindly and respectfully received. So long as he behaves like a gentleman, he will experience the treatment due to his character; his privacy will not be interrupted, his feelings hurt, or his peace disturbed. Whatever he asks for, in a civil manner, will be furnished him, if the country affords it; but if it is not to be had he must take what he can get without complaining; for the moment he abuses the country, complains of his fare, or attempts, in any manner, to coerce or criminate those around him, he arouses a spirit which it is much more easy to excite than to allay. This is the reason why Englishmen, and indeed the gentlemen of our own cities, receive rough treatment in the West. They go snarling through the country, as if disdaining the soil on which they tread, finding fault with every thing, and literally *quarrelling with their bread and butter*, when they know it is the very best bread and butter that can be had. Whether invited to share the humble repast of the woodsman, or seated at the plentiful table of a hotel, they are dissatisfied because they have not the delicacies of an eastern city, and rail at the poverty of the country, and the coarseness of its provisions. Whenever a gentleman behaves in this way, he is at once set down to be *no gentleman*; for the people have acuteness enough to know that the politeness of a well bred man, will accomodate itself to every society in which he may be placed, and will induce him to receive the coarsest fare with complacency, and to be grateful for the most awkward attempts which evince a desire to please. But if these gentlemen are not sufficiently well-bred, to know how to conduct themselves, common prudence might dictate the proper course for them to pursue. A slight acquaintance with the temper of our people, is sufficient to convince the most casual observer, that one of the leading traits in the character of a western American (and I believe of an eastern one

also) is, "to give as good as he gets." With a stranger he is equally ready to shake hands or to quarrel, as he finds him in the humour—if he is good humoured he treats him well, if he is testy he delights to tease him—if he is impudent it is ten to one but he flogs him. The traveller, therefore, of good temper, and good sense is apt to be well treated, and well pleased, while the captious man is vexed and crossed at every step.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that in the West, you may make your remarks freely, provided you do it pleasantly. A gentleman, who observed in one of their taverns, that "he had been obliged to eat *bacon*, until he was ashamed to look a pig in the face," was greeted with a smile; but if he had used any coarse or disrespectful language, in regard to that popular and respectable dish, he might have been saluted with,—"Stranger, if you are a mind to be sociable, so am I—but if you're horse, I'm alligator."

You are to observe, that in this letter, I confine my observations to the poorer classes of citizens, residing along the Ohio, I shall take another occasion to introduce you into more intelligent society.

ART. IV.—*The Ayrshire Legatees; or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

(Continued from vol. xii. p. 301.)

The Rev. Dr. Pringle, D. D. to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster, Garnock.

DEAR SIR,—In my last letter, I gave you a pleasing notification of the growth, as I thought, of spirituality in this Babylon of deceitfulness, thinking that you and my people would be gladdened with the tidings of the repute and estimation in which your minister was held, and I have dealt largely in the way of public charity. But I doubt that I have been governed by a spirit of ostentation, and not with that lowly-mindedness without which all almsgiving is but a serving of the altars of Belzebub, for the chastening hand has been laid upon me, but with the kindness and pity which a tender father hath for his dear children.

I was requested by those who come so cordially to me with their subscription papers for schools and suffering worth, to preach a sermon to get a collection. I have no occasion to

tell you, that when I exert myself what effect I can produce—and I never made so great an exertion before, which in itself was a proof, that it was with the two bladders, pomp and vanity, that I had committed myself to swim on the uncertain waters of London, for surely my best exertions were due to my people. But when the Sabbath came upon which I was to hold forth, how were my hopes withered and my expectations frustrated—O, Mr. Micklewham, what an inattentive congregation was yonder—many slumbered and slept, and I sowed the words of truth and holiness in vain upon their barren and stony hearts. There is no true grace among some that I shall not name, for I saw them whispering and smiling like the scorners, and altogether heedless unto the precious things of my discourse, which could not have been the case had they been sincere in their professions, for I never preached more to my own satisfaction on any occasion whatsoever—and when I return to my own parish you shall hear what I said, as I will preach the same sermon over again, for I am not going now to print it, as I did once think of doing, and to have dedicated it to Mr. W——

We are going about in an easy way, seeing what is to be seen in the shape of curiosities, but the whole town is in a state of ferment with the election of members to Parliament. I have been to see't both in the Guildhall and at Covent-garden, and it's a frightful thing to see how the radicals roar like bulls of Bashan, and put down the speakers in behalf of the government. I hope no harm will come of you, but I must say, that I prefer our own quiet canny Scotch way at Irvine. Well do I remember, for it happened in the year I was licensed, that the town-council, the lord Eglinton that was shot being then provost, took in the late Thomas Bowet to be a counsellor, and Thomas, not being versed in election matters, yet minding to please his lordship, for like the rest of the council he had always a proper veneration for those in power, he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting, whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him, "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say what Baillie Shaw says, for he will do what my Lord bids him," which was as peaceful a way of sending up a member to Parliament as could well be devised.

But you know that politics are far from my hand, they belong to the temporalities of the community; and the ministers of peace and good will to man should neither make nor meddle with them. I wish, however, that these tumultuous elections were well over, for they have had an effect on the per cents, where our bit legacy is funded, and it would terrify you to hear what we have thereby already lost. We have not, however, lost so much but that I can spare a little to the poor among my people, so you will, in the dry weather, after the seed-time, hire two-three thackers to mend the thack on the roofs of such of the cotter's

houses as stand in need of mending, and banker M——y will pay the expense; and I beg you to go to him on receipt hereof, for he has a line for yourself, which you will be sure to accept as a testimony from me for the great trouble that my absence from the parish has given to you among my people, and I am, dear Sir, your friend and pastor.

Z. PRINGLE.

Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

DEAR MISS MALLY,—Trully, it may be said, that the croun of England is upon the downfall, and surely we are all seething in the pot of revolution, for the scum is mounting uppermost. Last week, no farther gone than on Mononday, we came to our new house her in Baker Street, but its nather to be bakit nor brewt what I hav sinsyne suffert. You no my way, and that I like a been house, but no wastrie, and so I needna tell yoo, that we hav had good diners; to be sure, there was not a meerakle left to fill five baskets every day, but an abundance, with a proper kitchen of breed, to fill the bellies of four dumestics. Howsomever, lo and behold, what was clecking doon stairs. On Saturday morning as we were sitting at our breakfast, the doctor reading the newspapers, who shoud com intil the room but Andrew's grum, follo't by the rest, to give us warning that they were all going to quat our sairvice, becas they were starvit. I thocht that I would hav fentit cauld deed, but the doctor, who is a considerat man, inquairt what made them starve, and then their was such an approbrious cry about cold meet and bare bones, and no beer. It was an evendoun resurection—a rebellion war than the forty five. In short, Miss Mally, to make a leetle of a lang tail, they woud have a hot joint day and day aboot, and a tree of yill to stand on the gauntress for their draw and drink, with a cock and a pail; and we were obligated to evacuate to their terms, and to let them go to their wark with flying colors, so you see how dangerous it is to live among this piple, and their noshans of liberty.

You will see by the newspapers that ther's a lection going on for parliament. It maks my corruption so rise to hear of such doings, and if I was a goverament as I'm but a woman, I woud put them doon with the strong hand, just to be revenged on the proud stomaks of these het and fou English.

We have gotten our money in the pesents put into our own name, but I have had no peese since, for they have fallen in price three eight parts, which is very near a half, and if the go at this rate, where will all our legacy soon be? I have no goo of the pesents; so we are on the look out for a landed estate, being a shure thing.

Captain Saber is still sneking after Rachel, and if she were awee perfited in her accomplugments, its no saying what might

happen, for he's a fine lad, but she's o'er young to be the heed of a family. Howsomever, the Lord's will maun be done, and if there is to be a match, she'll no have to fight for gentility with a straitent circumstance.

As for Andrew, I wish he was weel settlt, and we have our hopes that he's beginning to draw up with Miss Argent, who will have, no doot, a great fortune, and is a treasure of a creeture in herself, being just as simple as a lamb; but, to be sure, she has had every advantage of edication, being brought up in a most fashonible boarding-school.

I hope you have got the box I sent by the smak, and that you like the patron of the goon—So no more at present, but remains, dear Miss Mally, your sinsaire friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—London undoubtedly affords the best and the worst specimens of the British character; but there is a certain townish something about the inhabitants in general, of which I find it extremely difficult to convey any idea. Compared with the English of the country, there is apparently very little difference between them; but still there is a difference, and of no small importance in a moral point of view. The country peculiarity is like the bloom of the plumb, or the down of the peach, which the fingers of infancy cannot touch without injuring; but this felt but not describable quality of the town character, is as the varnish which brings out more vividly the colours of a picture, and which may be freely and even rudely handled. The women for example, although as chaste in principle as those of any other community, possess none of that innocent untempted simplicity, which is more than half the grace of virtue; many of them, and even young ones too, "in the first freshness of their virgin beauty," speak of the conduct and vocation of "the erring sisters of the sex," in a manner that often amazes me, and has, in more than one instance, excited unpleasant feelings towards the fair satirists. This moral taint, for I can consider it as nothing less, I have heard defended, but only by men who are supposed to have had a large experience of the world, and who, perhaps, on that account, are not the best judges of female delicacy. "Every woman," as Pope says, may be "at heart a rake;" but it is for the interests of the domestic affections, which are the very elements of virtue, to cherish the notion, that women, as they are physically more delicate than men, are also so morally.

But the absence of delicacy, the bloom of virtue, is not peculiar to the females, it is characteristic of all the varieties of the metropolitan mind. The artifices of the medical quacks are things of universal ridicule; but the sin, though in a less gross

form, pervades the whole of that sinister system by which much of the superiority of this vast metropolis is supported. The state of the periodical press, that great organ of political instruction—the unruly tongue of liberty, strikingly confirms the justice of this misanthropic remark.

F——— had the kindness, by way of a treat to me, to collect, the other day, at dinner, some of the most eminent editors of the London journals. I found them men of talent, certainly, and much more men of the world than "the cloister'd student from his paling lamp;" but I was astonished to find it considered, tacitly, as a sort of maxim among them, that an intermediate party was not bound by any obligation of honour to withhold, farther than his own discretion suggested, any information of which he was the accidental depository, whatever the consequences might be to his informant, or to those affected by the communication. In a word, they seemed all to care less about what might be true than what would produce effect, and that effect for their own particular advantage. It is impossible to deny, that if interest is made the criterion by which the confidences of social intercourse are to be respected, the persons who admit this doctrine will have but little respect for the use of names, or deem it any reprehensible delinquency to suppress truth, or to blazon falsehood. In a word, man in London is not quite so good a creature as he is out of it. The rivalry of interests is here too intense; it impairs the affections, and occasions speculations both in morals and in politics, which, I much suspect, it would puzzle a casuist to prove blameless. Can any thing, for example, be more offensive to the calm spectator, than the elections which are now going on? Is it possible that this country, so much smaller in geographical extent than France, and so inferior in natural resources, restricted too by those ties and obligations which were thrown off as fetters by that country during the late war, could have attained, in despite of her, such a lofty pre-eminence—become the foremost of all the world—had it not been governed in a manner congenial to the spirit of the people, and with great practical wisdom. It is absurd to assert, that there are no corruptions in the various modifications by which the affairs of the British empire are administered; but it would be difficult to show, that, in the present state of morals and interests among mankind, corruption is not a necessary evil. I do not mean necessary, as evolved from those morals and interests, but necessary to the management of political trusts. I am afraid, however, to insist on this, as the natural integrity of your own heart, and the dignity of your vocation, will alike induce you to condemn it as Machiavellian. It is, however, an observation forced on me by what I have seen here.

It would be invidious, perhaps, to criticise the different candidates for the representation of London and Westminster very

severely. I think it must be granted, that they are as sincere in their professions as their opponents, which at least bleaches away much of that turpitude of which their political conduct is accused by those who are of a different way of thinking. But it is quite evident, at least to me, that no government could exist a week, managed with that subjection to public opinion to which Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse apparently submit; and it is no less certain, that no government ought to exist a single day that would act in complete defiance of public opinion.

I was surprised to find Sir Francis Burdett an uncommonly mild and gentlemanly-looking man. I had pictured somehow to my imagination a dark and morose character; but, on the contrary, in his appearance, deportment, and manner of speaking, he is eminently qualified to attract popular applause. His style of speaking is not particularly oratorical, but he has the art of saying bitter things in a sweet way. In his language, however, although pungent and sometimes even eloquent, he is singularly incorrect. He cannot utter a sequence of three sentences without violating common grammar in the most atrocious way, and his tropes and figures are so distorted, hashed, and broken—such a patch-work of different patterns, that you are bewildered if you attempt to make them out; but the earnestness of his manner, and a certain fitness of character, in his observations a kind of Shaksperian pithiness, redeem all this. Besides, his manifold blunders of syntax do not offend the taste of those audiences where he is heard with the most approbation.

Hobhouse speaks more correctly, but he lacks in the conciliatory advantages of personal appearance; and his physiognomy, though indicating considerable strength of mind, is not so prepossessing. He is evidently a man of more education than his friend, that is, of more reading, perhaps also of more various observation, but he has less genius. His tact is coarser, and though he speaks with more vehemence, he seldomer touches the sensibilities of his auditors. He may have observed mankind in general more extensively than Sir Francis, but he is far less acquainted with the feelings and associations of the English mind. There is also a wariness about him, which I do not like so well as the imprudent ingenuousness of the baronet. He seems to me to have a cause in hand—Hobhouse *versus* Existing Circumstances—and that he considers the multitude as the jurors on whose decision his advancement in life depends.—But in this I may be uncharitable. I should, however, think more highly of his sincerity as a patriot, if his stake in the country were greater; and yet I doubt, if his stake were greater, if he is that sort of man who would have cultivated popularity in Westminster. He seems to me to have qualified himself for Parliament as others do for the bar, and that he will probably be considered in the house for some time merely as a political adventurer. But if he has the

talent and prudence requisite to insure distinction in the line of his profession, the mediocrity of his original condition will reflect honour on his success, should he hereafter acquire influence and consideration as a statesman. Of his literary talents I know you do not think very highly, nor am I inclined to rank the powers of his mind much beyond those of any common well-educated English gentleman. But it will soon be ascertained whether his pretensions to represent Westminster be justified by a sense of conscious superiority, or only prompted by that ambition which overleaps itself.

Pretension, or presumption rather, seems to be an essential ingredient in the qualifications of a parliamentary candidate, and the city candidates afford a striking illustration of this circumstance. It is deplorable to think, that London should be represented by such a man as Alderman Waithman. Of his personal character I have heard nothing objectionable, and in the condition of a common councilman, he filled his proper sphere. But that a mere fluency in stringing assertions and truisms together should be deemed sufficient qualifications for a legislator, is an absurdity that sickens common sense. The returning of this weak intoxicated individual to parliament, must have destroyed his character as a patriot among the reflecting portion of his friends. Had he possessed any true public spirit, and not been actuated by vanity in the part he has so long taken in politics, he would not have allowed himself to be so set forward. In the Common Halls of the city he was respectable, sometimes intrepid; but in the House of Commons, he can never be otherwise than impudent.

Of Wood, who was twice Lord Mayor, I know not what to say. There is a queer and wily cast in his pale countenance, that puzzles me exceedingly. In common parlance I would call him an empty vain creature; but when I look at that indescribable spirit, which indicates a strange and out-of-the-way manner of thinking, I humbly confess that he is no common man. He is evidently a person of no intellectual accomplishments; he has neither the language nor the deportment of a gentleman, in the usual understanding of the term; and yet there is something that I would almost call genius about him. It is not cunning, it is not wisdom, it is far from being prudence, and yet it is something as wary as prudence, as effectual as wisdom, and not less sinister than cunning. I would call it intuitive skill, a sort of instinct, by which he is enabled to attain his ends in defiance of a capacity naturally narrow, a judgment that topples with vanity, and an address at once mean and repulsive. To call him a great man, in any possible approximation of the word, would be ridiculous; that he is a good one, will be denied by those who envy his success, or hate his politics; but nothing, save the blindness of fanaticism, can call in question his possession of a rare and

singular species of ability, let it be excited in what cause it may. —But my paper is full, and I have only room to subscribe myself faithfully, yours,

A. PRINGLE.

"It appears to us," said Mr. Snodgrass, as he folded up the letter to return it to his pocket, "that the Londoners, with all their advantages of information, are neither purer nor better than their fellow subjects in the country."—"As to their betterness," replied Miss Mally, "I have a notion that they are far waur; and I hope you do not think that earthly knowledge of any sort has a tendency to make mankind, or womankind either, any better; for was not Solomon, who had more of it than any other man, a type and testification, that knowledge without grace is but vanity." The young clergyman was somewhat startled at this application of a remark on which he laid no particular stress, and was thankful in his heart that Mrs. Glibbans was not present. He was not aware that Miss Mally had an orthodox corn, or bunyan, that could as little bear a touch from the royne-slippers of philosophy, as the inflamed gout of polemical controversy, which had gumflated every mental joint and member of that zealous prop of the Relief Kirk. This was indeed the tender point of Miss Mally's character; for she was left unplucked on the stalk of single blessedness, owing entirely to a conversation on this very subject with the only lover she ever had, Mr. Dalgliesh, formerly helper in the neighbouring parish of Dintonknow. He happened incidentally to observe, that education was requisite to promote the interests of religion. But Miss Mally, on that occasion, jocularly maintained, that education had only a tendency to promote the sale of books. This, Mr. Dalgliesh thought, was a sneer at himself, he having some time before unfortunately published a short tract, entitled, "The moral union of our temporal and eternal interests considered, with respect to the establishment of parochial seminaries," and which fell still-born from the press. He therefore retorted with some acrimony, until, from less to more, Miss Mally ordered him to keep his distance; upon which he bounced out of the room, and they were never afterwards on speaking terms. Saving, however, and excepting this particular dogma, Miss Mally was on all other topics as liberal and beneficent as could be expected from a maiden lady, who was obliged to eke out her stinted income with a nimble needle, and a close-clipping economy. The conversation with Mr. Snodgrass was not, however, lengthened into acrimony; for immediately after the remark which we have noticed, she proposed that they should call on Miss Isabella Todd to see Rachel's letter; indeed this was rendered necessary by the state of the fire, for after boiling the kettle, she had allowed it to fall low. It was her nightly practice after tea, to take her

evening seam in a friendly way, to some of her neighbour's houses, by which she saved both coal and candle, while she acquired the news of the day, and was occasionally invited to stay supper.

On their arrival at Mrs. Todd's, Miss Isabella understood the purport of their visit, and immediately produced her letter, receiving, at the same time, a perusal of Mr. Andrew Pringle's. Mrs. Pringle's to Miss Mally she had previously seen.

My dear Bell,—Since my last we have undergone great changes and vicissitudes. Last week we removed to our present house, which is exceedingly handsome and elegantly furnished; and on Saturday there was an insurrection of the servants, on account of my mother not allowing them to have their dinners served up at the usual hour for servants in other genteel houses. We have also had the legacy in the funds transferred to my father, and only now wait the settling of the final accounts, which will yet take some time. On the day that the transfer took place, my mother made me a present of a twenty pound note, to lay out in any way I thought fit, and in doing so, I could not but think of you; I have, therefore, in a box which she is sending to Miss Mally Glencairn, sent you an evening dress from Mrs. Bean's, one of the most fashionable and tasteful dressmakers in town, which I hope you will wear with pleasure for my sake. I have got one exactly like it, so that when you see yourself in the glass, you will behold in what state I appeared at Lady ——'s rout.

Ah! my dear Bell, how much are our expectations disappointed! How often have we, with admiration and longing wonder, read the descriptions in the newspapers of the fashionable parties in this great metropolis, and thought of the Grecian lamps, the ottomans, the promenades, the ornamented floors, the cut glass, the coup d'œiul, and the tout ensamble. Alas! as Young, the poet, says, "the things unseen do not deceive us." I have seen more beauty at an Irvine ball, than all the fashionable world could bring to market at my Lady ——'s emporium for young ladies, for indeed I can consider it as nothing else.

I went with the Argent's; the hall-door was open, and filled with the servants in their state liveries; but although the door was open, the porter, as each carriage came up, rung a peal upon the knocker, to announce to all the square the successive arrival of the guests. We were shown up stairs to the drawing-rooms. They were very well, but neither so grand nor so great as I expected. As for the company, it was a suffocating crowd of fat elderly gentlewomen, and misses that stood in need of all the charms of their fortunes. One thing I could notice—for the press was so great, little could be seen—it was, that the old ladies wore rouge. The white satin sleeve of my dress was entirely ruined by coming in contact with a little, round, dumpling

duchess's cheek—as vulgar a body as could well be. She seemed to me to have spent all her days behind a counter smirking thankfulness to bawbee customers.

When we had been shown in the drawing-rooms to the men for some time, we then adjourned to the lower apartments, where the refreshments were set out. This, I suppose, is arranged to afford an opportunity to the beaux to be civil to the belles, and thereby to scrape acquaintance with those whom they approve, by assisting them to the delicacies. Altogether, it was a very dull well-dressed affair, and yet I ought to have been in good spirits, for Sir Marmaduke Towler, a great Yorkshire baronet, was most particular in his attentions to me—indeed so much so, that I saw it made poor Sabre very uneasy. I do not know why it should, for I have given him no positive encouragement to hope for any thing; not that I have the least idea that the baronet's attentions were more than common-place politeness, but he has since called. I cannot however say, that my vanity is at all flattered by this circumstance. At the same time, there surely could be no harm in Sir Marmaduke making me an offer, for you know I am not bound to accept it. Besides, my father does not like him, and my mother thinks he's a fortune-hunter; but I cannot conceive how that may be, for, on the contrary, he is said to be rather extravagant.

Before we return to Scotland, it is intended that we shall visit some of the watering places; and perhaps, if Andrew can manage it with my father, we may even take a trip to Paris. The doctor himself is not averse to it, but my mother is afraid that a new war may break out, and that we may be detained prisoners. This fantastical fear, we shall, however, try to overcome. But I am interrupted. Sir Marmaduke is in the drawing-room, and I am summoned.—Yours truly,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

When Mr. Snodgrass had read this letter, he paused for a moment, and then said, dryly, in handing it to Miss Isabella: "Miss Pringle is improving in the ways of the world." The evening by this time was far advanced, and the young clergyman was not desirous to renew the conversation; he therefore almost immediately took his leave, and walked sedately towards Garnock, debating with himself as he went along, whether Dr. Pringle's family were likely to be benefitted by their legacy.

ART. V.—*Letters to Richard Heber, esq. containing Critical Remarks on the series of Novels, beginning with Waverley, and an attempt to ascertain their author. London: Rodwell & Martin.*

THESE eight Letters, on the mystery of the Scots Novels, constitute a very delightful volume, which gave us the greater pleasure that we found its performance greatly to exceed its promise. We looked for a dull work in an elaborate demonstration of a truism which appears to us little more questionable than that light and heat come from the same sun; yet we were scarcely fixed to its perusal, when we were engrossed by it in a manner which critics rarely experience, and still more rarely avow. Convinced, as *we* have long been, of the fact, that the same highly gifted person is the poet of Marmion and the author of Waverley, we do not mean to say that we could see without pleasure that proud truth rendered morally certain; but, in perusing the interesting volume before us, we were more delighted with the manner, than concerned for the object of the investigation,—rather pleased with the journey, than made happy by arrival at the anticipated destination. It is thus that the incidental merits of this work constitute its chief value; the main object of the inquiry, even if fully attained, must yield in importance to the full, systematic, and skilful analysis of *all* the poems of the poet of Marmion, and *all* the novels of the unknown novelist, to which the investigation has given rise. There is much gratification in perusing this writer's original, eloquent, and often poetical illustrations of his proofs and arguments; but the charm of his work is the *focus* into which he brings the numberless excellencies of the author of whom he treats, till we are literally dazzled with its intensity. Many a brilliant, many a mild ray of that genius has charmed us, and many a coruscation astonished, when, in a succession of unparalleled rapidity,—yet only a succession,—they met our eyes: but this author is the first who has conceived the fine thought of collecting the glories of twenty years' matchless detail, and pouring the full blood upon our hearts aud imaginations in unmitigated concentration. Let all who love high intellectual excitement read this volume; all who glory in the display of human power, and hail triumphant genius with the acclamation of enthusiasm. We promise them the feast of fascination which we enjoyed, and for which we thank the industry, the ingenuity, and the fine feeling of Mr. Heber's nameless correspondent.

A general and less defined resemblance between the poem of Marmion and its successors from the same pen, and the Scots novels, cannot have failed to strike every reader, however careless; but the popular, we should call them the vulgar proofs, are all external; and in the circle, at least, in which the poet of Marmion lives, these have saved the trouble of farther conjecture.

There are a hundred well authenticated circumstances, currently enumerated in conversation, which cannot be true, and yet the position be false that the poet of Marmion is the novelist of Waverley. We do not say it is generous, or even fair *thus* to track the lion to his den; but we cannot, if we would, shut our ears to the cogent gossipping which meets us in every coterie, company, and even *tete-a-tete*, where the author of the Scots novels is the subject of conjecture. The writer before us takes much more exalted ground. The hints, the anecdotes, the whispers which float in the immediate air breathed by the poet of Marmion, do not suit an admirer, so truly intellectual, of his genius. Of public and notorious facts,—such as that the poet of Marmion is a Scots barrister, and the editor of Swift and Dryden,—although they be external, the author does not scruple to avail himself; but what are properly his proofs are chiefly internal, and drawn from a clear and enlightened analysis of the kindred works themselves. We do not mean to say that all of these proofs—we had nearly said any of them—are new; as in almost every one of them we recognize some remark, or stricture, or critique, which we have heard, or read, or peradventure written; yet it is as if they were all new, thus brought to bear on one point, in beautiful order, and with irresistible power.

In a well written introduction, which forms his first letter, the author states a few general reasons for his creed. The first of these he ingeniously draws from the very concealment which his own work tries to unveil. He holds it to be beyond human resolution, for a writer of such repute as this novelist, to withhold his name from an admiring world, as he has done for seven years, unless he had enjoyed to satiety the incense of public applause in another direction; that is, in his acknowledged works. As a specimen of our author's elegant illustration of this point, we extract the following passage.

"If the author of Waverley be any other than the excellent poet so often alluded to, it is astonishing that he should be able to remain concealed. The various literary accomplishments, and the distinguished qualifications for society so strongly evinced in all his works, would excite observation in the most crowded community, and could not but shine conspicuously in a narrow circle. That he has passed his latter years in seclusion, or in a remote country, or in any situation estranged from active life and polished intercourse, is a supposition which, although it once obtained some countenance, must now, I think, be totally abandoned. If, then, we cast our eyes among those persons whose talents and acquirements have in any degree attracted general attention, how many shall we find who have given proofs of a genius, I will not say equal, but strikingly correspondent to that which has produced the celebrated novels? One such there is, but we look in vain for a second. I therefore reason like Prince Manfred's servants in the Castle of Otranto, who, when they had seen the leg of an armed giant in the gallery, and his hand upon the staircase, concluded that this same preternatural personage was owner of the gigantic helmet which lay unclaimed in the court yard.

"As concealment would be difficult under these circumstances, the desire of it, too, seems unaccountable. In an author, whose name has become fa-

miliar to the public, it may be excellent policy to present himself under a mask, or, like Mirabel's mistress, assail the heart of the fastidious Inconstant by stratagems and disguises. He who fearfully commits his first performance to the discretion of critics, has intelligible motives for suppressing his name; but it is difficult to believe that a writer who has been repeatedly crowned with public applause, who has acquired a reputation far more solid and more exalted than belongs in ordinary cases to a successful novelist, and who has never sullied it by a single page which the most religious and virtuous man would be ashamed to own, should deny himself the pleasure of receiving the popular homage in his own name, unless he had enjoyed other opportunities of rendering that name illustrious, and had already tasted, perhaps to satiety, the sweets of literary distinction. 'An author cloyed with success, and secure of fame, may dally with his honours, and content himself with the refined and fanciful gratification of overhearing, at it were, the praise of his unacknowledged labours; but this coyness would be unnatural and incomprehensible in a young or hitherto unknown adventurer."

Our author, with much good sense, acknowledges, that this reasoning has not a more assured foundation than the usual course of affairs in the literary world; and admits it to be quite possible, that, contrary to all ordinary experience, this one author may have insuperable reasons for concealment, temporary or perpetual, of these the *only* efforts of his genius. At the same time, as the proofs are composed entirely of adminicles, it is quite fair to take the ordinary course of literary experience as a probability, and use it to aid the structure of this curious and interesting demonstration; for one insuperable argument, one irrefragable proof of identity, the author says, would have begun and finished this disquisition. An Irish gentleman, by the way, with characteristic alacrity, pointed out such a proof, when he gravely asked if the poet of Marmion ever *gave* a good reason for not putting his name to the Scots novels?

Our author remarks, in passing, that concealment, and subsequent avowal, *have* been practised by the poet of Marmion; in the instances of "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless."

Lastly, in the introduction, the author adduces, with great force, the twofold consideration, that, on the one hand, the poet of Marmion, has been mute, in *all* the walks of poetry, for seven years, the precise period of the reign of Waverley, and its splendid successors; and that, on the other, the novelist, who is throughout his works a powerful poet, has never published an acknowledged poem.

"This twofold mystery is simply and consistently explained by supposing that the bard has transmigrated into the writer of novels; and that the talent so unaccountably withdrawn from the department of lyrical composition is now pouring out its exuberance in another region of literature, as the fountain Arethusa sank under the earth in Greece and re-appeared in Sicily."

In the subsequent letters, Mr. Heber's correspondent divides his evidence into two branches. First, his proofs that the authors are identical, by the correspondence of their tastes, studies, and habits of life, as manifested in the poems and novels. This, the personal argument, occupies the second and third letters.

The writer, of course, talks of the poet and novelist as if they were two persons. *They* are both, he alleges, Scotsmen—inhabitants of Edinburgh—poets—antiquaries—German and Spanish scholars—equal in classical attainments—deeply read in British history—lawyers—fond of field sports and of dogs—acquainted with most manly exercises—and lovers of military affairs; but the novelist is apparently not a professional soldier; of course it is known that the poet is not. We must refer to the work itself for the delightful illustrations, in detail, of these various *theses*. That both poet and novelist are inhabitants of Edinburgh, is proved by allusion not only to the minute local descriptions, in the majority of the novels, of the *High-street*, *Canongate*, and *Grass-market*, with many a *wynd* and *close* of that ancient city; but by the appropriating feeling in which the place is always alluded to; for example, the poet's youthful truant excursions to Blackford hill, and the rapturous exclamation of Fitz-Eustace, on that same hill, when he saw the rich intervening plain, and the city in the distance. But it is unaccountable that so industrious a pioneer as our author should have omitted the most satisfactory proof of all, namely the passage where the poet exclaims,

> "Piled deep and massive, close and high,
> *Mine own* romantic town."

There is much critical acuteness and fine taste in the author's illustrations of the theory, that the novelist is a poet; but we cannot enter upon so wide a field here.

In illustrating the position, that the poet and novelist are both well versed in the domestic history and politics of their country, our author argues, that the poet of Marmion is known to have been the editor of Swift and Dryden, Somers's Tracts, and Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers. This external evidence was necessary to prove, that the qualities alluded to belong to the poet; the novels themselves, from their internal evidence, fix them upon the novelist.

We have ourselves, when considering the separate works of the mysterious novelist, taken notice of the unique manner in which he invests with a character of antiquarianism, and even poetry, the old Scots law; and the familiarity with which he disports himself when describing lawyers, whether barristers or inferior practitioners. Our author has alluded to Pleydel, the advocates at Gandercleugh, Sharpitlaw, Saddletree, and the trial of Effie Deans; but he has omitted the inimitable Bailie M'Wheeble, with his "sma minute," to commit Waverley "in black and white," on some arrangements which the latter hinted for the Bradwardine family; and his singular mixture of the pathetic and ludicrous, when, after supper at Mrs. Flockhart's, he anticipated the possibility of his honoured patron falling in the ap-

proaching battle, and the lands of Tulliveolan, a male fief, passing away from his young lady, "with tofts, crofts, outfield, infield, annexis, connexis, parts, pendicles, and pertinents," all which affecting detail of a Scotish charter, he sobbed out in regular lachrymal staccato. Of course external evidence must be again resorted to, in order to prove that that poet of Marmion is a lawyer, namely the notorious fact, that that poet is a member of the Scottish bar. There is nothing in any of the poems, from which the legal profession and habits of their author could be inferred; but as our author did not limit himself strictly to internal evidence, and has, in several instances, resorted to known external facts as fixed points in his reasoning, there cannot be any objection to his taking such a course, with regard to a matter so public as the poet's profession.

Our author is very successful on the topics of field sports, dogs, manly exercises, and military affairs. It needs not to be a sportsman, to enjoy, both in the poems and novels, the fresh, healthful, joyous descriptions of field sports—the glee with which the authors start the noble stag, and spring the feathered game—the sportsman-like style in which they follow the chase—*stalk* the deer, send the hawk to the sky, or *cast* the heath.

> "If up a bonny black cock should spring,
> To whistle him down with a slug in his wing.
> And strap him on to my lunzie string,
> Right seldom would I fail."

The graphic picture of salmon-killing, too, has delighted many a zealous angler, and many more who are not anglers at all. But their dogs—there is romance, and poetry, as well as kindly attachment and protection, in the whole family of the *Lufras*, the *Stumahs*, the *Killbucks*; not forgetting the *Peppers* and *Mustards*! The poet and novelist never fail to awaken rural and romantic associations by means of these auxiliaries. The village curs make a charge upon Waverley in Tulliveolan—respond to his otherwise unanswered appeal to the knocker on the old mansion gate,—are seen in all their gradations of rank, from the staghound down to the cur of low degree, forming the graduated verge, the aerial perspective, of M'Ivor's feudal feast—and howl in all their lairs, and kennels and prisons, when the Norman party shake the oaken gate of Cedric the Saxon. The great advantage which our author has over us, his reviewers, is the ample space he enjoys for illustrating, with striking effect, by quotation. We must only refer to such passages as that of the two petty lawyers in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, looking at each other significantly but silently, before entering on business, like two dogs about to romp;—the antiquary's favourite Juno stealing her

master's toast, after having made very cautions approaches to that bold measure:—and, in the poems, the attack on the young Buccleugh by the English bloodhound.

We wish we could dwell, with our author, on the military descriptions—the march of troops—the Salvator Rosa figures of dragoons—and the matchless battles, in both the poems and novels. We must, however, utterly deny ourselves this seductive topic.

"Both writers, then, must have bestowed a greater attention on military subjects, and have mixed more frequently in the society of soldiers than is usual with persons not educated to the profession of arms. And without presuming to inquire into the private connexions and intimacies of our admired lyric poet, I may at least observe that the rich and animated pictures of martial life in Old Mortality and the Legend of Montrose, are exactly such as might have been expected from a man of genius, who had recently conversed with the triumphant warriors of Waterloo on the field of their achievements, and commemorated those achievements both in verse and in prose."

It is ingeniously and justly concluded, that the novelist is not a professional soldier, inasmuch as he dwells on matters, which, although the fittest for his pictures, a soldier would not think of describing. This is exemplified in his very minute details, not only of military movements, but of the mode and manner of military movements, which a soldier would not offer to another soldier, and would therefore most probably equally omit to describe to a civilian, as much as he would the way and manner in which he uses his knife, fork and spoon at dinner.

Nothing in the work before us gave us more satisfaction than the subject of the third letter, still on the personal argument, namely, the resemblance of the novelist and the poet in good manners, gentlemanlike character, and lofty principles and sentiments. This is a heart-warming and improving discussion.

"It may, I think, be generally affirmed, on a review of all the six-and-thirty volumes, in which this author has related the adventures of some twenty or more heroes and heroines, (without counting second rate personages,) that there is not an unhandsome action or degrading sentiment recorded of any person who is recommended to the full esteem of the reader. To be blameless on this head is one of the strongest proofs a writer can give of honourable principles implanted by education, and refreshed by good society."

We hold this to be the highest praise ever bestowed on a fictitious writer; nor do we think that any of the unknown novelist's numerous critics ever eulogized him more elegantly. We recommend the whole passage from page 33 to 37 of this work to all poets, dramatists and novelists, as a lesson at once of moral excellence and good taste; and would send the common reader back from its perusal to the novels themselves, to mark and profit by its application. Let him study, for example, the whole character of Colonel Mannering, as that of a perfect gentleman, in manners, feelings, habits, tastes, and predilections; nay, says the author, even in passions, prejudices, and caprices. After an improving comparison of the sensible and suit-

able manner in which the poet and novelist introduce dignified and illustrious characters, with the silly parade, in vulgar novels, of "gracefully-bowing, languidly smiling, old-maidish automa-"tons, or of moody, striding, motioning, cloudy-fronted fantoc-"cini, that domineer at Hookam's and Colburn's, under the "names of renowned sovereigns, sages, captains and politicians," the author sums up what we have called the personal argument, with great spirit, thus,

"Let me now, Sir, entreat you to review at one glance the various points of coincidence apparent in the characters and habits of these two eminent writers. Both are natives of Scotland; both familiar from of old with her romantic metropolis; both Lowlanders, though accustomed to Highland manners and scenery; both are poets; both are deeply conversant with those parts of our national literature, which contain the materials of British history; and both enjoy more, perhaps, than an amateur's acquaintance with ancient classics. Both, if I mistake not, are lawyers by profession, yet both equally delight in military subjects, and excel in martial descriptions, and the delineation of soldierly character. Both are evidently gentlemen, and frequenters of the best society. The novelist is a devoted antiquary, so is the poet; 'go to, then, there's sympathy:' one is a biblio-maniac—the other reveres scarce books; 'Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy;' each is a cultivator of German and Spanish literature—'would you desire better sympathy?'* The same taste for every manly exercise and rural sport characterizes the versatile pair; I would warrant each well qualified to judge

> "'Between two hawks which flies the higher pitch,
> Between two dogs which hath the deeper mouth,
> Between two blades which bears the better temper,
> Between two horses which doth bear him best,
> Between two girls which hath the merriest eye.'

though neither, I am sure, could add the protestation—

> "'But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
> Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.'
>
> *First Part of Henry VI.* Act II. Scene 4.

"Are we then to conclude that this extraordinary agreement in so many and such various particulars amounts only to a casual resemblance between distinct individuals? Can there exist authors so precisely the counterpart of each other? Must we imagine,

> "'Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas?'†

"O wonderful bard! and O still more amazing writer of romance!

> "'How have you made division of yourself?—
> An apple cleft in two is not more twin
> Than these two creatures.'
>
> *Twelfth Night,* Act V. Scene I.‡

* Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Scene 1.

† Virg. Æn. IV. 470.

‡ We differ from this author as to the propriety or necessity, for which, by precept, as well as example, he is an advocate, of encumbering quotation with authority. Dr. Pangloss and Mause have banished the practice from oral extract; and, to our eyes, it is not much less pedantic, prosaic, and destructive of eloquent effect, in written.

We much fear we cannot do justice to the ampler and more laboured branch of the evidence, namely, the comparison, in critical detail, of the poems and novels themselves, to establish the identity of the authors from the resemblance of the works in their various characters. The chief charm, we have already said, of the discussion, is its tastefully selected and powerfully applied quotation, which is quite beyond our reach. We anticipated, however, and found some repetition in this branch of the investigation, seeing that the majority of the personal considerations are likewise, in great measure, drawn from a comparison of the works themselves; and much that goes to prove the works moral, sensible, lofty, and pious, was necessarily anticipated to shew that these qualities belong to the authors. As repetition, although most edifying repetition, we pass over, with one extract only, the long discussion, in letter fourth, on the morality and good sense of the works themselves. That extract cannot, we think, be read without moral improvement, without leaving the salutary impression, that there are qualities in these singular works which render them not an amusement merely, but a lesson to the reader; and thereby exalt them, works of fancy though they be, to a rank equal with that of the speculations of the moralist, the historian, and the philosopher.

"From the attributes and qualities of the authors, let us now turn to those of the works themselves, and observe what inferences are suggested by a comparative review of both collections, beginning with their broadest and most general characteristics, and proceeding gradually to their minutest peculiarities. The subject is a copious, and, to me, a very engaging one; but I hope to use such diligence in selecting and compressing, as may save me from the blame of having presumed too far on your indulgent attention.

"All the productions I am acquainted with, both of the poet and of the prose writer recommend themselves by a native piety and goodness, not generally predominant in modern works of imagination; and which, where they do appear, are too often disfigured by eccentricity, pretension, or bad taste. In the works before us there is a constant tendency to promote the desire of excellence in ourselves, and the love of it in our neighbours, by making us think honourably of our general nature. Whatever kindly or charitable affection, whatever principle of manly and honest ambition exists within us is roused and stimulated by the perusal of these writings; our passions are won to the cause of justice, purity, and self-denial; and the old, indissoluble ties that bind us to country, kindred, and birth-place, appear to strengthen as we read, and brace themselves more firmly about the heart and imagination. Both writers, although peculiarly happy in their conception of all chivalrous and romantic excellencies, are still more distinguished by their deep and true feeling, and expressive delineation of the graces and virtues proper to domestic life. The gallant, elevated, and punctilious character which a Frenchman contemplates in speaking of 'un honete homme,' is singularly combined, in these authors, with the genial, homely good qualities that win from a Caledonian the exclamation of 'honest man!' But the crown of their merits, as virtuous and moral writers, is the manly and exemplary spirit with which, upon all seasonable occasions, they pay honour and homage to religion, ascribing to its just pre-eminence among the causes of human happiness, and dwelling on it as the only certain source of pure and elevated thoughts, and upright, benevolent, and magnanimous actions.

"This then is common to the books of both writers; that they furnish a direct and distinguished contrast to the atrabilious gloom of some modern works of genius, and the wanton, but not artless levity of others. They yield a memorable, I trust an immortal, accession to the evidences of a truth not always fashionable in literature, that the mind of man may put forth all its bold luxuriance of original thought, strong feeling, and vivid imagination, without being loosed from any sacred and social bond, or pruned of any legitimate affection; and that the Muse is indeed a 'heavenly goddess,' and not a graceless, lawless runagate,

"αφρητωρ, αθέμιστος, ανεστιος."

Hom. Il. ix. 63.

"Good sense, the sure foundation of excellence in all the arts, is another leading characteristic of these productions. Assuming the author of Waverley and the author of Marmion to be the same person, it would be difficult in our times to find a second equally free from affectation, prejudice, and every other distortion or depravity of judgment, whether arising from ignorance, weakness, or corruption of morals. It is astonishing that so volumnious and successful a writer should so seldom be betrayed into any of those 'fantastic tricks' which, in such a man, make 'the angels weep,' and (*e converso*) the critics laugh. He adopts no fashionable cant, colloquial, philosophical, or literary; he takes no delight in being unintelligible; he does not amuse himself by throwing out those fine sentimental and metaphysical threads which float upon the air, and tease and tickle the passengers, but present no palpable substance to their grasp; he aims at no beauties that 'scorn the eye of vulgar light;' he is no dealer in paradoxes; no affecter of new doctrines in taste or morals; he has no eccentric sympathies or antipathies; no maudlin philanthropy, or impertinent cynicism; no nondescript hobby-horse; and with all his matchless energy and originality of mind, he is content to admire popular books, and enjoy popular pleasures; to cherish those opinions which experience has sanctioned; to reverence those institutions which antiquity has hallowed: and to enjoy, admire, cherish, and reverence all these with the same plainness, simplicity, and sincerity as our ancestors did of old.

"There cannot be a stronger indication of good sense in a writer of fiction, than the judicious management of his fable; and in this point both the novelist and the poet often attain unusual excellence; their incidents are, not always, but generally, well-contrived and well-timed; and their personages, almost without exception, act from intelligible motives, and on consistent princples. It is to the quality of good sense, more particularly as evinced in the management and keeping up of character, that the authors of Marmion and Waverley are in a great measure indebted for the strong interest with which their stories are read. When the ruling motives, habitual feelings, and occasional impulses of the agents are natural and consistent, and such as strike us by their analogy to what we have ourselves experienced: then distance of time, remoteness of place, strange incidents, unusual modes of society, no longer freeze our sympathies, or dissipate our curiosity; we become domesticated in castles, convents, and Highland fastnesses; and we converse more sociably with Cœur-de-Lion and the knight of Snowdoun, than with half the heroes of scandalous and fashionable novels, whose adventures happened last week within a furlong of St. James."

We are moved to express our cordial concurrence in the whole of this well merited *éloge*, that we may deliberately put on record our declaration, that we have never in any works of imagination been more struck than in those in question, with sublime allusions to the beauty and pathos of Scripture; and that when at

any time we have charged the poet, and still more the novelist, with occasional levity in bringing Scripture language to aid ludicrous effect, and in risking religion by caricatures of its ministers, we did not impute to either a designed injury to that faith, to which, in so many other passages, and these the finest of their works, they allude in a manner equally pious and impressive.

There are some qualities pointed out, which we do not think peculiar enough to be of material value as evidence in this inquiry. For example, the author finds plainness and facility of style in both the poems and novels—grave banter, or a burlesque rotundity of diction, in the comic passages; a manner, this, too common with humorous writers to be at all remarkable—a spirited and brief way of telling a story—negligence, not arising from incapacity for, but indisposition to, the *limæ labor*—great propriety and correctness, nevertheless, and sometimes unusual sweetness. In both poems and novels there is abundance of Scoticisms; against which our author very justly protests when they are put into the mouth of Queen Elizabeth, and of other English characters. We see no reason for Scoticisms in the mouths even of Scots characters. They do not consist of Scots words, but of certain collocations or senses of English words peculiar to Scotish usage, and, as such, are by no means necessary to a dialogue in the purest and most Doric Scotish dialect. We are certain that, although both the poet and novelist unconsciously use these modes of expression, none could more pointedly reason upon them. They do not imply solecisms, or grammatical absurdities; they are only other modes of expression; but, like trunk-hose, and farthingales, they are not in fashion, and that constitutes their impropriety. We may remark, that it is a curious proof of the intermixture of Scotish with English society, and of the influence of Scotish literature, that many modes of expression, found in dictionaries or collections of Scoticisms, are now of unquestioned usage, both in English conversation and composition.

The fifth letter examines the dialogue of the poems and novels. For our part, we have always thought this character, in both, so strikingly alike, that we should scarcely have demanded another proof; and this proof is the stronger, that the same dialogue is not to be found in any other work in the language. Who has not marked, as well as relished, its compact, terse, epigrammatic, and sententious character? In nothing, for example, are all these qualities displayed in a more striking manner, than in the spirited chivalrous *quarrels*, occasionally introduced and dramatised in the narratives. The high and gentlemanlike tone of these, entitle them to be indeed styled, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have called them, the prettiest quarrels in the world: "Every "kind of heroic dissention is managed with admirable skill "and spirit; and sometimes conducted through the requisite

"stages of retort, quip, reply, reproof, and countercheck, with "a lofty-minded discretion which would not have misbe- "come the days of Saviolo or Caranza." Our critic does not think his authors so happy in scenes of raillery among more polished and less angry disputants. We agree with him, that, both in the poems and novels, there have been failures here; but we are inclined to give more credit, on this head, than he does, and to concede to the poet, as well as the novelist, several examples of very elegant, as well as clever raillery.

No poet, dramatist, or novelist,—Shakspeare always excepted,—has more happily adapted dialogue to character, whether that character is natural, or modified by professional habits. What a host of witnesses the poems and novels furnish in proof of this! But to array them, would be to *review* an army. Already in these works, we have become acquainted with nearly one hundred and twenty admirably drawn characters; and when the distinctness and individuality, as well as the originality of the personages of that brilliant assemblage are considered, we must look to Shakspeare alone for a parallel.

Our author quotes several examples of the tact with which the poet and novelist enter into the very soul of the characters they describe. Female feelings are no less understood by them than those of the other sex; we refer to the extracts illustrative of Rebecca's character at page 75, yet cannot deny ourselves actual quotation of what follows.

"But of all the dramatic scenes in which this writer has depicted female manners and character, there is none perhaps so purely natural and irresistibly pathetic as the first interview of Jeanie Deans with her imprisoned sister in the presence of Ratcliffe: a piece of writing which alone might entitle its author to sit down at the feet of Shakspeare. I cannot forego the pleasure of adorning this unworthy page with an extract, though it is almost profanation to dismember so beautiful a scene.

"'O, if ye had spoken a word,' again sobbed Jeanie,—'if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day.'

"'Could they na?' said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burthen—'Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?'

"'It was ane that kenn'd what he was saying weel aneugh,' replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"'Wha was it? I conjure ye to tell me,' said Effie, seating herself upright.—'Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now?—Was it—was it *him*?'

"'Hout,' said Ratcliffe, 'what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn.'

"'Was it him?' said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—'was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether mill-stane. And him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!'

"Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, 'O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?'

"'We maun forgi'e our enemies, ye ken,' said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"'And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?' said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"'Love him?' answered Effie—'If I hadna loved as seldom woman loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten? Na, na,—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend. And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word what he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no.'

"'What needs I tell ye ony thing about it,' said Jeanie. 'Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside.'

"'That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it,' replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper.—'But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine.' And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent." *Heart of Mid Lothian*, vol. ii. ch. 8.

The kindred faults of the poet and novelist serve the author's purpose better, perhaps, than the corresponding beauties. These blemishes are well known to characterize both classes of composition. In this field the author manifests much critical acuteness, good sense, and taste. The following passage is long, but, besides being extremely well written and discriminative, it brings together a great variety of incidents, all tending to illustrate a striking exceptionable peculiarity both in the poems and novels.

"One circumstance very common in the novels and poems, and highly disadvantageous to the principal personage, is, that during a great part of the story, he is made the blind or involuntary instrument of another's purposes; the attendant on another's will; and the sport of events over which he exercises no control. Such, for example, is Waverley; a hero, who, from beginning to end of his history, is scarcely ever left upon his own hands, but appears almost always in the situation of pupil, guest, patient, protege, or prisoner; engaged in a quarrel from which he is unconsciously extricated; half duped and half seduced into rebellion; ineffectually repenting; snatched away by accident from his sinking party; by accident preserved from justice; and restored by the exertions of his friends to safety, fortune, and happiness. Such a hero is De Wilton, who is introduced to us as the vanquished rival of Marmion, becomes by mere chance the Baron's attendant and guide, and obtains in his execution of that office the means and opportunity of achieving the few acts we find recorded of him. Malcolm Græme, in the Lady of the Lake, is a royal ward, without command of vassals or lands; makes a truant expedition (for a generous purpose indeed,) to Loch Katrine, where he hears the proposal of Roderick Dhu for the hand of Ellen discussed and rejected without his interference, draws on a momentary quarrel with the chieftain, by a somewhat unseasonable act of gallantry, incurs the rebuke of Douglas, and returning homewards, is consigned to prison, from which he is released at the end of the story by his mistress's interest with the Monarch. Henry Bertram might justly claim to be the hero of Guy Mannering, if perils, labours, and courageous achievements, could of themselves confer such a dignity; but it is difficult to consider him in that light, because we see him the mere king of a chess-board, advanced, withdrawn, exposed, protected, at the pleasure of those who play the game over his head. The character of Francis Osbaldistone is not too insipidly immaculate to engage sympathy or awaken curiosity; but it wants that

commanding interest which should surround the first personage of a novel; and the reason is, that in almost every part of the story we find him played upon as a dupe, disposed of as a captive, tutored as a novice, and unwittingly exciting indignation as a Marplot. Omitting other instances of the same kind, I will produce one character for the purpose of contrast. The Master of Ravenswood* performs fewer feats of knight-errantry than any of the worthies I have mentioned, except perhaps Malcolm Græme; to shoot a bull; to cross swords with Bucklaw; to stare down and buffet Craigengelt; and (a more desperate venture than any) to brave the acrimony of Lady Ashton, forms, I think, the sum of his achievements. Yet no individual in any of the novels or poems more completely maintains his pre-eminence as the hero; for the whole action depends upon and centres in him; his ruling influence is always felt, whether he be absent or present; and of all the passions, whether hatred, love, admiration, hope, or fear, which vary and animate the successive scenes, he is the grand, ultimate, and paramount object.

"It is also the misfortune of many heroes in these works, to be constantly thrown into shade by some more prominent character. This is particularly the case with De Wilton and Græme; with Redmond O'Neale in Rokeby, who shrinks to a mere idle stripling, beside the dignified Mortham, and the awful barbarian Risingham; with Ronald of the Isles, who, throughout the tale which takes its name from him, is evidently a subordinate agent to the real hero, Robert Bruce; with Waverley, with Henry Bertram, with Francis Osbaldistone, who plays a second part to Diana Vernon, to Baillie Jarvie, to Rob Roy, and even to Rashleigh; with Ivanhoe, whose best gifts dwindle to insignificance before the prowess and magnanimity of Richard, and the sense and fortitude of Rebecca: but such is not the predicament of Ravenswood, who preserves the same majestic ascendancy over all the various characters, of whatever quality, humour, or disposition, with whom he is placed in contact.

"Another circumstance, which has operated to the prejudice of several very promising heroes, is, their being suffered to remain so long inactive, as entirely to forfeit their importance, and almost to run the risk of being forgotten by slow or forgetful readers. Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and Lovel in the Antiquary, are placed in this situation; and Malcolm Græme continues in retirement till we hardly wish for his return.

"But there is an error, if possible, still more fatal, which both the novelist and the poet have incautiously committed in more than one instance. It is in vain that the hero is kept almost perpetually in view, that he seeks desperate adventures, and defies danger and hardship; in vain that he moves conspicuous, nay, pre-eminent, in most scenes, and in many, engrosses our whole anxiety—if, upon some one important occasion, when the great interests of the story are at stake, and our concern in the action is wound up to its highest pitch, he is permitted to be absent, or, still worse, to stand by as an idle spectator. Heroic importance, like political influence, or female ascendancy, must be guarded with incessant care, for a moment's rivalry may sometimes be fatal.

"In all the works of the novelist, there is no character of the same class more vigorously drawn, or more variously illustrated than that of Henry Morton: his qualities are such as at once compel our sympathy and command our respect, and many principal events of the story receive their whole impulse and direction from his will. But, during those scenes with the insurgents at Drumclog, those scenes so animated and intensely agitating, that I doubt if they have ever been surpassed by the present or any other fabulous writer, Henry Morton is quietly seated on a hill, awaiting the event, and only contrives at the close of the engagement to incur some danger by

* Bride of Lammermoor—Tales of my Landlord, 3d Series.

interposing in behalf of Lord Evendale. When the resolution is taken to defend the castle of Tillietudlem, that moment, at which, perhaps, the interest of the story arrives at its highest point, Henry Morton is hearing sermons in the fanatical camp. When his fellow-rebels appear before the council, and the enthusiast Macbriar is enduring torture with a martyr's constancy, Henry Morton, is standing aloof, with his pardon in his hand, though not an unconcerned, yet a passive spectator. When the gallant Evendale falls a victim to his own high spirit, and the baseness of his enemies, Henry Morton, though hastening to his rescue, comes too late to succour, or to assist personally in avenging him. Thus, at several of the most important conjunctures, our whole interest and sympathy are demanded for Claverhouse, for Bothwell, for Cornet Grahame, for Lord Evendale, and for the Covenanters; while for Morton, we have only the observation of Henri IV. to the brave Crillon, 'Tu n'y etois pas.'

"Malcolm Græme is the 'brave Crillon' of the Lady of the Lake; Roderick Dhu is vanquished; Malcolm is not there; a battle is fought at Loch Katrine; he is not there; Douglas mixes in the royal sports, offends the king, and is borne off a prisoner; Malcolm is not there; the fair Ellen makes her way through the soldiery at Stirling castle, and presses for access to the monarch; Malcolm is not there. The protracted and total inactivity of a hero himself is not so fatal to his credit as the exploits performed by others without his participation. De Wilton is the Crillon of Flodden Field. In the magnificent and energetic description of that battle, our enthusiasm is excited for Surrey, Stanley, Tunstall, Dacre; we hang in suspense on the fates of Marmion, plunge eagerly into the fight with Blount and Fitz-Eustace, and look with sympathy and admiration on the deserted Clare. But when the damsel naturally asks, 'Is Wilton there?' the poet does not care to give an answer; and it matters little that after the battle is over, the slain buried, and the funeral oration spoken, we are charged, on pain of being set down as 'dull elves,'* to believe that 'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,'† as this same De Wilton.

"The character of Ivanhoe again suffers more in my opinion, by his quiescence during the storming of Torquilstone, than it gains by his gallant bearing at Ashby, or his truly chivalrous self-devotion in the lists at Templestowe; and Waverley sinks into absolute insignificance, by sustaining only the part of a common spectator in the highly tragic scene of M'Ivor's and Evan Dhu's condemnation.

"There is, I think, in the minds of most readers, a natural, and not ungenerous prejudice against him, who, by whatever means, escapes from the disaster in which his party or friends are involved, and is seen enjoying security, or even pursuing his way to happiness, while they encounter their fate. Our affections and sympathies obstinately adhere to the falling, more especially if they fall bravely and becomingly; we are disposed at the same time, to entertain something like contempt, for the inglorious safety of those who survive the ruin; and to cry out, like the indignant father of the last remaining Horatius, 'Qu'il mourut!'‡ The contrast of Henry Morton, pardoned by the government, and pursuing his fortune in Holland, with Macbriar tortured and put to death, with Burley, a wanderer in the desert hills, and with so many other associates of their rebellion slain, persecuted, and proscribed, is almost fatal to the romantic interest of his character: and I do not know that I have ever cordially forgiven Waverley for not being hanged with Fergus Mac-Ivor; though the chieftain, it must be owned, had by far the stronger vocation to that destiny."

In letter sixth there is a skilful exposition of the general poetical character of the poet and novelist. The author shows why

* See canto vi. st. 38.

† Henry IV. Part I. act v. sc. 3.

‡ Corneille. Horace, acte iii. sc. 6.

these works have so dceidedly a popular character, and justly imputes it to what he calls the streight-forward simplicity with which the writers communicate their conceptions; contrary to the practice of many great poets, who involve their ideas in a brilliant complication of phrase, high wrought and pregnant with imagery, but giving materials for objects more than objects themselves. This difference is illustrated by several very apt quotations.

The letter next alludes to a grand peculiarity of both classes of works, namely, the localizing of the scenes. This is too notorious to require to be dwelt upon. Such is the effect of it, that multitudes, who never thought of it before, have visited not only Kenilworth, but Cumnor, and the tomb of Anthony Foster, in its churchyard! The letter likewise touches upon the powerful associations, of local and national feelings and attachments—but we are again exceeding all limits, and must content ourselves with strongly recommending the whole of this admirable letter to our readers.

In his two last epistles, the author points out yet other numerous and striking features of resemblance. For example, real history and real locality,—minute local descriptions—long periods of time abruptly passed over—surprises and unexpected discoveries—the marvellous—living persons mistaken for spectres——manner of the deaths of villains—mode of embellishing similar incidents, as *all* battles seen from a neighbouring eminence—hostile ranks compared to an agitated sea—approaching troops to a dark cloud—battle cries alike in the poems and novels—horses running *masterless*—conflagrations almost in the same words—the bugle point of war at sunset—tingling in the ears on going to be hanged—long and deep draughts of mighty wine—with many miscellaneous proofs, which it were in vain to class, but of which the author says,

"It cannot, I think, appear frivolous or irrelevalent, in the inquiry we are pursuing, to dwell on these minute coincidences. Unimportant indeed they are if looked upon as subjects of direct criticism; but considered with reference to our present purpose, they resemble those light substances which, floating on the trackless sea, discover the true setting of some mighty current; they are the buoyant drift-wood which betrays the hidden communication of two great poetic oceans.':

In a conclusion, equally elegant and gentlemanlike, the author apologizes for lingering so long on his captivating journey, expresses his hope that he has said nothing of the poet of Marmion which he would not have said in his presence, and, in the following words, beautifully concludes the volume.

"The secret I have attempted to penetrate, may fairly be regarded as a riddle propounded to the public; an enigma, of which they have no right to demand the solution, but every man may freely promulgate his own. In attempting to unravel such a mystery by honest and open means, there can surely be neither officiousness nor indiscretion. The materials out of which this essay is formed, were lying in the full view of the world; I have combined them as my own fancy and judgment guided me: if my speculations

are ill-founded, they yield a new testimony to the address of him who can so skilfully elude conjecture; if just, they serve, indeed, to fix and determine our opinions, but they leave the mysterious subject of our inquiries as fully master of his secret as he was before those inquiries began. It cannot be wrested from him by mere argumentative proof, nor would I have adduced any other, even though it had been in my possession. If a mask excites our curiosity, we may endeavour to detect him by his voice, his walk, his jests, his minute habits, his choice of character, his selection of colours, his general style of dress; but it would be a pitiful and sordid diligence, which sought to make assurance perfect by prying into his dressing-room, overhearing his directions to his servants, or secretly pursuing him to his home.

"I earnestly hope that the author of Waverley may never be disturbed in his concealment by this mean and mechanical spirit of inquisition, even though he should indefinitely prolong the duration of our present uncertainty. All legitimate endeavours to read his riddle, he may, I think, regard with unmoved complacency, retaining his disguise in spite of them, so long as it shall be his pleasure to wear one. And late, very late may he discard it, if the mystery it casts around his person be in any degree propitious to the exercise of that genius which has so exalted and enriched our literature. The gratification of curiosity, however intense, would be a grievous misfortune, if attended by a cessation of the wonder-working power which has raised our curiosity so high.

> "The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
> And it murmur'd sullenlie,
> * * * * *
> 'Alas! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes,
> Thine eyes to look on me.'"
> Lord Soulis, *Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. III. Part 3.

"There may perhaps be an appearance of undue freedom towards our admirable poet, in the very act of associating his name so pointedly and unreservedly as I have, with that of another writer, who, after all, is, possibly, as much a stranger to him as myself. For this error, if such you deem it, I can only plead in excuse the zeal arising from attachment to a long cherished opinion, and from a warm, perhaps a romantic wish, that it may prove well-founded. The unclaimed honours of the novelist must ultimately descend on some head, and I would gladly see them rest on one which has already been adorned with wreaths of literary triumph. There is a magnificence in the thought that all these noble fictions, in poetry and in prose, are the vast and various creation of one genius, one versatile and energetic mind, such as our country, such as the world has seldom seen disporting itself in Works of imagination And if this mighty talent is to be discovered in a single mortal, there is none in whom I should so much rejoice to find it recognized as the ardent, the chivalrous, the tender, the stainless, the patriotic Minstrel of the Border. It is, I am well aware, an intrusion even to 'thrust greatness' upon one who would decline it; but the zeal which is distasteful to him, may meet indulgence, and even sympathy from his admirers: and you, I am sure, will pardon the mistaken, if mistaken, enthusiasm which would invest your honoured friend with the sovereignty of a twofold intellectual kingdom, more valuable than Spain and the Indies.

It is a striking proof of the value and importance, as well as the unexampled celebrity* of these novels, that before the first

* Besides being regularly published in America,—by an arrangement, we believe, which delays the enjoyment to that country a very short time, if any,—the Scots Novels are promptly translated in France and Germany.

born of the family is seven years old, and when many a thriving addition is yet expected, the question of their parentage should have called forth a work of so much ingenuity and research, as that before us. The mysteries of Rowley, of Ossian, and of Junius, were, comparatively, objects of antiquarian speculation, when *they* began to be mooted in controversy. But even when books came to be written to unmask Chatterton, convict M'Pherson, and unveil Sir Philip Francis, none of them—not all of them—elicited so great a variety of curious, instructive, and exciting matter, as is done by this satisfactory integration of the poet of Marmion and the author of Waverley. As a lesson of judicious and elegant criticism, illustrated in a manner equally pleasing and powerful, we have already recommended the volume to all who have read the poems and novels; and we would add, that none who have enriched their shelves with the works, should omit to place the commentary in the proud row. Nay, even the *Great Unknown* might not rise unbenefited from *such* a study of himself—of his own, it may be, unheeded excellencies, as well as unrecognized faults,—and of a view so beautifully systematic of those very rules of high rhetoric and exalted *belles lettres*, which, if he has sometimes transgressed, he has so much oftener confirmed and dignified.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. VI.—*College of Orleans.*

Mr. WORKMAN,* from the committee appointed to draw up a plan of education for the College of Orleans, presented a plan for that purpose, and delivered the following discourse:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board,—It must be a subject of deep regret to you, that notwithstanding the good wishes and liberality of the Legislature, and the strenuous efforts of many of our worthiest citizens, no institution, deserving the name of a College, in the sense in which that word is generally understood in the English language, has yet been established in Louisiana: and our regrets on this account will not be alleviated, when we reflect that this state, one of the richest in the Union, in proportion to its population, is almost the only one in which there exists no institution where young men may be instructed in the higher branches of learning. New-Orleans, which has the best Theatre, has the worst College in the United States. The consequence has been, that parents have sent their sons for instruction to Europe, or to the Northern and Eastern States; where, after a few years residence, they become unacclimated for their native country; and on their return to it, they run a great risk of falling victims to its dangerous diseases.

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* JAMES WORKMAN, Esq. member of the American Philosophical Society.

To supply this defect in our establishments, has become the duty of this board; and for this purpose, the following plan is proposed for your consideration.

Before entering, however, into a detailed examination of its provisions, we should determine, as far as practicable, the precise kind of Academic Institution which the state of education amongst us requires, and which our means will enable us to establish and support.

In the United States, we may observe *four* distinct *classes* of seminaries of education: the first, or lowest class consists of the *elementary schools*, for the instruction of children in reading, writing, and the common rules of arithmetic. The second class is composed of the *grammar schools*, sometimes dignified with the name of *academies*, in which are taught the Latin and Greek languages, and frequently, a few branches of the mathematics. In the third class, are the *colleges*, where young men, having been duly prepared at the grammar schools, are instructed in the higher classics and elegant literature; in the mathematics, the physical and moral sciences, and generally, every thing requisite to qualify them for entering on the study of a learned profession, or engaging in any of the distinguished pursuits of active life. The fourth class comprises the professional schools—such as schools of Theology, of Medicine, of Law;—of the Military Sciences, of the Fine Arts, &c. Some of these schools are found attached to Colleges in the Northern States.

Our chief care, at present, should be to form a good institution of the third class. Our elementary schools are already numerous and excellent; and the classical schools of the Rev. Mr. Hull, Mr. Lefort, the Abbe Martial, and other able instructors, are every thing that can be desired of that kind. As to professional schools, we are hardly yet prepared to raise or to support them.

There is more difficulty in framing a plan of education for our college, than if it were an entirely new establishment. Whilst we are providing for students in the higher classes, we must endeavor not to lose the few school boys who still adhere to our tottering institution. With this view, it is proposed to annex to the establishment a preparatory school, in which those pupils, and such others of the same description, as shall present themselves, may be fitted for a collegiate class. Two tutors are to attend this school, while the President and professors shall instruct the more advanced students of the College.

In this plan, the details of instruction and discipline are left to be regulated hereafter, as circumstances may require. The duty of proposing suitable regulations on those subjects is entrusted to the faculty of the College, consisting of the President and the Professors, concurrently with a council of superintendence, consisting of the president and two members of the Board of Ad-

ministrators. The appointment of this council will, it is believed, greatly facilitate the performance of all the duties of the board. The plan, thus formed, and containing chiefly the general principles and rules by which the institution is to be conducted, will be, as it were, the *code*, while the regulations for carrying those principles into full effect, may be considered as the *special laws* of the Institution.

The third and most important chapter of the plan, is that which directs the course of instruction. Some of the provisions of this chapter require to be explained.

The whole course is divided into *five* departments; each department containing several branches of knowledge which are congenial with each other, and which it is hoped, some *one* professor may be found capable of teaching, to an extent sufficient for the present purposes of our Institution; or at least that five instructors may be able to teach the whole, distributing the different branches among them, as may be most convenient.

The first division of the course contains the English, French, Latin and Greek languages, Philology, Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, ancient and modern History. The English language, which has hitherto held but a very subordinate rank in the College of Orleans, and the French, are now proposed to be on an equal footing, the languages of instruction in the institution; and are to be taught before the Latin, as the Latin shall be before the Greek. The English is, in fact, becoming more and more, by the irresistable force of things, the language of the community. We can not then, it is conceived, adopt any other, with propriety in preference to it, for an institution which owes its chief support to an annual grant from the representatives of that community. Besides, it is well understood, that the principal object for which our opulent creoles send their sons to the Colleges of other states is to acquire a correct knowledge of English; a language which it is hoped, they will soon be enabled to learn perfectly, without leaving their native land.

The French language is now undoubtedly of very great importance in this state; and it must continue to be so for a long period. An extensive knowledge of it among all classes, particularly those whose superior education will give them considerable influence in society, will tend to harmonize the diversified and sometimes discordant materials of which our population is composed. Whatever indeed may hereafter become the vernacular language of our people, a knowledge of the French will be indispensable for the legislator, the judge, and the jurisconsult, to enable them to understand fully several of our most important laws and ordinances—grants of land, contracts, and the notarial and judicial records, which have been promulgated, or are preserved in that language alone. That language contains also many of the best commentaries and explications of the system

of jurisprudence which we have adopted in civil affairs—Independently of these reasons which are applicable to our peculiar situation, there are others of a more general character, to justify the preference intended to be given to the French over every foreign language. The French language is better understood and more widely diffused than any other throughout all the nations of christendom. A knowledge of this tongue is almost indispensable for those who travel on the continent of Europe, whether about political or commercial business; whether the object of their pursuit be knowledge, profit or pleasure. The increasing intercourse between these states and Europe, arising from the increased number of our opulent classes whom the love of knowledge, a liberal curiosity, or the desire of diversified amusement, disposes to visit foreign countries, and from the high rank which our republic has acquired among the nations of the earth, affords an additional motive for extending the knowledge of this general language of the civilized world among all our well educated citizens. The trouble of learning it, may be amply compensated, even to those who can only read it with facility, by the perusal of a portion of those innumerable and admirable writings which it presents in every department of literature, science and art, to delight the memory, the judgment, or the imagination. In some of the higher branches of the pure mathematics, and of physical astronomy, it is admitted by the best informed on those subjects, that no English publication contains the numerous and wonderful improvements and discoveries made in those abstruse sciences, during the last half century, by the great astronomers of France, and explained, as yet, only in their original and immortal works.

If, under all circumstances, the French were only of equal utility with the Latin language, it should be taught to the English student before the Latin. In the formation and construction of those idioms, there is a much wider difference between the English and Latin, than between the English and French. The French forms a kind of medium between the two others; it is far more easily learnt than the Latin, and may serve the English scholar as a convenient stepping-stone to it.

Many maintain, and deem it quite evident, that the Latin should be taught before the French, because a great number of the words of the latter are derived from the former language. For the same reason the Greek should be taught before the Latin, and the Hebrew, perhaps, before the Greek. Some enthusiastic admirers of Grecian literature have in fact proposed that the Greek should precede the Latin in our classes; but no college or school of reputation has yet, it is believed, adopted that arrangement.

In the plan I have the honour to present to you, the Latin and Greek are declared essential to a complete education; but the

French language, as more generally useful than either, especially in this State, is directed to be taught before them; and a knowledge of it, as well as of the English, is required as an indispensable qualification for the admission of every student into the lowest collegiate class. When it is proposed that the English and French languages shall form a part of our collegiate education, it must be understood that they shall be taught profoundly and extensively; that each student shall go through a course of the finest literature of those languages from the earliest to the latest of the best works in both.

The Spanish, Italian, and German tongues will be taught, as may be required, by private instructors.

It is unnecessary to make any provision respecting the Oriental languages, until we are likely to have some classical scholars advanced enough to learn them.

The second branch of our course of instruction comprehends the whole of the pure mathematics, with their application to the various useful and delightful sciences belonging to the department distinguished from the former by the use of the mixed, or physical mathematics; such as astronomy, geography, navigation, dynamics, mechanics, statics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, optics, &c.

The third division of the course comprises natural history, natural philosophy, theoretical and experimental—chemistry and the theory of medicine—all of which will be taught when the institution possesses the means of teaching them.

The fourth department of the course includes the philosophy of the human mind, logic, and ethics, or moral philosophy. By the first mentioned of those sciences is understood what the French sometimes call ideology, and what is often termed pneumatology by the French and British philosophers. The former of those denominations, if it were adopted into our language, would seem of too limited, and the latter of too extensive a signification. The more familiar, and it is conceived, the more precise appellation has been chosen. This science is sometimes considered as a part of logic: but a clearer view of the whole will be presented by keeping them distinct. The first describes and analyses the faculties of the human mind: the object of the second, or dialectics, is to show how those faculties may be best applied in reasoning. Distinct treatises of great merit and celebrity have been written on both those branches of knowledge.—Logic is followed by ethics or moral philosophy; and in the sixth chapter, provision is made for religious instruction, as well as for religious worship.

The law of Nature and Nations, the Roman civil Law, Political Philosophy, and Political Economy, compose the fifth and last division of our course of instruction. The study of the Roman jurisprudence is directed chiefly for the purpose of main-

taining our civil code. That code is founded on the best principles of the Roman law; and in order that it may be improved and well administered amongst us, our legislators, our judges, our magistrates and lawyers, should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the system from which it emanates, and by which its provisions can be best understood, explained and illustrated. In the universities of those nations of Europe whose jurisprudence is drawn from that system, the Roman law is always elaborately taught. Should we be fortunate enough to procure for our law chair, an accomplished Civilian who would expound that great code of written reason, not from the meagre abridgements and compilations of the English writers, but from the original text itself, with illustrations, when requisite, from the best European commentators, we should render a great service to our institution and to this community. We might even expect students from the other states to acquire a science—highly useful if not indispensable to every jurisconsult—which they would then have an opportunity of learning in New Orleans, much better, it is believed, than in any other part of the Union.

In the seventh article of the chapter on the course of instruction, it is announced that a library, a cabinet of natural history, a chymical apparatus, and a suitable collection of astronomical and philosophical instruments will be provided, as soon as our funds will permit. It is intended by this article to make the public acquainted with the real, destitute state of the institution at present; that it possesses, in fact, no library, no astronomical, philosophical, or chymical apparatus whatever. Without these, what sort of a college can be established? Without a library, you cannot teach the languages in the manner in which they ought to be taught in an institution of this kind. Without suitable instruments, you cannot teach astronomy well; you cannot teach experimental philosophy or chymistry at all.

For about six or eight thousand dollars, a small library could be purchased, and the like sum might procure the apparatus necessary for explaining the principal physical sciences. When this were done, we might, no doubt, find among our many ingenious physicians, some one who, for a reasonable recompense, would give a course of lectures on chymistry in the College. Should our city continue to be as healthy as it has lately been, we should probably have several candidates for this chair. At all events, it is our duty to use every effort in our power to obtain the means of placing this institution on the high ground which it ought to occupy, and on a solid and durable foundation. Let us form if possible, a *true college*, a seminary of *general* education of the highest order. Should all our endeavors for this purpose be unavailing, it might then be proper for us to petition the general assembly that the name of the Institution be changed—that the *college* be legislated down to the *incorporated grammar*

school of New Orleans, so that the fathers of families throughout the state may know what the establishment really is, and provide elsewhere for completing the education of their sons.

None of the other chapters or articles of this plan appear to require any particular explanation. The great object of the whole is to provide for our our youth in their own country, the means of various and profitable instruction, in the principal of the modern and the learned languages, in general literature, and in those great sciences by which the human mind is enlarged, invigorated, purified and adorned. The polite arts and accomplishments have not been forgotten, but they are considered as subordinate to those branches of knowledge which dignify human nature, and raise the man to the rank of a distinguished citizen, fitting him to perform worthily all the important offices of life in a commonwealth of which he is at once a sovereign and a subject, and elevating him at the same time in the scale of intellectual existence.

ART. VII.—*An English Letter from a French Gentleman.*

"*C—d—s Priory.*

"MY DEAR E.—I am shameful to have not had the pleasure to entertain you since you have with disdain abandon London, but the Respect to which I am indebted for your eldest Sister, had oblige me to think of her Ladyship before you, i hope that you have a better weather during your excursions on the Lacs than that we have here, for almost every Day the tunder is rolling upon our heads with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey, but what is more tiresome is the lamentations of Peoples which seeing the rains fall all the Days, predict us with Famine, plage, and civil wars, by scarcity of Bread, but it is a great error for the harvest look very well: Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English, and during the night if some rats or mouses trouble me i tell them *Golon*, and they obey understanding perfectly my English, Sir G—e is suffering with a Rheumatism, Lady H—e O—e who have the pretension to be a very good Physitian but who is very ignorant, after that he have yesterday well breakfast, has given him a Physic, and after he have dined, she give him another, and she desire that he take a walk au clair de la Lune, and place of to be near good fire, no, a dog, or a cat would be more prudent. Before yesterday the Brother having set and drank too much and being tormented with a strong indigestion, my Lady gave him 8 Grains of James's Powder, the unhappy brother was near to die, and one was obliged to send to a Physitian at Shelford who arriving found him so well that he judged it best to wait if the nature would save him or

not; but happily being a strong nature he was restored.—Lady H—e the best of women is the worst of Physitian, she had killed some years ago a superb Ox with James's Powder, and on another occasion having received 24 Turkeys very fatigued to have walked to foot a too long journey, she contrived to refresh them to give them some Huile de Castor but 12 of that number died, and the rest did look melancholy, so long as they did live; i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S—n, i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at two o'clock i have not time to write to her ladyship, but I will comply soon with the liberty she gave me, Be sure that I have not forgot Lady S— in my prayers though not so good as I could wish indeed.—Believe the faithful friendship that I feel for you my dear Sister in Law, since that you were so much high than my finger. Write me often and my old Wife. Believe me that I love a friendly letter more than a purse of guineas. Yours

"CONTE DE C—L—Z—."

ART. VIII.—*Review of New Music.*

Rebecca's Song, from the romance of Ivanhoe, adapted to a Hebrew melody, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte.

The melody applied to the words before us is easy, simple, and by no means inappropriate. The accompaniment is varied in conformity to the different passages of the poetry; and the general effect is solemn without heaviness, and attractive without deviating into the levity of secular music.

"*When the flame of Love inspiring;*" *a Ballad, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by J. Davy.*

This ballad, the words of which are written by Mr. A. Scott, is adapted to the long admired air, called *Rousseau's Dream.* The melody and poetry are equally simple and natural; and Mr. Davy's accompaniment, (chiefly *arpeggio*) is well suited to the subject, to which it forms an ornament. The combined effect, indeed, is so good, that we cannot listen to the composition as Mr. D. here presents it to us, without being reminded of his distinguished ability for tasks similar to the present.

"*Haste Love 'tis I; or the Gallant Troubadour,*" *adapted to an Irish Melody. The words by Mr. Wm. Lewis, the symphonies and accompaniments by Mr. John Davy.*

The air of this song is original and interesting. Its application to the sentiment of the words to which it is here affixed, is proper and affecting. In the bass and accompaniment, Mr. Davy has displayed much of that ingenuity and science for which we have long given him credit; and the symphonies are both analogous and tasteful.

"*Oh! if those eyes deceive me;*" *a song composed by Sir John Stephenson.*

Sir John Stephenson has thrown into the melody of this song, a great deal of sweetness, and in the accompaniment, decorated it with much of his usual taste. The air itself is characterized not only by originalty of style, but by the expressive cast, and close connection of the passages. While the study given to the sentiment of the poet is every where evident, the mind traces the composer's choice of ideas, and from the incongruity and relationship to the sense of the words, shares the pleasure afforded to the ear by their independent attraction.

ART. IX.—*An original Letter from Mr. Windham to Arthur Lee, Esq.*

Dunkirk, 12th March, 1778.

MY DEAR SIR—

I did not imagine, when we last met in London, that it would so soon happen to me to address a letter to you as one of the commissioners of the United States of America. I most heartily wish you joy of a situation so honourable and distinguished. The sentiment which I have ever entertained on American matters, at times when affairs had the least promising aspect, will sufficiently witness for the sincerity of this congratulation. I could wish to say a great deal of what is uppermost in my mind, in this present most extraordinary juncture, but the hurry in which I am obliged to write, will confine me to the immediate subject of this letter. * * *

[Private business.]

In the summer I think I shall be tempted to make a short visit to Paris. It would give me peculiar pleasure to find you there. What a spectacle have our present worthy court exhibited to the indignation and the scorn of Europe! When I think of the acquiescence of the nation under such men and measures, I really begin almost *desperare de republica;* and to hold less firmly to an opinion, which I have always kept fast to hitherto, that the bulk of the people of England had still a large fund of those qualities, which till lately rendered them deservedly the admiration of all who knew them. I shall be very happy to have now some more of such conversations as we used to have on these matters formerly.

I am at a loss how to conclude this letter in a way to make myself known, without signing my name, which perhaps might be inconvenient, after the description which Capt. Johnson may give. It may probably be sufficient to add that we used to meet

at poor Allegnes. The last time we dined there, Jones* was of the party. Believe me, dear Sir, with great truth,

Your most obedient,

And faithful servant,

W. W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. X.—*Table Talk.*

At breakfast, Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating; the mule fool will neither do by words or blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last. And suppose a fool to be made to do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterwards he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves."—*Tour to the Hebrides.*

I asked him, if he had ever been accustomed to wear a night-cap? He said, "No." I asked if it was best not to wear one? *Johnson.* "Sir, I had this custom by chance, and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap." Soon afterwards he was laughing at some deficiency in the Highlands, and said, "One might as well go without shoes and stockings." Thinking to have a little hit at his own deficiency, I ventured to add, "or without a night-cap, Sir." But I had better have been silent, for he retorted directly—"I do not see the connection there (laughing). Nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed."—*ib.*

Talking of the good people with whom we were, he said, "Life has not got at all forward by a generation in M'Sweyn's family; for the son is exactly formed upon the father. What the father says, the son says; and what the father looks, the son looks."—*ib.*

Dr. Johnson said, "I do not like to read any thing on a Sunday but what is theological; not that I would scrupulously refuse

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* Sir William Jones.

to look at any thing which a friend should show me in a newspaper, but, in general, I would read only what is theological."—*ib.*

At breakfast, I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a traders having opulence?" *Johnson.* "Why, sir, the reason is, (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason) we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us."—*ib.*

Art. XI.—*Humour.*

"I jest to Oberon and make him laugh."—*Shakspeare.*

The Salem Gazette, after mentioning the remarkable preservation which occurred when a tavern at Hallowell, was struck by lightning, and that of 30 persons which it contained, not one was injured,—adds, "it being court time, many *Lawyers* were there, and after the explosion there was a strong smell of brimstone, and though some of the windows were open, there were none of the *Lawyers* found to be killed, wounded, or *missing*."

The Fredonian (N. Y.) gives an account of a woman, who went out to pick berries on a *Sunday*, and lost herself in the woods, and concludes thus: "we have remarked for many years, that accidents of this and other kinds most frequently occur from *breaches of the Sabbath*."

The late Mr. B. who drove a pair of fine dun geldings in a curricle, met Mr. E. and accosted him thus: "You see I have changed my colour; I now drive duns." ''The devil you do," replied the other; "that is a change for the better indeed; I remember when the *duns* used to drive you."

As two celebrated punsters were walking in the street, one of them accidentally struck his foot against a small pail; his companion drily observed, "Why, Sam, you have *kicked the bucket*." "Oh, no," replied the other; "I have only turned *a little pale!*"

On the following paragraph from the Washington City Gazette, we shall only remark, that if the wine was no better than the wit, the legislative dinner must have been but a "lenten feast."

"The members of the Legislature of Virginia gave a dinner on the 9th inst. at Richmond, to Messrs. Clay and Bibb, the Kentucky Commissioners. The table being adorned by a *Bibb* and *Tucker*, no wonder its guests, animated by champaigne, were in a *punning* humour.

Mr. Clay gave for a toast—The state of Virginia—"The Ancient *Dominion.*"

Mr. Thompson—The *soul* of Virginia and the *Clay* of Kentucky.

Mr. Madison—The *bosom** of Virginia and the *Bibb* of Kentucky."

Two gentlemen named *Laight* and *Few*, after discussing at some length the merits of a certain distinguished individual, whom they had recently heard in the pulpit, concluded by regretting that such talents should be employed against Christianity. "Oh," said a third, "while Mr. ——'s auditors are *ldte* and *few*, we need be under no apprehension."

A Quaker Pun.—Colonel Barclay, the pedestrian, is the descendant of Robt. Barclay, of Urie, the celebrated author of the "Apology for the people called Quakers." One of the respectable members of this Society, taking leave of the colonel lately, addressed him in the following terms: "Friend Barclay, the excellence of thy family descendeth from the *head* even unto the *feet.*"

A countryman's visit on board ship.—"As zoon as I got upon the vloor I axd for our Joe, and one of 'em told I a wasn't at home, and zoo ater I had a zeed the captain and the place where he do live, and the shot, and the masts, and the guns, and the ropes, one o'em com'd and blow'd a whistle pip, and then I got a bit of vittles, and then they made I drunk, and put I to bed down in the cellar."

The late Sir Thomas Coulson being present with a friend at the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, and observing several engines hastening to the spot where the fire had been extinguished, remarked that they were "*ingens* cui lumen ademptum."

Acting plays was one of the amusements devised on *the Northern Expedition* to while away the long night of the Polar circle. A drama was written by Mr. Parry, solely to please the men, and called the "*North West Passage.*" The scenery was painted by Mr. Beechy, and the officers were the performers. The delight of the crew was so great, that they not only clapped, but loudly cheered the actors on every favourable impression. One of the latter was so amused with this, that on making an exit he was induced to go *into the house*, to see how the thing looked. He happened to place himself immediately behind the boatswain and another man, who exclaimed with rapture, "O, its beautiful! its beautiful!" "Beautiful, do you call it?" returned the boatswain, "Beautiful! I say its philosophy!"

George IV. in Ireland.

When the King's carriage passed through a turnpike gate, on the road to Dublin, an honest fellow hastened to inquire whether the toll had been paid. On being answered in the negative, he

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* As Col. *Tucker* sat near to the author of this toast, we are surprized that his name was not introduced in this place.

paid the money himself, exclaiming with much indignation, "Sure it would be a pretty thing to have the King under an obligation to the like of a turnpike-man."

A gigantic fellow rose upon the shoulders of a crowd in Dame-street, and bawled out with stentorian lungs, within a few feet of the King, "God bless your honest face! Here's half a million of us ready to fight the radicals for you at the wind of the word!"

How galling must be this loyal feeling to the scowling and bellowing patriots of Spitalfields! The Hunts, and Cobbetts, and Woolers; the Sir Francis Burdett's, and the Sir Robert Wilsons!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XII.—*Cross Readings.*

The subscribers to the Port Folio are requested to pay—one half cash and the balance in six months.

The large Elephant which has just arrived in the *Bengal* from *Calcutta*—will have a concert on Thursday evening next, at the Masonic Lodge.

We learn from Boston, that the celebrated Mr. Kean—has absconded from his bail.

The famous privateer Almeyda was—married on Tuesday last to Miss Peggy Fortune, a young lady possessed of—the itch and other scrophulous disorders.

The Select-men of Salem—have been committed to prison by Judge Story.

Several of the banks of Baltimore—have been broken open and robbed—by the directors.

The civil and military authorities of Baltimore—have been detected in picking pockets.

The Presbyterian General Assembly have—entered into partnership with—the Masonic Lodge of Philadelphia.

ART. XIII.—*Differences arising from situations in London.*

An actor at Druly Lane, or Covent Garden theatre, is a gentleman; but is only a poor strolling player, if obliged to quit those houses, and perform at different country theatres, or barns.

A first-rate Bond-street man of fashion, is a most ridiculous coxcomb on the Royal Exchange.

A well dressed rich citizen at a Lord Mayor's feast, is there a respectable man; but a clumsy fellow at Almack's-rooms.

An orthodox, moral preacher at St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, is a cold, *carnal* reasoner at a Methodist chapel.

An inspired saint at a methodist meeting-house, is a bawling enthusiast every where else.

A most pleasant, jovial companion at taverns, is generally a surly, ill-tempered fellow in his own family.

A patriot, with those of his own party—an unprincipled, selfish declaimer, with every body beside.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

ART. XIV.—*Eloquence of Mr. Cheves.*

On the first organization of our government, THOMAS CLAXTON, was appointed assistant doorkeeper to the House of Representatives, and afterwards succeeded to the higher station. His original profession was that of a printer, which, however, he did not practically follow after being appointed to his late station. Mr. Claxton was one of those upright and worthy men who enjoyed general respect, and was regarded by the members of Congress generally as a friend and equal, rather than as an inferior in station. For many years past, he was bienially reappointed to the office he held without a dissenting voice.

His death recals to our mind an occasion in which his name was introduced in debate in the House of Representatives in one of the most impressive bursts of eloquent feeling that we ever witnessed. It was in the month of March, 1814, towards the close of the debate on the loan bill, when the opposition party in that house had rallied all their strength and poured forth all their eloquence against the prosecution of the war, and some of them had denounced it as "an inglorious war," that Mr. CHEVES rose and delivered a speech of great effect, and even meriting the epithet of brilliant. We copy from it the following extract, as containing a just tribute to the memory of our deceased friend:

"An inglorious war! Insult not the gallant men who have fought and bled in your battles, and yet live with high claims to your applause. Tread not so rudely on the ashes of the heroic dead. Could the soul of Lawrence speak from the cerements which confine his mouldering body, in what appalling language would he rebuke the man who should assert that the contest in which he so nobly conquered, and so nobly died, was an inglorious war! Will you tell *that worthy man*, [Mr. Claxton] who fills with so much fidelity and usefulness a station in your service on this floor, that this is an inglorious war? He has beheld one son triumph over his country's foes, and live to hear and receive the applause of his country. He has seen another fall in the arms of victory, heroically aiding in an achievement, which, if it be not unparalleled, is certainly not exceeded in the annals of history. Happy father! Yet I would call him miserable and hopeless man, were this an inglorious war. But I must call him a most happy father, for God and nature have implanted in our bosoms a principle which elevates us above the love of life and friends, and makes us think their loss a blessing, when they are

yielded up in the cause of a beloved country, on the altar, and in the spirit of patriotism. It is this principle which makes that excellent father reflect not merely with composure, but with pleasure, on the child of his love giving up his life in battle; his blood mingling with the wave, and his body entombed in the bosom of Erie. Yes, he would rather feel the consciousness that his gallant boy fought with Perry, and died in the glorious battle of the 10th of September, than now embrace him in his arms, again animated with the strong pulse of life; again pouring into the parental bosom his filial duty, and lighting up a father's pride and joy."

ART. XV.—*The funds of the University of Pennsylvania, January, 1821.*

REAL ESTATE.		
Ground Rents, valued at 43,950, producing, per ann.		$2,671 60
Houses, &c. rented and used for the accommodation of the several departments, - - -	$103,800	4,690 00
Estates devised by J. Keble, towards an increase of the Charity Schools, - - - -	10,000	556 80
	$157,750	7,818 40
PERSONAL ESTATE.		
Bonds and Mortgages,	53,803	3,228 18
Library and Apparatus,	12,000	
Gross amount of revenue, 1820, - - -		$11,046 58

EDWARD FOX, Secretary.

ART. XVI.—*Marriages in January*, 1822.

Philadelphia. Elijah Cheston to Mary L. Pryor. Joseph R. Potts to Sydney Bonsall. Isaac Lodge to Mary B. Garrigues. Isaac Phillips to Sarah Moss. Henry Ridgway to Edith B. Gaskill. William Delavoue to Catharine Smith. Charles Plumly to Eliza Miller. Benjamin Davids to Rebecca Morris. Thomas Shewell to Hannah Brown.

New York. Sylvester Roe to Eliza Pierson. Joseph Stillwaggon to A. Gray. George Eichell to Sarah M. Vincent. Jas. Cushing to Fame King. James Douglass to Ann Black. Jas. Ferguson to Mary Dougherty. George Hooten to Rachel Hyde. Ezra Anderson to Elisa Kissam. Elisha L. Avery to Jane Gunning. Leroy D. Moody to Cinthia Jenks. John C. Mott to Eliza Proudfoot. John Pierpont to Esther Brush. Robert Travis to Eliza Fisher. Amos T. Morris to Eliza Berry. Wm. M. Ireland to Ellen Pardon. Stephen F. Wood to Eliza L. Dis-

brow. Matthias Valentine to Hannah Briggs. Daniel S. Merritt to Charity Tollon. Jacob Monfoort to Catharine Storm. Robert Shearman to Maria Shearman. David S. Kennedy to Rachel Lenox. John L. Buckley to Sarah Ann Taylor.

Baltimore. Wm. L. Gill to Elizabeth Ann Stewart. Samuel H. Moale to Eleanor C. Gittings. Samuel O. Moale to Eliza Owings. Wesley Cowles to Elizabeth Earnest.

ART. XVII.—*Deaths in January*, 1822.

Philadelphia. Mrs. Ann Mc Murtrie, 66. James Wilkins, 78. Lewis Robinson, 45. Deborah Logan Norris. Ellen N. Barker. Elizabeth Carter, 78. Ann Eliza Fisher. Ann Paschall. David J. Davis. Hannah Mussina. Richard Sermon. Eve Hergesheimer. Samuel Rea. Andrew Thatcher. John C. Whitney. George Davis. Thomas Shoemaker. Mrs. C. Biddle, wife of William S. Biddle, Esq. of the Philadelphia Bar, 30. The illness of this most estimable lady was short, but of an excruciating nature. She bore her terrible sufferings with a pious and heroic resignation that corresponded to the bland and meek, yet firm and noble temper, which she had displayed from her earliest youth. A more delicate female tenderness, a more graceful simplicity of tone and demeanor, a finer purity of heart and conduct, a greater earnestness and intelligence in the paths of duty, than may be justly ascribed to her, have not distinguished the career of any one of her sex.—Her excellent character endeared her equally to the friends of her childhood and to the companions and protectors of her riper years: while her elegant accomplishments gave additional attraction to her society. Her habitual diffidence, however, rendered these, as well as the general improvement and sagacity of her mind, less known and remarkable beyond her domestic circle, than they would otherwise have been.

What an impression her qualities have left upon the mind of her husband, to whom she had not been united more than fifteen or sixteen months, and how he feels her loss, we need not tell, when we state that their mutual attachment could not be exceeded in equability and devotedness.

New York. Capt. William Fyfe. Mrs. Elizabeth Kinder. Mrs. Susan Le Page, 88. Mrs. Margaret S. Marston. Maria Williamson. Samuel Carman. John Cauldwell. Alexander Babcock. Barent Gardenier, formerly M. C. Sarah Mather. Thomas Sparks. John D. Brower. Peter Van Winkle. James Creighton. Sarah Horner. Abram Hart. Manual Noah, 67.

Baltimore. Robert Gilmor, 75. Richardson Stuart, 76. George G. Presbury, 85. William Hyndman, 79. Susan Norris. Col. Nicholas Rogers, 68, a soldier of the Revolution.

Cherry Valley, N. Y. Hugh Mitchell, 101 years 9 months. He was a native of Carickfergus, Ireland, and came to this country in 1764.

Lebanon, (Con.) David Trumbull, 71.

Hagerstown. Edward B. Y. Shippen. Peter Baslin, a negro, 110.

Ghent, N. Y. Elizabeth Peterson, 107.

Kingwood. Elisha Bird, 105.

Greenwich, N. Y. David Sprague, 90. He was the father of 21 children, 10 by a first, and 11 by a second wife, all of whom were married at the time of his death, when 420 of his descendants were enumerated. He had never used spirits, and very little tea or coffee, and was an enemy to tobacco. He died suddenly, without a struggle, in a chair.

Doylestown, Pa. Seth Miner, 77, a revolutionary soldier.

Charleston, S. C. Elizabeth Middleton Izard.

Patterson, N. J. Mrs. Susan Travers.

Greenbush, N. Y. Maj. Nanning J. Visscher, 49. He received his first commission, as ensign, in the U. S. army, under President Washington, at the age of 19. He served under Gen. Wayne against the Indians.

Lewiston, N. Y. Thomas Hustler, 68. He entered our army in 1776, and continued till the close of the war. Besides many partial engagements, he participated in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and was at the capture of Cornwallis. He was at the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair. He was also in Wayne's army and continued in the service until 1802. For the last 18 years, he has received a pension from the government.

In *Burke county, Georgia*, Major Blasincame Harvey, 65. He was a native of Virginia, but removed to Georgia, in the beginning of the revolutionary war, in which he bore an active part. In the last war, he was a volunteer, under Gen. Adams in his incursion into the Indian nation.

Westmoreland, N. H. Gen. George Aldrick, 77. He was one of the three surviving inhabitants of W. who repaired to the Fort on the Great Meadows, in Putney, in 1755, and continued in it during the five years of the French war.

Mississippi. Capt. Alexander Keith, 74. He served through the whole of the revolutionary war, as an officer.

Newbury, Mass. Major Jacob Burrill, 83. He served with credit in the old French war—was at the taking of Quebec, in 1759, and afterwards was in the hottest of the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill. He continued in the army till the close of the war, and on the conclusion of peace, in 1783, he personally received the thanks of his General. He returned to his native town, where he married, and lived to see a large family of children settle around him, always earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Art. XIX.—*Literary Intelligence.*

The Literary Gazette, a continuation of the Analectic Magazine, terminated its career, in December last.

The Episcopalian Magazine, recently published in this city, has been discontinued in consequence of an alarming lack of honesty among its subscribers, which was luckily discovered in time to enable the publishers to quit the field without great loss. They state that the amount of unsettled accounts due from their subscribers is nearly $1200, in small sums, from $2 50 to $5!—Such flagitious dishonesty ought to have been exposed by a publication of the names of the delinquents. Every man who has paid for his copy, should aver the fact on the title-page, that he may escape opprobrium. Indeed, we do not see how the publishers, after disclosing so disgraceful a fact in the history of our literature, occurring too, in a quarter where it could so little have been expected, can screen the honest part of their patrons from suspicion, without giving, in the form of a supplement, a list of all the subscribers, with proper marks of discrimination. *Fraus est celare fraudem* is a sound maxim in the law, and it is equally true that the innocent should not be confounded with the guilty. Let *delinquent subscribers* be held up by name to scorn or derision, (saving always those whose delinquency is unavoidable,) and our editors may then devote themselves to their profession, without aching hearts and distracted heads.

There are too many of these worthy patrons who give to Magazines but "the whistle of a name." They go up and down like gentlemen, as honest Dogberry would say; talk with great complacency of the necessity of *encouraging* American literature; shrug their shoulders and lament over the indolence and incapacity of American editors; wish we had a few more Washington Irvings, (who, let it be remembered, finds in a country not his own, something more solid than empty admiration;) and then conclude with a "well there is nothing like an English magazine after all." Whether Mr. Lewis A. Fowler, of *Poughkeepsie*, N. Y. talks after this fashion we cannot say; but how he acts shall now be shown, as a warning to all others in like manner offending. About two years ago this person communicated his wish to be considered as a subscriber to the Port Folio, and promised to transmit the price of it, as soon as he was apprized of the amount. The magazine has been regularly sent, but no notice being taken of several letters which were addressed to him, one of our friends on the spot was desired to make some inquiry about his character. From him we learned that Mr. F. had not taken our last number out of the office at Poughkeepsie. "There are," says this correspondent, other works directed to him, in the same situation; to wit, the *Eclectic, Quarterly, North American*, &c. Numerous letters are received by our Post Master, marked Boston, New York and Philadelphia, which it is presumed are on the subject of these works, not one of which he takes from the office." It was not without great

reluctance that we could prevail upon ourselves to trouble the better part of our readers with this detail of private affairs. But we considered it a duty to the community to expose such impudent knavery; and we hope that it will have a proper effect upon several other *patrons*, who appear under suspicious circumstances in our books. If all our editors would adopt this course, they would be relieved from these drones, and *a foul blot upon our national character would disappear.* That this language is not too harsh, can be attested by every one who is conversant with such matters. How many men of talents, after labouring for years in the service of party or the cause of letters, have found themselves bankrupt and broken-hearted!

The editor of the Anti-Jacobin Review has made his Farewell Address to the public. This work should not be suffered to descend to the tomb of all the Capulets, without some testimony from us of the zeal and ability with which, in times of fearful portent, it vindicated the cause of sound principles. It was established about the close of the last century, under the auspices of a few of the British ministry, in the form of a newspaper, which was soon abandoned for that of a magazine. With all the sharpness of satire, the vigour of argument and the powers of learning, the editors assailed the monsters of vice and villainy, engendered by the most tremendous affliction of these days. They laid open the ambushes of Socinianism in the *Monthly Review;* they criticised the schismatical pretences of *the Critical,** and exposed the atheism of the Analytical.* Men of sharp wit and sound understanding, who have since attained the highest ranks in the church and the state, lent their aid to expose the demagogue, to ridicule the fool and to brand the knave. Southey and his school of sonnetteers were absolutely laughed out of jacobinical sapphics, and have been converted into good citizens and useful writers. The original editor, J. Gifford, Esq. as we learn from his successor, has long ago paid the debt of nature. "All the reward which he received from government for planning and executing a work so advantageous to the nation was, —the appointment of police magistrate at Worship-street! Magnificent boon! By which he was so enriched that his widow and orphans were rescued from actual want by private bounty." The late editor flatters himself that he has completed the task first undertaken, because none now advocate the principles of Atheism or Revolt, but those who are so broken in character, or desperate in estate, so blinded by ambition, or so misled by faction, as to render their approbation or support alike inefficient. "Who," he asks, "subscribed for Hone without apologizing for the deed? Who has ventured *openly* to patronize Carlile? Who now are the leading politicians? Hunt and Cartwright, and Cobbet, and such sages, whose speeches and speculations cease to attract attention, even from the lowest rabble." We wish we could contemplate this picture with confidence, but we fear that the editor has employed colours of a brighter hue than reality would acknowledge. The fact is that his

* These journals have been discontinued.

journal has been distinguished, for some years back, by the absence of those qualities which first brought it into notice, and it may be said, like some other Journals near home, to have died of sheer dullness. All the ethereal parts have evaporated, leaving nothing but an inert mass of insipidity, to be consumed by the trunk-makers.

> ———the times have been
> That when the brains were out, the man would die
> And there an end——

When these happy times occurred we know not. That the present days cannot be so characterized, we have many a melancholy proof when we walk in the high-ways, peruse certain speeches on civilizing the Indians, ponder on the sagacious plans of Virginia patriots for regulating the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, or listen to the memorable events in the life of Dr. Mitchell, the luminary of New York. But in regard to magazines, instances are numerous to show

> That when *their* brains are out, the *work* will die,
> And there an end——

No. 71 of the Edinburgh Review contains an able article on the subject of the Slave Trade, which is still carried on by the French, with the connivance, it would appear, of the government itself. "The flimsy disguise is adopted, of calling the slaves *Mules.*" In Baltimore this infamous traffic prevails to a shameful extent. In the policies of insurance effected in that city, the negroes are denominated *wool* and *ivory.*

Southey is preparing a life of Oliver Cromwell. He has lately published, The Book of the Church.

Lady Morgan's *Italy* is said to be a ridiculous compound of the Doctor's bad drugs, and the Lady's baby politics.

The literary contest between this petticoated politician and her antagonists, is not confined to Great Britain. Both the Pope and the Emperor have entered the lists against her. Throughout the whole of Italy her ridiculous work on that country is prohibited with the utmost severity, as well as in Germany; and copies which were on the way to Milan have been seized and burnt at Turin. If there were no other objection to her writings, her *indecency* ought to exclude them from all well regulated society.

In the last number of the "Modern Voyages and Travels," printed by Sir Richard Phillips, a work which the knight promises shall include "all the *newest* and most important voyages and travels;"—which "in periodical amusement and instruction, is equal to any work of its time;" and which, moreover, is filled with compositions of "uncommon interest and originality;"—we were not a little surprised to find the *Letters from Switzerland and France,* which were published in this Port Folio, in the year 1808. They were afterwards republished in 2 vols. 8vo. by Wells & Lilly, at Boston in 1819. It is a strong proof of the value of the materials which are reposited in the Port Folio, that several volumes have been formed from it.

Art. XX.—*Poetry.*

FANNY.

See with modest care forsaking
Mountain cliff and sunny hill,
Through deep shades its wild way taking,
Glides the softly murm'ring rill.
Thus my Fanny, unaspiring,
Shunning life's meridian ray,
From its rocks and hills retiring,
Holds her modest peaceful way.

But the Sun through bush and briar,
Sometimes darts his piercing beam;
And a ray of liquid fire,
Glows along the limpid stream;
Thus, when Love, though long rejected,
Found to Fanny's heart the way,
Fanny's eye the beam reflected
Back with softer, brighter ray. Orlando.

Shawanoe Town, Illinois.

TO MY MOTHER.

[From *Clare's Poems.*]

With filial duty I address thee, Mother,
Thou dearest tie which this world's wealth possesses;
Endearing name! no language owns another
That half the tenderness and love expresses;
The very word itself breathes the affection
Which heaves the bosom of a luckless child
To thank thee for that care, and that protection,
Which once, where fortune frowns, so sweetly smil'd.
Ah, oft, fond memory leaves its pillow'd anguish,
To think when in thy arms my sleep was sound;
And now my startled tear oft views thee languish,
And fain would drop its honey in the wound:
But I am doom'd the sad reverse to see,
Where the worst pain I feel, is loss of helping thee.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER,

From the same.

Sweet gem of infant fairy-flowers!
Thy smiles on life's unclosing hours,
Like sun-beams lost in summer showers
They wake my fears;
When reason knows its sweets and sours,
They'll change to tears.

God help thee, little senseless thing!
Thou, daisy-like, of early spring,
Of ambush'd winter's horny sting
Hast yet to tell;
Thou know'st not what to-morrows bring:
I wish thee well.

But thou art come, and soon or late
'Tis thine to meet the frowns of fate,
The harpy grin of envy's hate,
And mermaid smiles.
Of worldly folly's luring bait,
That youth beguiles.

And much I wish, whate'er may be
The lot, dear child, that falls to thee,
Nature may never let thee see
Her glass betimes,
But keep thee from my failings free,—
Nor itch at rhymes.

Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much;
And may my feelings, aches, and such
The pains I meet in folly's clutch
Be never thine:
Child, its a tender string to touch,
That sounds, "thou'rt mine."

THE INCONSTANT.

Cowley has pleasantly confessed in verse, what many a bachelor, if he were ingenuous, would admit, in honest prose, to be true.

I never yet could see that face,
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's pace,
They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light:*
If low, her *prettiness* does please;
If black, what lover loves not *night.*

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean, with love, makes me so too;
If straight, her body's *Cupid's dart;*
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's garden and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH.

O'er thy banks now so still and forlorn,
The dark Shawanoe used to rove,
And his trail might be found every morn,
In the cane-brake, and cotton-tree grove;
His war-song he often has sung,
By the shade of yon wide spreading tree,
While the far distant echoes have rung,
To the voice of the bold Shawanoe.

Where'er in the dark winding dell,
Or the prairie, in ambush he lay,
The huge elk and buffaloe fell,
And the nimble wild deer was his prey.
But in war was the chieftain's delight;—
No warrior more valiant than he,
There was none in the bloodiest fight,
More fierce than the bold Shawanoe.

The Shawanoe warrior has gone,
The light of his valour has fled,
And his cruel oppressors alone,
Can show where he battled and bled;—

The fate of the chief is fulfill'd,
His foes from his vengeance are free,
But the heart of the white man is chill'd,
When he thinks of the bold Shawanoe. ORLANDO.

Shawanoe Town, Illinois.

WALTZING.

Get all the Ladies that you can,
And let each Lady have a man;
Let them, in a circle plac'd,
Take their partners round the waist:
Then by slow degrees advance
Till the walk becomes a dance.
Then the twirling, face to face,
Without variety or grace,
Round and round, and never stopping,
Now and then a little hopping;
When you're wrong, to make things worse,
If one couple, so perverse,
Should in the figure be perplex'd,
Let them be knock'd down by the next.
"Quicker now," the Ladies cry;
They rise, they twirl, they swing, they fly,
Puffing, panting, jostling, squeezing,
Very odd, but very pleasing—
Till every Lady plainly shows,
(Whatever else she may disclose)
Reserve is not among her faults;—
Reader, this it is to waltz.

DREAMS.

From the Illinois Gazette.

Could we dream but of bliss, 'twere delight to sleep,
Till we finished our brief mortal pilgrimage here;
But alas! we too often are called on to weep
O'er the brightest delusions that mark our career;
For what are the hopes of our youth but light dreams,
That brighten the slumber of reason's first dawn?
And how do they fly, when the tremulous beams
Of friendship and love from the fancy are gone!

Man's life is a day by dark clouds overcast—
And he only is happy who sinks to repose,
With a heart undefiled by the scenes that are past,
And a conscience that dreads not eternity's woes:
If such be the night—who shall sigh for the day—
Or seek to arrest its rude blasts as they fly?
When happy beneath the night planet's soft ray,
Of Heaven he dreams, and forgets how to sigh.

And such be my fate—let the sun shed his light
On the millions who toil for REALITY's dross;
Be mine the soft rapture which beams through the night,
That man cannot steal, nor adversity cross.
Then my dark fate forgotten—I fancy a lot,
From sorrow, and care, and inquietude free;—
And I see a soft smile, and can think of a cot,
Which, adorn'd by *that smile*, is a palace to me.

ORLANDO.

EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SYDNEY.

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

Algernon Sidney fills this tomb—
An atheist, by disclaiming Rome:
A rebel bold, by striving still
To keep the laws above the will,
And hind'ring those who'd pull them down,
To leave no limits to the crown.
Crimes damn'd by church and government,
Oh! whither must his soul be sent?
Of Heaven it must needs despair,
If that the Pope be turnkey there;
And hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all tyrannic reign,
And purgatory is such pretence
As ne'er deceived a man of sense.
Where goes it then?—Where 't ought to go,
Where Pope and devil have nought to do.

EPIGRAM.

With heels quite light, and lighter hearted,
Tom tripp'd to church with Nelly Grimstone!
Next week, Tom to the wars departed,
Why? *nitre* he preferred to *brimstone*!

ILLUSTRATIONS

— OF —

the ROMANCE of

IVANHOE

ENGRAVED BY FRANCIS KEARNY

from Drawings by

RICHARD WESTALL ESQ. R.A.

Dare you dispute with me slave?

((PHILADELPHIA))

Published by Harrison Hall.

1821

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

[redacted] of

Published by Harrison Hall.

1821

THE PORT FOLIO.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1822. No. III.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. III.—*Gurth disputing with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.*

"A truce of thine insolence, fellow," said the armed rider, breaking in on his prattle with a high and stern voice, "and tell us if thou can'st, the road to ——. How call'd you your Franklin, Prior Aymer?"

"Cedric," answered the Prior; "Cedric the Saxon.—Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gurth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest." "Tush, tell not me, fellow," said the military rider; "'tis easy for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gurth, sullenly, "if I should show the way to my master's house, to those who demand as a right, the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favour."

"Do you dispute with me, slave!" said the soldier; and, setting spurs to his horse, he caused him make a demivolte across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gurth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a fierce, yet hesitating motion, laid his hand on the haft of his knife.

Art. II.—*Letters from the West.*—No. V.

I have remarked, at the little towns at which I have touched in this country, that the appearance of a stranger does not excite the same degree of curiosity, which we observe in the villages of the eastern and middle states, and particularly at those which are not on the great mail-routes. In those places, the arrival of a well-dressed stranger is a matter of general interest, and peculiarly so, if his apparel, or travelling equipage, is a little finer than usual, or if he assume any airs of importance;—the smith rests upon his anvil, the gossip raises her spectacles, and the pretty maidens thrust their rosy faces through the windows to gaze at the new comer. This propensity has been impressed on my memory, by the inconvenience it has sometimes produced, and the pleasure it has frequently afforded me. The pretty hamlets of New-England, as well as those which are more thinly scattered, through the western part of the state of New-York, or along the banks of the Delaware, and the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, are distinguished for their rural beauty, neatness, and simplicity. On entering one of these at the close of a summer-day, when the villagers sate about their doors and windows, to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze, I have checked my horse, and hanging carelessly on my saddle, have passed slowly along, gazing with delight, at the blooming cheeks, and sparkling eyes, that have been directed towards me, from every quarter. I have always had a wonderful predilection for handsome faces—and I do verily believe that if my breast were darkened by the heaviest sorrows, the rays of beauty would still strike to its inmost recesses, and there would still be a something there to refract the beams. But it cannot be expected that so erratic a being as myself, should ever be very sad or serious; the traveller must leave his heavy thoughts behind him, with his heavy baggage, and keep a vacant place for a thousand pleasing, novel, nick-nack ideas, which he may pick up by the way. Imagine such a wanderer, after jogging the live-long day, in the scorching sun, over crags and cliffs, or through mud and dust, with no companion but the beast he bestrides—who, however affable his disposition may be, is less companionable than one could wish—arriving "with spatter'd boots" and a weary frame, at a romantic village, that has not a soul in it that he either knows or cares for. His fancy is *his world*, for he has nothing to do with the realities around him; he is not interested in the vices, he knows not the distresses, he tastes not the pleasures, of those about him. He gazes at them as the philosopher views a beautiful insect, or inspects a lovely flower. He has no feeling in common with the objects of his observation—but they afford him matter of pleasing reflection. The sun has just gone down; the flowers

have reared their drooping heads, and the girls let fall their twining ringlets;—they have put on their best bibs and tuckers, and their most amiable looks; the tea-table is set, and the village beaux are congregated; the old gentlemen, gathered in groups, are grumbling at the present state of affairs, while the young ones seem to be enjoying it, or making arrangements to change it for the better. Then to see those dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes, and ruby lips, all displayed at once, to the astonished glance of the "way-worn traveller," whose eye rests on nothing but white frocks and rosy faces! I have found my heart more gladdened, by such a scene, and my eye more pleased, than when from the summits of our Pennsylvania mountains, I have gazed upon the romantic vales below, or from the high-lands looked down upon the Hudson. There are those, who to enjoy much less innocent, and less extatic pleasures, would give all they possessed, curse their country, and turn Turks. But they are miserable connoisseurs who purchase enjoyment, at expensive prices, when nature spreads her table gratis. Thus I have extracted pleasure from a source, which has afforded vexation to others. A transient glance, at the smiling faces of those pretty girls, has fully compensated me, for the fatigue of answering, on arriving at my inn, (if in New-England) the tedious enquiries, whether I was a *Southerner*, or a *York state man*, and whether I was going *down south*, or *a way out back*.

If this be the case in our snug little rural towns, whose inhabitants enjoy the luxuries of society, and where the more wealthy part of them aspire to something like *style* among themselves, how much more would it be expected in these distant and lonely regions, where a town is usually composed of a few rude cabins, hastily erected on the margin of a river, and surrounded by extensive forests? But such curiosity is here but rare, and the absence of it is easily accounted for. The fact is, that, insulated and lonesome as these spots appear, they are visited, frequently, by a great number, and a great variety of people. The merchants, who make their annual journies to an eastern city to purchase goods; the innumerable caravans of adventurers, who are daily crowding to the west in search of homes—and the numbers who traverse these interesting regions from motives of curiosity —produce a constant succession of visiters of every class, and of almost every nation. English, Irish, French and Germans, are constantly emigrating to the new states and territories; and all the eastern, southern, and middle states, send them crowds of inhabitants. Nor is it the needy and unfortunate alone who bury themselves among the shadows of the western forests. There was a time, indeed, when the word *emigration* carried with it many unpleasant sensations; and when we heard of a respectable man hieing to an unknown land, to seek a precarious existence among bears and musquitoes, we fancied that we saw the hand of a land-speculator beckoning him to destruction, and

pitied his fate. We were apt to imagine that these land-jobbing gentry were surrounded by retainers pretty much like those of David, when he sojourned in the cave of Abdullam, "and every one that was *in distress*, and every one that was *in debt*, and every one that was *discontented*, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." But this is not the fact now. Whatever might have been the case many years ago, we now find classes of people among the emigrants who would not be easily deluded. Gentlemen of wealth and intelligence, professional men of talents and education, and respectable farmers and artisans, have, after dispassionate enquiry, determined to make this country their future abode. Like Lot, they "lifted up their eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where;" fertile, "even as the Garden of Eden," and abounding in the choicest gifts of nature. Thousands, it is true, have been driven here by want, from countries less congenial to the needy, but though, in some cases, their poverty, and not their wills, consented to the change, they have generally found it an advantageous one. Thus it is that, although in travelling you often meet the native woodsman with his hunting-shirt and rifle, you as often encounter persons of a different character; and, on arriving at a cabin, it would be difficult to guess what may be the particular description of its inhabitant. It is natural, therefore, that the sight of a stranger should have ceased to be wonderful where it is no longer rare; and that no singularity of dress or appearance should excite the curiosity of those who are in the daily habit of seeing every variety of people.

For nearly the same reasons you will find few people in the west who are ignorant of the geography of their own country; they all know something of the general description of even the most distant parts of the Union. Many of them have emigrated from afar; some travel over an immense extent of country from mere curiosity, or in search of the most eligible place *to settle*; and others take long journies on mercantile and other speculations. They are acute observers; and the most illiterate are seldom dull or ignorant. In the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh you will meet but few persons who cannot give you some idea of the route to Detroit or to New-Orleans, and a tolerably correct notion of the intermediate country. Such knowledge is more or less general throughout the western country. All have travelled more or less, and the information thus collected is communicated from one to another, in their frequent discussions on the subject which is most common, and most interesting to them—the comparative advantages of the different sections of the country. In short, you will scarce meet an old woman who cannot tell you that Pittsburgh is full of coal and smoke, and in New Orleans, they play cards on Sunday; that living is dear at Washington City, and cod-fish cheap at Boston; and that Irishmen are "plenty" in Pennsylvania, and pretty girls in Rhode Island.

ART. III.—*The Ayrshire Legatees; or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are not aware of the task you impose, when you request me to send you some account of the general way of living in London. Unless you come here, and actually experience yourself what I would call the London ache, it is impossible to supply you with any adequate idea of the necessity that exists in this wilderness of mankind, to seek refuge in society without being over fastidious with respect to the intellectual qualifications of your occasional associates. In a remote desert, the solitary traveller is subject to apprehensions of danger, but still he is the most important thing "within the circle of that lonely waste;" and the sense of his own dignity enables him to sustain the shock of considerable hazard with spirit and fortitude. But, in London, the feeling of self-importance is totally lost and suppressed in the bosom of a stranger. A painful conviction of insignificance—of nothingness, I may say, is sunk upon his heart, and murmured in his ear by the million, who divide with him that consequence which he unconsciously before supposed he possessed in a general estimate of the world. While elbowing my way through the unknown multitude, that flows between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange, this mortifying sense of my own insignificance has often come upon me with the energy of a pang, and I have thought, that after all we can say of any man, the effect of the greatest influence of an individual on society at large, is but as that of a pebble thrown into the sea. Mathematically speaking, the undulations which the pebble causes, continue until the whole mass of the ocean has been disturbed to the bottom of its most secret depths and farthest shores; and perhaps, with equal truth it may be affirmed, that the sentiments of the man of genius are also infinitely propagated; but how soon the physical impression of the one is lost to every sensible perception, and the moral impulse of the other swallowed up from all practical effect.

But though London, in the general, may be justly compared to the vast and restless ocean, or to any other thing that is either sublime, incomprehensible, or affecting, it loses all its influence over the solemn associations of the mind when it is examined in its details. For example, living on the town, as it is slangishly called, the most friendless and isolated condition possible, is yet fraught with an amazing diversity of enjoyment. Thousands of gentlemen, who have survived the relish of active fashionable pursuits, pass their life in that state without tasting the delight of one new sensation. They rise in the morning merely because

Nature will not allow them to remain longer in bed. They begin the day without motive or purpose, and close it after having performed the same unvaried round as the most thorough-bred domestic animal that ever dwelt in manse or manor-house. If you ask them at three o'clock where they are to dine they cannot tell you; but about the wonted dinner hour, batches of these forlorn batchelors find themselves diurnally congregated, as if by instinct, around a cozy table in some snug coffee-house, where, after inspecting the contents of the bill of fare, they discuss the news of the day, reserving the scandal, by way of desert, for their wine. Day after day their respective political opinions give rise to keen encounters, but without producing the slightest shade of change in any of their old ingrained and particular sentiments.

Some of their haunts, I mean those frequented by the elderly race, are shabby enough in their appearance and circumstances, except perhaps in the quality of the wine. Every thing in them is regulated by an ancient and precise economy, and you perceive, at the first glance, that all is calculated on the principle of the house giving as much for the money as it can possibly afford, without infringing those little etiquettes which persons of gentlemanly habits regard as essentials. At half price the junior members of these unorganized or natural clubs retire to the theatres, while the elder brethren mind their potations till it is time to go home. This seems a very comfortless way of life, but I have no doubt it is the preferred result of a long experience of the world, and that the parties, upon the whole, find it superior, according to their early formed habits of dissipation and gaiety, to the sedate but not more regular course of a domestic circle.

The chief pleasure, however, of living on the town, consists in accidentally falling in with persons whom it might be otherwise difficult to meet in private life. I have several times enjoyed this. The other day I fell in with an old gentleman, evidently a man of some consequence, for he came to the coffee-house in his own carriage. It happened that we were the only guests, and he proposed that we should therefore dine together. In the course of conversation it came out, that he had been familiarly acquainted with Garrick, and had frequented the literary club in the days of Johnson and Goldsmith. In his youth, I conceive, he must have been an amusing companion; for his fancy was exceedingly lively, and his manners altogether afforded a very favourable specimen of the old, the gentlemanly school. At an appointed hour his carriage came for him, and we parted, perhaps never to meet again.

Such agreeable incidents, however, are not common, as the frequenters of the coffee-houses are, I think, usually taciturn characters, and averse to conversation. I may, however, be myself in fault. Our countrymen in general, whatever may be their ad-

dress in improving acquaintance to the promotion of their own interests, have not the best way, in the first instance, of introducing themselves.—A raw Scotsman contrasted with a sharp Londoner, is very inadroit and awkward, be his talents what they may; and I suspect, that even the most brilliant of your old classfellows have, in their professional visits to this metropolis, had some experience of what I mean.

ANDREW PRINGLE.

When Mr. Snodgrass paused, after reading this letter, and was folding it up, Mrs. Craig, bending with her hands on her knees, said, emphatically, "Noo, Sir, what think you of that?" He was not, however, quite prepared to give an answer to a question so abruptly propounded, nor indeed did he exactly understand to what particular the lady referred. "For my part," she resumed, recovering her previous posture—"For my part, it's a very caldrife way of life, to dine every day on coffee; broth, and beef, would put mair smeddum in the men; they're just a whin auld fogies that Mr. Andrew describes, an' no wurth a single woman's pains"—"wheesht, wheesht, mistress," cried Mr. Craig; "ye mauna let your tongue rin awa with your sense in that gait." "It has but a light load," said Miss Becky, whispering Isabella Todd. In this juncture, Mr. Micklewham happened to come in, and Mrs. Craig, on seeing him, cried out, "I hope Mr. Micklewham ye have brought the Doctor's letter—He's such a funny man! and touches off the Londoners to the nines."

"He's a good man," said Mrs. Glibbans, in a tone calculated to repress the forwardness of Mrs. Craig—but Miss Mally Glencairn having, in the mean while, taken from her pocket an epistle which she had received the preceding day from Mrs. Pringle, Mr. Snodgrass silenced all controversy on that score by requesting her to proceed with the reading. "She's a clever woman, Mrs. Pringle," said Mrs. Craig, who was resolved to cut a figure in the conversation in her own house—"She's a descreet woman, and may be as godly too, as some that mak mair wark about the elect." Whether Mrs. Glibbans thought this had any illusion to herself is not susceptible of legal proof, but she turned round and looked at their "most kind hostess" with a sneer that might almost merit the appellation of a snort; Mrs. Craig, however, pacified her, by proposing, that before hearing the letter they should take a dram of wine, or pree her cherry bounce—adding, "our maister likes a been house, and ye a'ken that we are providing for a handling." The wine was accordingly served, and, in due time, Miss Mally Glenclairn edified and instructed the party with the contents of Mrs. Pringle's letter.

Mrs. Pringle to Mrs. Mally Glencairn.

Dear Miss Mally,—You will have heard, by the peppers of the gret hobbleshow heer aboot the Queen's coming over contrary to the will of the nation; and, that the King and Parlement are so angry with her, that they are going to put her away by giving to her a bill of divorce. The doctor, who has been searchin the scriptures on the okashon, says this is not in their poor, although she was found guilty of the fact; but I tell him, that as the King and Parlement of old took upon them to change our religion, I do not see how they will be hampered now by the word of God.

You may well wonder that I have no ritten to you aboot the king, and what he is like, but we have never got a sight of him at all, whilk is a gret shame, paying so dear as we do for a king, who shurely should be a publik man. But, we have seen her majesty, who stays not far from our house heer in Baker-street, in dry lodgings, which, I am creditably informed, she is obligated to pay for by the week, for nobody will trust her; so you see what it is, Miss Mally, to have a light character. Poor woman, they say she might have been going from door to door, with a staff and a meal pock, but for ane Mr. Wood, who is a baillie of London, that has ta'en her by the hand. She's a woman advanced in life, with a short neck, and a pentit face; housomever, that, I suppose, she canno help, being a queen, and obligated to set the fashions to the court, where it is necessar to hide their faces with pent, our Andrew says, that their looks may not betray them—there being no shurer thing than a false-hearted courtier.

But what concerns me the most, in all this, is, that there will be no coronashon till the queen is put out of the way—and nobody can take upon them to say when that will be, as the law is so dootful and endless—which I am verra sorry for, as it was my intent to rite Miss Nanny Eydent a true account of the coronashon, in case there had been any partiklars that might be servisable to her in her bisness.

The doctor and me, by ourselves, since we have been settlt, go about at our convenience, and have seen far mae farlies than baith Andrew and Rachael, with all the acquaintance they have forgathert with—but you no old heeds canno be expectit on young shouthers, and they have not had the experience of the world that we have had.

The lamps in the streets here are lighted with gauze, and not with crusies, like those that have lately been put up in your toun; and it is brought in pips aneath the ground, from the manufactors which the doctor and we have been to see—an awful place—and they say as fey to a spark as poother, which made us glad to get out o't when we heard so;—and we have been to see a brew-

house, where they mak the London porter, but it is a sight not to be told. In it we saw a barrel, whilk the doctor said was by gauging bigger than the Irvine muckle kirk, and a masking fat, like a barn for mugnited. But all they were as nothing to a curiosity of a steem-ingine, that minches minch collops as natural as life—and stuffs the sosogees itself, in a manner past the poor of nature to consiv. They have, to be shure, in London many things to help work—for in our kitchen there is a smoking jack to roast the meat, that gangs of its oun free will—and the brisker the fire, the faster it runs; but a potatoe-beetle is not to be had within the four walls of London, which is a great want in a house. Mrs. Argent never hard of sic a thing.

Me and the doctor have likewise been in the houses of parlement, and the doctor has since been again to heer the argolbargoling aboot the queen. But, cepting the king's throne, which is all gold and velvet, with a croun on the top, and stars all round, there was nothing worth the looking at in them baith.—Howsomever, I sat in the king's seat, and in the preses chair of the House of Commons, which, you no, is something for me to say; and we have been to see the printing of books, where the very smallest dividual syllib is taken up by itself and made into words by the hand, so as to be quite confounding how it could ever read sense.—But there is ane piece of industry, and fhroughgalaty I should not forget, whilk is wives going about with whirl-barrows, selling horse's flesh to the cats and dogs by weight, and the cats and dogs know them very well by their voices. In short, Miss Mally, there is nothing heer that the hand is not turnt to; and there is, I can see, a better order and method really among the Londoners than among our Scotch folks, notwithstanding their advantages of edicashion, but my pepper will hold no more at present, from your true friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

There was a considerable diversity of opinion among the commentators on this epistle. Mrs. Craig was the first who broke silence, and displayed a great deal of erudition on the minch-collop-engine, and the potato-beetle; in which she was interrupted by the indignant Mrs. Glibbans, who exclaimed, "I am surprised to hear you, Mrs. Craig, speak of sic baubles, when the word of God's in danger of being controverted by an act of parliament. But, Mr. Snodgrass, dinna ye think that this painting of the queen's face is a Jezebitical testification against her?" Mr. Snodgrass replied, with an unwonted sobriety of manner, and with an emphasis that showed he intended to make some impression on his auditors—"It is impossible to judge correctly of strangers by measuring them according to our own notions of propriety. It has certainly long been a practice in courts to disfigure the beauty of the human countenance with paint; but

what, in itself, may have been originally assumed for a mask or disguise, may, by usage, have grown into a very harmless custom. I am not, therefore, disposed to attach any criminal importance to the circumstance of her Majesty wearing paint. Her late Majesty did so herself." "I did not say it was criminal," said Mrs. Glibbans, "I only meant it was sinful, and I think it is." The accent of authority in which this was said, prevented Mr. Snodgrass from offering any reply—and a brief pause ensuing, Miss Mally Glencairn observed, that it was a surprising thing how the doctor and Mrs. Pringle managed their matters so well. "Ay," said Mrs. Craig, "but we a' ken what a manager the mistress is—she's the bee that mak's the hiney—she does not gang bizzing aboot, like a thriftless wasp, through her neighbour's houses." "I tell you, Betty, my dear," cried Mr. Craig, "that you shouldna make comparisons—what's past is gane—and Mrs. Glibbans and you maun now be friends."* "They're a' friends to me that's no faes, and am very glad to see Mrs. Glibbans sociable in my house, but she need nae hae made sae light of me when she was here before"—and, in saying this, the amiable hostess burst into a loud sob of sorrow, which induced Mr. Snodgrass to beg Mr. Micklewham to read the doctor's letter, by which a happy stop was put to the further manifestation of the grudge which Mrs. Craig harboured against Mrs. Glibbans for the lecture which she had received, on what the latter called "the incarnated effect of a more than Potipharian claught o' the godly Mr. Craig."

The Rev. Dr. Z. Pringle to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garnock.

Dear Sir—I had a great satisfaction in hearing that Mr. Snodgrass, in my place, prays for the Queen on the Lord's Day, which liberty to do in our national church is a thing to be upholden with a fearless spirit, even with the spirit of martyrdom, that we may not bow down in Scotland to the prelatic Baal of an order in Council, whereof the Archbishop of Canterbury, that is cousin-german to the Pope of Rome, is art and part. Verily the sending forth of that order to the General Assembly was treachery to the solemn oath of the new King, whereby he took the vows upon him, to conform to the articles of the union, to maintain the Church of Scotland as by law established, so that for the archbishop of Canterbury to meddle therein, was a shooting out of the horns of aggressive domination.

I think it is right of me to testify thus much through you to the Session, that the elders may stand on their posts to bar all

* This alludes to a part of the story which we were obliged to omit. Ed. P. F.

such breaking in of the episcopalian boar into our corner of the vineyard.

Anent the Queen's case and condition I say nothing; for be she guilty, or be she innocent, we all know that she was born in sin and brought forth in iniquity—prone to evil, as the sparks fly upwards—and desperately wicked, like you and me, or any other poor Christian sinner; which is reason enough to make us think of her in the remembering prayer.

Since she came over there has been a wonderful work doing here, and it is thought that the crown will be taken off her head by a strong handling of the Parliament; and really, when I think of the bishops sitting high in the peerage, like owls and rooks in the bartisans of an old tower, I have my fears that they can bode her no good. I have seen them in the House of Lords clothed in their idolatrous robes, and when I looked at them so proudly placed at the right hand of the King's throne, and on the side of the powerful egging on, as I saw one of them doing in a whisper, the Lord Liverpool, before he rose to speak against the Queen, the blood ran cold in my veins, and I thought of their woful persecutions of our national church, and prayed inwardly that I might be keepit in the humility of a zealous presbyter, and that the corruption of the frail human nature within me might never be tempted by the pampered whoredoms of prelacy.

Saving the Lord Chancellor, all the other temporal peers were just as they had come in from the crown of the causeway—none of them having a judicial garment, which was a shame; and as for the Chancellor's long robe, it was not so good as my own gown; but he is said to be a very narrow man: what he spoke, however, was no doubt sound law; yet I could observe he has a bad custom of taking the name of God in vain, which I wonder at, considering he has such a kittle conscience, which, on less occasions, causes him often to shed tears.

Mrs. Pringle and me, by ourselves, had a fine quiet canny sight of the Queen, out of the window of a pastry baxter's shop, opposite to where her Majesty stays. She seems to be a plump and jocose little woman; gleg, blithe, and throwgaun for her years, and on an easy footing with the lower orders, coming to the window when they call for her, and becking to them, which is very civil of her, and gets them to take her part against the government.

The baxter, in whose shop we saw this, told us that her Majesty said, on being invited to take her dinner at an inn on the road from Dover, that she would be content with a mutton-chop at the King's Arms in London,* which shows that she is a lady of a very hamely disposition. Mrs. Pringle thought her not big

* The honest Doctor's version of this bon-mot of her Majesty is not quite correct; her expression was, "I mean to take a chop at the King's Head when I get to London."

enough for a queen; but we cannot expect every one to be like that bright accidental star, Queen Elizabeth, whose effigy we have seen preserved in armour in the Tower of London, and in wax in Westminster Abbey, where they have a living-like likeness of Lord Nelson, in the very identical regimentals that he was killed in. They are both wonderful places, but it costs a power of money to go through them, and all the folk about them think of nothing but money; for when I inquired, with a reverent spirit, seeing around me the tombs of great and famous men, the mighty and wise of their day, what department it was of the abbey—"It's the eighteen-pence department," said an uncircumcised Philistine, with as little respect as if we had been treading the courts of the darling Dagon.

Our concerns here are now drawing to a close; but before we return, we are going for a short time to a town on the seaside, which they call Brighton. We had a notion of taking a trip to Paris, but that we must leave to Andrew Pringle, my son, and his sister Rachel, if the bit lassie could get a decent gudeman, which may be will cast up for her before we leave London. Nothing, however, is settled as yet upon that head, so I can say no more at present anent the same.

Since the affair of the sermon I have withdrawn myself from trafficking so much as I did in the missionary and charitable ploys that are so in vogue with the pious here, which will be all the better for my own people, as I will keep for them what I was giving to the unknown; and it is my design to write a book on alms-giving, to show in what manner that Christian duty may be best fulfilled, which I doubt not will have the effect of opening the eyes of many in London to the true nature of the thing by which I was myself beguiled in this vanity fair, like a bird ensnared by the fowler.

I was concerned to hear of poor Mr. Witherspoon's accident, in falling from his horse in coming from the Dalmailing occasion. How thankful he must be that the Lord made his head of a durability to withstand the shock, which might otherwise have fractured his skull. What you say about the promise of the braird, gives me pleasure on account of the poor; but what will be done with the farmers and their high rents, if the harvests turn out so abundant. Great reason have I to be thankful that the legacy has put me out of the reverence of my stipend; for when the meal was cheap, I own to you that I felt my carnality grudging the horn of abundance that the Lord was then pouring into the lap of the earth. In short, Mr. Micklewham, I doubt it is o'er true with us all, that the less we are tempted, the better we are; so with my sincere prayers that you may be delivered from all evil, and led out of the paths of temptation, whether it is on the highway, or on the footpaths, or beneath the hedges, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

"The Doctor," said Mrs. Glibbans, as the schoolmaster concluded, "is there like himself—a true orthodox Christian, standing up for the word, and overflowing with charity even for the sinner. But, Mr. Snodgrass, I did not ken before that the Bishops had a hand in the making of the Acts of the Parliament; I think, Mr. Snodgrass, if that be the case, there should be some doubt in Scotland about obeying them. However that may be, sure am I that the Queen, though she was a perfect Deliah, she has nothing to fear from them; for have we not read in the Book Martyrs, and other church histories, of their concubines and indulgences, in the papist times, to all manner of carnal iniquity. But if she be that noghty woman that they say"——"Gude safe's," cried Mrs. Craig, "if she be a noghty woman, awa' wi' her, awa' wi' her—wha kens the cantrips she may play us!" Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed, and informed Mrs. Craig, that a noghty woman was not, as she seemed to think, a witch wife. "I am sure," said Miss Becky Glibbans, "that Mrs. Craig might have known that"——"O ye're a spiteful deevil," whispered Miss Mally, with a smile to her; and turning in the same moment to Miss Isabella Todd, begged her to read Miss Pringle's letter—a motion which Mr. Snodgrass seconded, chiefly to abridge the conversation.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

My dear Bell,—I am much obliged by your kind expressions for my little present. I hope soon to send you something better, and gloves at the same time; for Sabre has been brought to the point by an alarm for the Yorkshire Baronet that I mentioned as showing symptoms of the tender passion for my fortune. The friends on both sides being satisfied with the match, it will take place as soon as some preliminary arrangements are made. When we are settled, I hope your mother will allow you to come and spend some time with us at our country seat in Berkshire; and I shall be happy to repay all the expenses of your journey, as a jaunt to England is what your mother would, I know, never consent to pay for.

It is proposed, that immediately after the ceremony, we shall set out for France, accompanied by my brother, where we are to be soon after joined at Paris by some of the Argents, who, I can see, think Andrew worth the catching for Miss. My father and mother will then return to Scotland; but whether the Doctor will continue to keep his parish, or give it up to Mr. Snodgrass, will depend greatly on the circumstances in which he finds his parishioners. This is all the domestic intelligence that I have got to give, but its importance will make up for other deficiencies.

As to the continuance of our discoveries in London, I know not well what to say. Every day brings something new, but we lose

the sense of novelty: were a fire in the same street where we live, it would no longer alarm me. A few nights ago, as we were sitting in the parlour after supper, the noise of an engine passing startled us all; we ran to the windows—there was haste and torches, and the sound of other engines, and all the horrors of a conflagration, reddening the skies. My father sent out the foot-boy to inquire where it was; and when the boy came back, he made us laugh, by snapping his fingers, and saying the fire was not worth so much—although, upon farther inquiry, we learnt that the house in which it originated was burnt to the ground. You see, therefore, how the bustle of this great world hardens the sensibilities; but I trust its influence will never extend to my heart.

The principal topic of conversation at present is about the Queen. The Argents, who are our main instructors in the proprieties of London life, say that it would be very vulgar in me to go to look at her, which I am sorry for, as I wish above all things to see a personage so illustrious by birth, and renowned by misfortune. The Doctor and my mother, who are less scrupulous, and who, in consequence, somehow, by themselves, contrive to see, and to get into places that are inaccessible to all gentility, have had a full view of her Majesty. My father has since become her declared partisan, and my mother too has acquired a leaning likewise towards her side of the question; but neither of them will permit the subject to be spoken of before me, as they consider it detrimental to good morals: I, however, read the newspapers.

What my brother thinks of her Majesty's case is not easy to divine, but Sabre is convinced of the Queen's guilt, upon some private and authentic information which a friend of his, who has returned from Italy, heard when travelling in that country. This information he has not, however, repeated to me, so that it must be something very bad—we shall know all when the trial comes on. In the mean time, his Majesty, who has lived in dignified retirement since he came to the throne, has taken up his abode with rural felicity in a cottage in Windsor Forest; where he now, contemning all the pomp and follies of his youth, and this metropolis, passes his days amidst his cabbages, like Dioclesian, with innocence and tranquillity, far from the intrigues of courtiers, and insensible to the murmuring waves of the fluctuating populace, that set in with so strong a current towards "the mob-led queen," as the divine Shakspeare has so beautifully expressed it.

You ask me about Vauxhall Gardens; I have not seen them. —They are no longer in fashion—the theatres are quite vulgar—even the opera-house has sunk into a second rate place of resort. Almack's balls, the Argyle rooms, and the Philharmonic concerts, are the only public entertainments frequented by people of fashion—and this high superiority they owe entirely to the dif-

ficulty of gaining admission. London, as my brother says, is too rich, and grown too luxurious, to have any exclusive place of fashionable resort, where price alone is the obstacle. Hence the institution of these select Aristocratic assemblies. The Philharmonic concerts, however, are rather professional than fashionable entertainments; but every body is fond of music, and therefore, every body, that can be called any body, is anxious to get tickets to them, and this anxiety has given them a degree of eclat, which I am persuaded the performance would never have excited had the tickets been purchasable at any price. The great thing here is either to be somebody, or to be patronized by a person that is a somebody; without this, though you were as rich as Crœsus, your golden chariots, like the comets of a season, blazing and amazing, would speedily roll away into the obscurity from which they came, and be remembered no more.

At first when he came here, and when the amount of our legacy was first promulgated, we were in a terrible flutter. Andrew became a man of fashion, with all the haste that tailors, and horses, and drivers, could make him. My father, honest man, was equally inspired with lofty ideas, and began a career that promised a liberal benefaction of good things to the poor—and my mother was almost distracted with calculations about laying out the money to the best advantage, and the sum she would allow to be spent. I alone preserved my natural equanimity—and, foreseeing the necessity of new accomplishments to suit my altered circumstances, applied myself to the instructions of my masters with an assiduity that won their applause. The advantages of this I now experience—my brother is sobered from his champaign fumes—my father has found out that charity begins at home—and my mother, though her establishment is enlarged, finds her happiness, notwithstanding the legacy, still lies within the little circle of her household cares. Thus, my dear Bell, have I proved the sweets of a true philosophy; and, unseduced by the blandishments of rank, rejected Sir Marmaduke Towler, and accepted the humbler but more disinterested swain, Captain Sabre, who requests me to send you his compliments, not altogether content that you should occupy so much of the bosom of your affectionate,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

"Rachel had aye a gude roose of hersel'," said Becky Glibbans, as Miss Isabella concluded. In the same moment Mr. Snodgrass took his leave, saying to Mr. Micklewham that he had something particular to mention to him. "What can it be about?" inquired Mrs. Glibbans at Mr. Craig, as soon as the helper and schoolmaster had left the room; "do you think it can be concerning the Doctor's resignation of the parish in his favour?" "I'm sure," interposed Mrs. Craig, before her husband could

reply, "it winna be 'wi my guide will that he shall come in upon us—a pridefu' wight, whose saft words, and a' his politess, are but lip-deep; na, na, Mrs. Glibbans, we maun hae another on the leet forbye him." "And wha would ye put on the leet noo, Mrs. Craig, you that's sic a judge?" said Mrs. Glibbans with the most ineffable consequentiality. "I'll be for young Mr. Dirlton, who is baith a suppy preacher of the word, and a substantial hand at every kind of civility." "Young Dirlton!—young Deevilton!" cried the orthodox Deborah of Irvine; "a fallow that knows no more of a gospel dispensation than I do of the Arian heresy, which I hold in utter abomination. No, Mrs. Craig, you have a godly man for your husband—a sound and true follower; tread ye in his foot-steps, and no try to set up yoursel' on points of doctrine. But it's time, Miss Mally, that we were taking the road; Becky and Miss Isabella, make yourselves ready. Noo, Mrs. Craig, ye'll no be a stranger; you see I have no been lang of coming to give you my countenance: but my leddy, ca canny, it's no easy to carry a fu' cup; ye hae gotten a great gift in your gudeman. Mr. Craig, I wish you a gude night; I would fain have stopped for your evening exercise, but Miss Mally was beginning, I saw, to weary—so gude night; and, Mrs. Craig, ye'll take tent of what I have said—it's for your good." So exeunt Mrs. Glibbans, Miss Mally, and the two young ladies. "Her bark's war then her bite," said Mrs. Craig, as she returned to her husband, who felt already some of the ourie symptoms of a henpecked destiny.

ART. IV.—*Letters from an Englishman in the United States.*—No. IX.

MY DEAR SIR,—In a former letter I alluded to Dr. Johnson's Letters from the British Settlement. I should like to know if you have the work. At the time this book was published, it was generally allowed to be a flattering portrait—though a tolerable likeness. At present, from a change in the times, many of the statements would require a revision, particularly those on the value of farm produce. Grain and stock of all kinds have suffered a considerable depression in value, all over the Union, while labour has not kept an equal pace. The high price of labour is one of the besetting sins of this country, and so long as it continues to be thinly populated, and land remains so low as at present, will labour continue to be dear; for while every industrious individual has it in his power to purchase a farm, and become a freeholder, the natural consequence is, that if labour on his own farm will yield him an equal profit to what he could earn elsewhere, he will not solicit employment from his neighbour. It is the custom in the British Settlement to pay for labour in farm produce, at the rate of a bushel of rye or Indian corn, two

thirds of that quantity of wheat, or ten or twelve pounds of beef or pork per day; from which you will be able to form some idea how a labourer might maintain his family.

This settlement is about one hundred and thirty miles from New-York, and one hundred and seventy from Philadelphia. It has numerous fine streams intersecting it which fall into the Susquehanna river, which is navigable for boats and what are called Arks, to the city of Baltimore; and in a short time this river will communicate with Philadelphia, by means of a canal navigation. A village yet in its infancy, has been named Britannia, and I believe all its inhabitants are Britons. The land, in its wild state, may be had from four to six dollars per acre; that is, from eighteen to twenty seven shillings English, being scarcely the one year's rent of very indifferent land in England. Where the purchase money is paid down immediately a liberal discount is allowed. To those who are not prepared for immediate payment, a long credit is given; it is not uncommon for persons not worth a six-pence to purchase lots of two hundred acres of land, and by proper care and management become enabled to pay for them in the course of a few years. But emigrants from our island ought always to purchase farms that are partially cleared of timber, called in this country *improvements*, and such are always to be had of the Yankee settlers, at a reasonable extra expense; for they are the hewers of wood, and we are the cultivators of the soil. After the timber is cleared off, unless forcibly extracted, the stumps remain in the ground from six to ten years, by which time they are decayed, and nature performs the operation of extracting them, which saves a great deal of labour and expense. To be sure, they are an eye-sore for some time, and in the way of the plough and scythe; but a short residence makes us familiar with them, and custom obviates, in a great measure, the difficulty of cultivation. The soil is generally a sandy loam, from fifteen to twenty inches deep, which is sufficient for all agricultural purposes; and what is very remarkable, it is commonly as deep on the summit of the hills, as in the bottom of the vallies. The face of this country might be denominated *wavy*, that is, a succession of hills of little elevation; and seldom too abrupt for the plough. All kinds of grain cultivated in England thrive here; as does also Indian corn, which for its productiveness and usefulness is, perhaps, to be preferred to all others. Potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, &c. are cultivated with success, as are all kinds of pulse and vegetables that I am acquainted with, except cauliflowers, which, on account of the warmth of the summer, do not come to a good head. The climate of this part of Pennsylvania, which is situated in forty two degrees of north latitude, is not what an European would expect to find it; for though nearly ten degrees south of London, the winters are longer and colder than what we experience in the northern parts of England. However, I do not think

them more unpleasant than English winters, for the weather is much less variable. Frosts sets in in December, and may be calculated to continue three months, with little or no intermission. During this period the ground remains covered with snow to the depth of one or two feet, which is found to be of great service to autumnal crops of grain. On the contrary, the summers are warmer than in England, and the atmosphere remarkably pure and transparent. Fahrenheit's thermometer sometimes rises to 90°; but its general range in warm weather, is from 75° to 85°. Though spring is later here than with you, harvest is earlier; all the crops being harvested by the middle of August, except Indian corn, which requires more sun to bring it to perfection; for which reason, it cannot be raised in England. If it could, it would be an invaluable acquisition to farmers, as its produce sometimes exceeds one hundred bushels per acre, and the straw, or stalk is an excellent food for all kinds of stock. In the southern states, where cotton and tobacco are raised, the farms or plantations yield very little or no hay, and the planters depend entirely on their Indian corn; with the grain they feed their slaves, and with the stalks, their cattle.

Many of the choicest fruits, which you raise at considerable cost, and not without great attention and labour, grow here in the open fields; melons and peaches may be seen at the table of every cottager, who will be at the trouble of planting them. No country in the world can boast of a greater variety of apples, nor of a superior quality, than the United States. Cider sometimes sells for a dollar per barrel, or three half pence English per gallon; ale and beer are not as yet generally drunk, but this is not owing to any deficiency of materials, for hops, in many places, grow wild in the woods, and barley is easily cultivated; and here are no duties, nor sneaking excise-men to demand the key of your brew-house-door.

Agricultural Societies are rapidly increasing in this country, and one has been formed in the county of Susquehanna, in which the British settlement is situated, which holds its annual meetings at Montrose. This is the county town, and has its court house and jail;—its academy—its taverns and stores are what you would call tradesmen's shops in England. Montrose is situated on one extremity of the British settlement, and the place where the town now stands, was the site of a solitary habitation twelve years ago, and surrounded by unbroken forests. No situation can be more healthy than this part of Pennsylvania, which is certainly a recommendation of no small weight. Water is abundant, and of an excellent quality, and what enhances its value, every limpid rivulet swarms with trout of a delicious flavour. These are speckled, but not in the same way that English trout are, and when dressed their flesh has very much the appearance of salmon. I have caught of these with a common bait nine dozen in half a

day. In the small lakes there is another species of this fish, which nearly approaches in appearance and taste to our salmon trout. In angling for this kind, I caught one that weighed six pounds, —three or four pounds is a very common weight—I have angled in the Tweed, in the Tyne, the Eden, the Wear, the Tees, the Swale, the Ouze, and the Lune; and in an hundred streams of more obscure name, but never did I meet with such truly delightful sport as that which I have had in the small streams in this settlement. But as I flatter myself you will one day experience in reality, what I shall not attempt to describe, I must conclude this long letter.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will be quite delighted with our mode of winter-travelling in this country, where the snow lies deeper, and the frost is more steady than in England. It is called *sleighing*, though sledding would be more proper, as the vehicle is a sort of sled. It is drawn by one or two horses, according to the taste or circumstances of the owner. Some have one, and others, two seats. A single seated *sleigh* will conveniently accommodate two persons—a double seated one twice that number. The horses are adorned with bells, but not so much for ornament as use; for as the sleighs glide along with great ease and rapidity, and without noise, the perpetual tinkling of the bells gives warning of their approach. Thus equipped, the Yankees think nothing of a journey of four or five hundred miles, winter being their idle season—and distance but a secondary consideration. Sleighing is common in Canada, as well as in the United States, and the only objection I have to it is, the exposure to the cold.

The mention of Canada, brings to my recollection your enquiries respecting that country, and my time being very much at your service, I will avail myself of this opportunity of giving you some account of that part of his Britannic Majesty's dominions; premising, however, that this information is drawn from others who have spent some years there, but who are not resident in this country. Canada is divided into two provinces—the upper and the lower. In Lower Canada, the soil is subject to a quit-rent, and the occupier must submit to the odious system of tythe paying. The soil is sterile and barren, with some trifling exceptions on the immediate margins of the brooks and rivers; for this part of America being wild and mountainous, but little flat land is to be found. Winter continues six or seven months with an intensity of cold, and depth of snow, far beyond any thing that an untravelled Englishman can conceive. Very few new settlements have lately been made in this province, and the old settlers who are mostly French, are very poor. Emigrants must therefore look to Upper Canada, which is comparatively a new coun-

try, with the exception of some forts, villages, and settlements on the frontier. The face of the country differs materially from that of the other province; for here is scarcely any thing in the shape of a hill to be found, the land being low and flat, and like all similar situations it is not without its agues and fevers and other periodical complaints. Of late years, the British government has made considerable exertions towards the colonization of this country; for since the close of the last war, some regiments of British troops were reduced in this province, when two military settlements, *Perth* and *Richmond*, were formed, in the midst of a Canadian wilderness, and about ninety miles north-west from Montreal. When the troops were disbanded every soldier who chose to settle received a grant of land from government. A private got one hundred acres, a corporal one hundred and fifty, a sergeant two hundred, a subaltern five hundred, a captain eight hundred, &c. Privates and non-commissioned officers, were allowed implements of husbandry and rations for one year. The lands were given with this proviso, that unless a specified proportion of each person's lot should be cleared of the timber at the end of five years, the property became forfeited. Mere individuals, however, are entitled to no such privileges, and so many of the lower classes of our countrymen have gone to Canada for some time back, that the official authorities have found it necessary to oppose their settlement. This cannot be for want of room; for there are millions of acres yet unexplored; neither can it be from a desire in the government to curb emigration, for do we not see whole *cargoes* shipped off to the southern parts of Africa! No, sir, it is from a knowledge of the inability of a large portion of the settlers to procure for themselves even a scanty and precarious subsistence. This is not the case in the United States, where the torrent of emigration still continues to pour in, and is encouraged, instead of checked; for here every individual, possessed of industrious habits may bid defiance to want and poverty—no doubt there are some good situations in Upper Canada, but they are mostly long since occupied, or lie too far back amidst interminable forests. I saw a poor fellow the other day, who left Upper Canada eight months ago; and though he has since been resident in a healthy situation, the ague he brought with him still continues to afflict him. How far the healthiness of the climate of Canada may be improved by cultivation and the clearing away of the timber, I will not venture to predict; but this I do know—that the effects resulting from such dilatory causes, must require the lapse of very many years.

The passage from England to Canada is much the same, both in length and expense, as to the United States; but it is attended with a little more danger, the navigation of the St. Lawrence being difficult, not to say dangerous. After being put on shore, an ad-

ditional expense of five pounds is necessary, for each individual, in order to convey him to his final destination; whereas one half of that sum is sufficient for all the expenses of a journey from New-York or Philadelphia to the British settlement in Pennsylvania. But it requires a still larger sum to defray the expenses of a journey from any of the sea ports of the Union to the western or interior states.

A British officer, an acquaintance of mine, who was in Canada at the time his regiment was reduced, and who, of course, had the offer of government lands, instead of accepting five hundred acres in Canada as a free gift, has emigrated to the United States, along with his father's family, and purchased a handsomely situated and improved farm, at about eight dollars per acre, at the distance of one mile from the village of Britania in Susquehanna county.

To give you a more correct idea of the back settlements in Upper Canada, I will transcribe a passage or two from the letters of Dr. Shaw, a gentleman who accompanied Lord Selkirk, when his lordship was forming a settlement on the north side of Lake St. Clair. Writing from Burlington beach, or Lake Ontario, the Dr. proceeds thus:—

"As to myself, I am here on the last verge of civilization, and to-morrow shall proceed through the Indian country. Our first day's journey will be to Mohawk village, thirty miles west from this, and I think I shall need no painting to make me look as much like an Indian as the best of them; for I am already as sunburnt as you would wish to see. Such are your American suns! When I was a *Scotchman*, I did indeed look something like a christian, but this vile country has quite spoiled my pretty face." And in speaking of Lord Selkirk's place, he says, "it consists at present, of two log houses, and a few tents. On one side, at about two hundred yards distance, are the woods, and on the other, an open extent of land without a tree for twelve miles, when you come to the lake. This plain has not so much as a shrub growing upon it, and so perfectly level, that I do not believe that in all this extent there is one spot that is a yard higher than another. The greatest part of this is full of marshes, and in order to get at it, we were obliged to wade through them. The road (or rather the way, for there is no road) was so bad, that we all of us, seven in number were repeatedly thrown by our horses plunging in the mud, and we were at last obliged to dismount, and drive them before us for nearly sixteen miles, two of which were knee deep in water. From this description, you may suppose that the place is not the most delightful in the world. Those indeed who are farmers, talk in raptures of the richness of the soil; but it has no charms for me. The land is as flat as a table, and the prospect as dull as a Dutchman could wish for; and to eke out the catalogue of its perfections, I believe that its

match cannot be found for agues, musquitoes, frogs, and rattle-snakes. Of the latter three hundred were killed last year within a mile of the house."*

Winter in Upper Canada, is much shorter than in the lower province and the frosts less severe. But when I make the comparison, you must not misunderstand me by supposing that they have neither frost nor snow, nor any season which would convey to an Englishman the idea of winter. This season at York, which is the capital of the province, may be estimated to continue at least four months; that is from the first of December to the last of March, and some parts of November and April, cannot be said to belong to any other season. In Canada, as well as in the United States, falls of snow are seldom accompanied by high winds; if they had our European gales, which frequently block up the roads with a snow fall of six inches, what would be the consequences in this country, where it sometimes falls to the depth of two or three feet, in twenty-four hours! In Lower Canada, and New-Brunswick, the snow is stated to be five or six feet deep in the woods, in the early part of spring; but in fact, where winter is so extremely long, there is neither spring nor autumn (in the idiom of this country, the *fall*) for as soon as the snow disappears, the summer heats set in.

Much has been both said and written, to prove that the country to the east of the Alleghany mountains is colder than that to the west; but from numerous experiments made by major Stoddert, Dr. Drake, and others of equal authority, and from the approximation of the western country to the Lakes and Upper Canada, it would seem improbable that such should be the case; for it is the north west wind, blowing over immense desert regions of snows, that brings with it keen and piercing frosts. The Alleghany mountains run in a direction from south west to north east. So that the current of the wind must be baffled, and materially subdued, before it reaches the eastern states, since it acts upon this mountainous barrier at nearly a right angle. But on either side the cold is uncommonly severe for the latitude; for in forty two degrees north, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 20° below zero on the 25th of last January; but this was an almost unexampled degree of cold. The navigable rivers were all closed, as were the bays, or inlets of the sea, at Boston and New-York, which has not occurred for the last forty years.

Letter XI.

My dear Sir,—There are a thousand things which I shall not attempt to describe, or touch upon, for as I flatter myself that some eastern breeze, will waft you across the Atlantic, a laboured

* See "Poems by John Shaw, M. D. with a life of the author; by J. B. Hall," 12 mo.

description on my part, might answer no good end, but tend to destroy that zest, which is the charm for all travelling. There are some things, however, which I ought not to pass over, less, perhaps, from their useful and interesting nature, than from a desire to comply with your wishes.

A foreigner may become a *citizen* of the United States by a residence in the country of five years. It is necessary, however, that he state his intention at an office kept for that purpose, and make a declaration, upon oath, or affirmation, to support the constitution of the United States, and a renunciation of all foreign allegiance. But citizenship is forced upon no man; for if I should reside here my whole life, no matter how long it might be, without a proper attention to the rules of naturalization, I should remain an Englishman to the latest day of my existence. It is prudent in emigrants to attend to this, on their landing in the United States, if they purpose to make this country their home and abiding place, for citizenship brings with it a capability of holding any office in the United States government, except that of president. The president must, by law, be a native born citizen; so that none need aspire to that high calling, but those who might emphatically be termed *natural* sons of America.

The code of laws here is founded upon that of our own country; but it has undergone various revisions, arising from the genius and habits of the country and the spirit of their governments. The Americans have not adopted the robe and wig; judging I presume, that the *naked* law ought to be sufficiently appalling to conscious guilt. Few executions take place in this country;—except for murder, and that of an aggravated degree (for here are three or four kinds of murder) death is seldom inflicted. Imprisonment for fifteen or twenty years, or for life, with hard labour, is the ordinary punishment for guilt of the darkest dye. Piracy is punishable with death; and I recollect some half a dozen scoundrels being hung as an example some time last year. But the American government does not *encourage* hanging, population being less burthensome than with you; besides the wretches are made to work for a subsistence, whereas, the less economical government of Great Britain, lavishes the public money on expensive voyages to Botany Bay.

Since the revolution, the "Thirteen States" have grown into twenty four, with four additional "Territories," which, like children, are growing into manhood, and hastening to take their rank in the Union; and what to me seems very surprising, the government is yet grasping at more, and purchasing new countries. The Floridas, purchased from Spain, were lately annexed to this country, which, on an economical calculation, finds it cheaper to procure lands by purchase, than by arms; so that the whole extent of sea board from Maine to the mouth of the Saline river, one hundred and fifty miles beyond New-Orleans, is in the

possession of this government. About seventeen years ago the vast country of Louisiana was purchased from France. This immense territory had been in the hands of the Spaniards for many years, and was by them ceded to France a short time before. Louisiana is bounded on the west by Mexico; on the east by the Mississippi; on the north by the stony, shining, or rocky mountains; and on the south by the Mexican gulph. The rocky mountains are thought to be a continuation of the Andes, and you will perhaps recollect when in our childhood we used to be assembled around poor R——, at our Friday morning's geography,—how he pointed out those self-same mountains, with true pedantic importance, as the *back bone* of America. Fate! thy ways are, indeed, mysterious. R—— poor mortal! has passed that bourne whence no one ever returns. You are destined to traverse a path of life, of which young fancy never dreamt, while I am here a sojourner, in a foreign land—a land which R—— used to consider as inhabited by savages and rebels. The Indians, or savages, as he called them, are nearly extirpated; at least east of Alleghany mountains. Their lands have been taken from them by the government, under the specious pretence of purchasing, for which they have received a mere trifle, and yet that little has been too much for these untutored beings to know how to apply to useful purposes. Their extreme fondness for ardent spirits has been the destruction of thousands who were not possessed of sufficient prudence or self-control to abstain from the mischievous effects of spiritous liquors, which are cheap in this country, particularly whiskey and gin;—rum may be bought for four or five shillings per gallon, and French brandy for six or seven shillings. Whiskey is in most general use, as it is distilled in every part of the country, and its present prices are from one shilling, to one shilling and six pence per gallon; so that a poor fellow may get *royal* drunk for less than two pence, which is the value of a pint. This is lower than common English ale, and would suit all persons who delight to drink at little expense. Whiskey is distilled from rye, barley, oats, Indian corn, peaches and apples. A bushel of rye will yield three gallons of strong spirits; and the refuse is used in the fattening of hogs and cattle.

But, to return to Louisiana. This country possesses a great diversity of soil and climate. The mountains situated at the north west part of it, are wrapt in snows till the beginning of July. Where Lewis and Clarke crossed this range, on their return from the mouth of Columbia river, on the Pacific, they attempted the passage in about 45° of north latitude, in the latter part of June, when the depth of snow was so great, that they were obliged to wait for some time longer. The rivers Missouri, Kansas, Platte, Yellow-stone, Arkansas, and Red river, all flowing through Louisiana, have their sources in these mountains.

The Missouri is one of the largest rivers in the world, yet it is only a branch of the Mississippi. Its course has been calculated, to where it joins the latter river, at three thousand and ninety-six miles; and although at their confluence the Missouri is the largest of the two, it is obliged to yield up a name that it has borne so far. From their junction to the sea it is more than twelve hundred miles.

From the mouth of the Ohio, two hundred miles below the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, the alluvion of the latter river becomes from twenty to thirty miles wide. These alluvions constitute the most remarkable feature of this river, and prove incontestibly an antiquity equal, *at least*, to that of the old world, which gratifies extremely the American historians; some of whom have hinted that it would not be difficult to prove that their country existed many thousand years before the days of our father Adam; and others, I have heard, would not be backward in disputing seniority with the Chinese. The alluvions, or lands formed by the deposits of the annual overflowings of the river, are composed of the richest soils imaginable. At present some of them are elevated above what is commonly reckoned high water mark, and but for the unhealthiness of their situation, might be formed into delightful and luxuriant farms. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, several settlements were made between the river and the uplands, and flourished for a few years, till an uncommon rising of the river swept away many of the houses, and laid waste the whole of the improvements; nor have there been any attempts at re-settlement since that time.

Lead mines are found in various parts of Louisiana, but none of them have as yet yielded much wealth. Some of the mines are worked by Spanish Americans, and some by the different nations of Indians. In many parts of North America *salines* or salt springs are found; but it is particularly in Louisiana that they abound. Salt rivers of one hundred yards wide fall into the Arkansa, which renders it so brackish, that the boatmen who navigate it have to seek the water which they use from purer sources. There are also in this district large tracts of flat land, which are overflowed with this salt water when the rivers rise in the spring; but when the floods have subsided, and the summer comes on, the water is evaporated and there remains on the ground a thick crust of salt, resembling frozen snow. Between Yellow-stone river and the Stony mountains, there are sandy deserts, something resembling those in the interior of Africa; however they are at present but partially known. Iron is found in many parts of this wide country; but is, generally, I believe, inferior to the best European iron. Coal is very abundant in many places, but as yet very little is used. When timber becomes scarce this will be an admirable substitute, and some already burn it although surrounded by forests.

Manufactures are yet in their infancy in the United States; how long they may continue so, I will not pretend to say; but no country in the world, as to local capacity and situation, is more eligibly situated for them. Agriculture is every where the order of the day, and as all are, or ought to be, sellers, the consequence is, that they are under the necessity of seeking a foreign market for their farm produce. The political question has been agitated, whether this country shall continue to depend on the plough, or turn her attention to manufactures. Hitherto the agricultural interest has carried the day.

Each state has its two houses of legislation, the members of which are denominated senators and representatives,—so that each state has the enactment of its own laws. The members are chosen from among the people, and are paid for their services at so much per day, with travelling expenses, &c. It is not uncommon to see a person following the plough one week, and legislating the next. When I was travelling through a remote part of the country, the landlord of the tavern, who was himself a magistrate, introduced me to a member of the upper house, who had stripped off his coat, and was busily employed in digging potatoes. He received me with politeness, and apologized for not shaking me by the hand, as his was not in a fit state. (Query. Are not the hands of some of our legislators dirtier than his?)

Art. V.—*Aristotle.*

Literature, like war, has her heroes; with the same diversity of talents and gradations of celebrity. In war, some are distinguished by their force and impetuosity; others, by a dexterous management of their powers; some, by a patient vigilance that nothing escapes; others, by a splendour of exertion that is always superior to the occasion which produces it; while the merit of the greater part entitles them only to a place in a general roll of respectable names: but some raise themselves to the loftiest seat of eminence, and to a few it is given to found or destroy empires, and to become themselves the history of the world. So, among the heroes of literature, strength and vigour characterise some; others are remarked for their elegance and ingenuity; some display the utmost sublimity and grandeur of conception; some are renowned for a minute and laboured accuracy that almost defies error; a few only are blessed with the divine ray of genius; and to these alone it is given to command the feelings and the imaginations of mankind—to advance the boundaries of science, or to enlarge the stores of wisdom.

Among the chosen few, no one has enjoyed and been entitled to a greater degree of celebrity, than Aristotle. He was the founder of a school of philosophy, which, in the variety and excellence of its doctrines, and the number and renown of its follow-

ers, rivaled every other, and in the end drew them all to itself. The establishment of Christianity, however, was unfavourable to it. The poetic elegance of Plato, and his sublime conceptions of the Deity, of Providence, and of the nature and immortality of the soul, made him a favourite with the fathers; and, unfortunately for Aristotle, some of the early heretics availed themselves of his writings, to support their errors. This involved him in a temporary disgrace:—but his philosophy was adapted by the Saracens, and handed over by them to the schools of the west. It was said of Pompey the Great, that he found the Lesser Asia the boundary, and left it the centre, of the Roman Empire:—but what is this to the achievements of Aristotle? From the time of the elevation of the Abassidæ to the revival of letters, under Leo X., whatever there was of literature on this side of the Tigris was governed by his laws. At Bagdat, at Cairo, at Rome, at Icolmkill, his decrees were absolute; the obedience to them was both voluntary and unlimited; the church and state vied with each other in submissive attachment to him. Soon after the revival of letters, he met with a rival, and, in the progress of time, with a conqueror, in that philosophy which, being founded in observation and experience, has been called experimental philosophy. This species of philosophy still maintains its superiority; and, as it has a greater tendency to promote the well-being and comfort of man, it has a right to a greater portion of his attention and esteem. The claims of Aristotle to our regard, however, must not be forgotten. His Dialectics show how the reasoning faculties may be exerted with the most skill and the greatest effect; the wisdom of the moderns has neither detected error, nor found any thing to improve in his arrangement of our ideas, under the ten celebrated Categories; no better test of truth, than his syllogism, has been discovered; few of his political axioms have not borne the test of experience; and, in matters of taste, few of his decisions have been called in question.

Aristotle was not only the best critic in poetry, but himself a poet of the first eminence; and the few of his verses which remain prove him to have been worthy of sounding the lyre of Pindar. Our readers will join with us in lamenting the fate of Aristotle's works. He bequeathed them to Theophrastus; Theophrastus to his scholar Neleus; the heirs of Neleus hid them under ground; and there they remained for many generations, a prey to dampness and to worms. At length they were released from their prison, and by degrees obtained the celebrity which we mentioned:—but they have sunk again into oblivion, and are allowed to moulder away in the dust of our libraries, and condemned to a treatment little less ignominious than their former interment.

ART. VI.—*Sketches of India, written by an Officer, for fireside Travellers at Home.* London, 1821.

Two hundred years, about half the duration of the Roman power in Britain, have now elapsed since England first obtained, from the Mogul, the ground right of a few warehouses in India. Although her *power* is of much later date, yet, borrowing from the longer period of her mere settlement, her dominion in the east has already assumed much of that mellowed colouring of age, which is the sole charter of the soil to many a people who have violently dispossessed a prior race of occupants. But England has never dispossessed the prior *occupants* of India. Her commercial interests required only that she should reduce the ever hostile and treacherous powers, which, suffered to subsist and combine, must, in their implacable hostility and barbarian faith, have driven her from her eastern possessions. She, moreover, substituted for their iron sceptres of cruelty, a just and mild sway, which, felt and acknowledged by sixty millions of natives, with the exception of the few who have lost the ability to oppress, ought to silence the Mahomedan, if not the Hindoo tyrants of India, on the question of the best founded dominion.

Our libraries are full of books on the prolific subject of Hindostan,—its history, mythology, antiquities, literature,—its natural productions, commerce, politics, wars;—yet who that has not been personally there, shall say that he has a clear and satisfactory *familiar* conception of India,—a notion of its *every day*, and all in its aspect, manners, customs, and daily experiences, which make up that interesting knowledge. It is truly singular that, a very few years ago, a lady*, who paid a short visit to India, should have been the first to whom it occurred that a detailed description of what she actually saw and took part in, would be read at home with interest. The popularity of her publication is the best proof that she judged right.

Mrs. Graham's journal relates almost entirely to the objects and modes of life at the three presidencies of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. The "Sketches," however, taking a wider range, besides describing the two last named places, detail an interesting progress up the Ganges to Agra, with a journey south again to the Mysore through central India; and although they have not the benefit, enjoyed by the "Journal," of engravings, they succeed in leaving on the reader's mind, a picture of visible India, far more vivid than is done by the more general and less *de pre-*

* Mrs. Graham, author of a "Journal of a Residence in India." We mean no disparagement to the more laborious works of Forbes and Tennant, which, although most full in their details, are not the lively and graphic sketches of travellers. Robertson, Sir William Jones, Hamilton, Mill, and Prinsep, we need not say, are in quite a different walk of Indian information.

senti descriptions of the other work alluded to. We attribute this to the graphic and poetical manner in which the "Sketches" place before our eyes, not only scenery, but life—dramatic groupes, moving characters, real interviews, and spoken speeches —bringing us into contact with all to which the author introduces us. The lady is minute enough, but not after the manner of a poet so much as of a draughtsman or surveyor; still we think her book valuable, and to complete proper Indian impressions, we would recommend to our readers a perusal of both works. It depends much on the kind of minuteness in description, whether it shall be dull and tiresome, or lively and exciting. To very few is given the poet's eye, to distinguish, at a glance, those interesting features which are the very essence of graphic description—of that painting which brings the object before our eyes, with a charm, which, while all acknowledge, few can tell why. There is no country which we should more wish to see in panoramic reality than India—than India's landscape, with its trees and shores, its plains and hills—the colour of its ardent noon—the tints of its evening—the spangled brilliancy of its midnight—the bright silver of its moon—the roses of its returning morn. We would gaze on the life which stirs in its hamlets, and villages, and cities—the shifting scene of its multitudinous and variegated population—the incidents which bring us among its families, and make us acquainted with its picturesque individuals. What are stale generalities to this—formal reports of customs, manners, rites, castes, and engravings of pagodas, idols, and mausoleums, to the minute touches which *bring out* the picture of varied Indian life as it *first* meets the eye, delights the imagination, and moves the feelings of an intelligent stranger, well qualified to observe and to describe, when all to him is fresh, and new, and wonderful.

The author of the "Sketches," is, we think, such a traveller as we have now described. He went to India at an age more mature than that of the generality of its visiters; having, as he says, previously served in the Spanish peninsular war; and although, neither being, nor pretending to be, what is called a regularly educated writer, he is fully qualified by his natural talent, feeling and fancy, and fair average attainments, to fulfil the task he undertook; perhaps better qualified than a more systematically accomplished traveller. We shall reserve a word or two for the manner in which the author has redeemed this pledge of furnishing familiar sketches for our fire-side amusement; for we do not say that there is not much in his pages, rather inconsistent with that simple and interesting object. In our analysis, we shall treat his work as if exclusively conformable to its title, and leave unnoticed, at least in the way of extract, every matter which is otherwise.

There is a charm in a traveller's first impressions in a country strange to him, which, if he has a shred of the poet's mantle, he cannot, if he would, conceal. Our author begins with describing the appearance of the coast of Ceylon, and gives life to the picture, by means of a canoe with four good-humoured natives, who laugh at the tricks which the young cadets practise upon them, and still more at the sale of their cocoa-nuts for one hundred times their value. After a spirited picture of the landing at Madras, he says,

"When the surf has violently lodged you high and dry on the beach, you find yourself immediately surrounded by crowds so diversified in costume, complexion, and feature; so strange are the voices of a new people, and the sounds of unknown tongues; so deafening the surge continually breaking near you, that to single out figures from such a scene, under such circumstances, is almost impossible, and you feel it quite a relief to hurry from the spot. I landed with troops in the afternoon, and marched from the beach to a station or depôt thirteen miles inland. For three miles we moved along amid a curious talking crowd perpetually changing. We followed a fine broad road with avenues of trees; passed the fort; and half a mile beyond it passed continually, for a long distance, gateways leading to large garden-houses in specious compounds, until at length we left the signs of the presidency behind us. With the exception of a few followers in employ, or seeking it, the crowds dropped off, and we pursued our march unmolested. No, I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich, broad-leaved plaintain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa-nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch, the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall-palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian, with its earth-seeking and reproductive drop-branches; and among them birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parroquet, (at home, the lady's pet-bird in a gilded cage,) here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream. These, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked upon. My dream of anticipation realized gave me a delight which found no expression in words. I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination, when I reflected how much the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations; and yet how natural, how easy all appeared! All so fitted and adapted by the hand of the bountiful and wise Creator, that other than they were they had deformed instead of decking the face of nature. It was late and dark when we reached Poonamallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We found no fellow-countrymen to welcome us, but, the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart, roguish-looking natives seemed waiting our arrival to seek service.

"Drenched to the skin, without changes of linen, or any bedding, we sat down to the repast provided; and it would have been difficult to have found in India, perhaps, at the moment, a more cheerful party than ours.

"Four or five clean looking natives, in white dresses, with red or white turbans, ear-rings of gold, or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance, to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits, all new to us, were tasted and pronounced upon; and after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good humour, we lay down for the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or

counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.

"The morning scene was very ludicrous. Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there another was cracking the joints of a man half-dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing, a Saheb's hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, two well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care.

"There was much in all this to amuse the mind, and a great deal, I confess, to pain the heart of a free born Englishman."

To increase the graphic effect of his descriptions, our traveller takes the reader with him into the midst of the scenes, described, and points successively to persons and objects, as if inviting his companion to use his eyes. We extract from what he calls a hasty look at Madras.

"These poor wretches, with no other clothing than small rags round the middle, and loads on their heads, whom you meet singly or in large groups, are the common coolies, or road-porters, of the country; for thus light burdens are usually conveyed here, even for distances of two or three hundred miles. —This haughty looking man, with a prominent nose, dark eye, and olive-brown complexion, having a large turban, muslin vest, gaudy silk trowsers, and noisy slippers, is a Mahometan.

"This next, with his head bare and shaven, except a few thick-falling locks clubbed behind, his forehead marked with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung, his naked body, clean yellow-coloured skin, the zennaar, or distinguishing threads worn over the shoulder, and a large pale salmon-coloured loin cloth, is an officiating brammin.

"These fat-looking black men, with very white turbans and dresses, and large golden ear-rings, are dubashes; sort of upper servants, or public inferior agents, ready to make any purchases for strangers or residents; to execute their commissions, change their monies, or transact any business for them.

"These men with red turbans, broad shoulder-belts of leather, breast-plates, sashes, and swords, are government peons of the zillah, or police foot-soldiers. There are establishments of them in every district. They are distinguished by their belt-plates; the belts being often of red, blue, or yellow cloth, or even tiger-skin.

"There is a group of native women, returning to their houses with water: they are of a common class; but observe their simple dress, erect carriage, and admirable walk. One piece of cloth wrapped twice round their loins in its breadth, and passing in its length upwards over the bosom, is either disposed mantle-like to cover the head, or thrown gracefully across the right shoulder, and brought under the left arm to the middle. Their shining hair is neatly rolled up into a knot at the back of the head; and is occasionally ornamented with little chaplets of pale yellow flowers. The vessels which some carry on the head, some on hip, are of brass or clay; but ancient and urn-like in their form.

"This low, curiously carved car, with a white canopy, and cream-coloured bullocks, having their horns ornamentally tipped with wrought brass, collars with bells, and crimson body-clothes, is the conveyance of some native merchant, or shroff."

There is no doubt a force in this mode of describing, which fully answers the writer's object. Engaging, as he does, to *show us* natives rather than English residents, he proceeds,

"Therefore let us turn down the Triplicane Bazaar: here the population is Mahomedan. These crowds of Musselmans ever regard us with jealousy,

hatred, and scorn. Their nawab, though stripped of authority, still sits upon a musnud, rides in state on an elephant, and holds a durbar; but can never, I should think, listen to the royal salutes so repeatedly fired from the British fort in compliment to his princely rank, without shrinking from the mockery. Courtiers, sirdars, and troops, the substantial appendages of a native prince, are, luckily for the happiness and peace of the Carnatic, no longer his.

"These restless-looking haughty idlers, who are sauntering up to us, their little all expended on the fine robes they wear save a frugal meal provided daily in their gloomy homes by trembling females or some wretched slave, would, but for our happier rule, be the petty tyrants of some of those peaceful villages we shall soon visit.

"The large man on the grey horse, with the shawl turban, gold-threaded sash, and silver-headed creese (or dagger,) to whom they are all now salaaming, is a native of some distant province, not perhaps under our authority. The housings of his horse you see are embroidered with gold; his reins silken; the animal, too, has a breast-plate and head ornaments of shell-work; the servant running by his side holds that spade-shaped screen so as always to shade his face; and the man himself, though looking vain as well as proud, has a free, cheerful, self-satisfied air.—Not so this moollah, or Mahomedan priest. Mark his iron-grey beard and wrinkled fore-head; and those fiercely sparkling eyes, alive and youthful with a feeling of hate. What an insolent vindictive look he casts at us! He recollects, for he was a young man then, when in the year 1780 the horse of Hyder rode shouting through the gardens of our countrymen; and recollects, too, that he wished them success."

The author describes the villages, and cottages, and the landscape of India with its living figures; and adds a very graphic account of his solitary feelings in travelling; with the occasional individuals and groupes on the road.

The following trait speaks volumes:

"In the neighbourhood of this place (Cudapah) I saw a bearded old man, in a dark-coloured vest and turban, riding a fine spirited horse, and followed by a servant, carrying his hog-spear, and leading a couple of dogs. He looked at me sternly, and with much haughtiness; but I felt not an emotion of anger; for he looked brave, and like a soldier, and for aught I knew, had once been a sirdar of rank and approved fidelity, perhaps the killedar of the hill fort, which frowned in the far distance, and, awakening the pride of past times, made him burn at the galling thought that he was now a pensioner, and of Christians."

The ruins of the city of Bijanagur, the last capital of the last Hindoo empire, are described in a manner, on the whole, feeling and eloquent; although here and there there may be a little overwriting; but we must refer to the passage. We were struck with the following incident, and subsequent reflection.

"On my route through the Carnatic, I visited the garden of Sautghur, a spot filled with orange trees, cocoas, slender arecas, and all formally laid out after the eastern fashion, but rather prettily situated among low picturesque hills, covered with thick brushwood, and loose masses of rock. In this garden I met a venerable Mahometan priest, one hundred years old; a long snow-white-beard fell upon his breast; I bowed low to his hoary head with the respect I felt. Three or four elderly Moors with him looked very unbending and haughty, but he placidly and calmly returned my salute. In him, pride and revenge seemed to have fallen asleep.

How little would this old man have believed in the day of his youth, that a few nameless and unimportant Christian factors on the coast of Coromandel,

of whom he had then seldom heard even, should, before he dropped into his grave, encamp as conquerors on the banks of the Indus, overturning every musnud between the snowy mountains which bound Hindostan to the north, and the southernmost cape of a peninsula, 1800 miles in its length, by 1000 in its greatest breadth."

The author sails for, and arrives at Calcutta. We must refer to the work for his account of his first impressions.

There follows a lively description of the numerous carriages on the evening drive at Calcutta, most of them built in the English fashion, although many of them the property of natives; and an allusion, by no very obvious associating link, to the increasing numbers, intelligence, and power, of the race who are the progeny of English fathers and native mothers, at whom the author seems to point as the future lords of India; a question upon which he has wisely avoided enlarging, as it would certainly carry him beyond his subject if not beyond his depth.

The Governor-general's state, as he presided at the college disputation for 1819, will serve for a picture of vice-regal magnificence.

"In a state chair, covered with crimson velvet, and richly gilt, with a group of aid-de-camps and secretaries standing behind him, sat the Marquis of Hastings. Two servants with state punkaps of crimson silk were fanning him, and behind them again were several native servants bearing silver staffs. Next him, on either side, were seated the examiners, and below them again, the most distinguished ladies of the presidency. Next, in an open space, were two small rostrums for the disputants, and chairs for the professors; the room behind these, and fronting the Marquis, was quite filled with company, and, in the rear of all, the body guard was drawn up in full uniforms of scarlet with naked sabres."

The author visits an Armenian church, where the worship is performed with much splendour and solemnity; and a poor Jewish synagogue, to which, sincerity and zeal are all that remain.

In a progress up the Ganges, our traveller vividly describes the country; and among other visits, narrates one to the ruins of the ancient Gour, the capital of Bengal, or Gaura, as the country was then called, seven hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Saviour. These ruins are nearly fifteen miles in length, by three in breadth.

At Rajemahl, the author saw what he calls the Hill people, a race of men very imperfectly civilized, and exhibiting the African nose and lip. He met with another tribe of similar Highland barbarians, in his way south, near the valley of the Narbhudda.

We wish we could give our readers more of the author's company, in his course up the Ganges. He visits and describes Benares, from which he proceeds to Agra, the farthest limit of his excursion; and determines to traverse central India, in a direct line to Bengalore, in the Mysore, across the country of Scindiah, and the Deccan.

The author journies south from Agra, partly in a travelling palanquin, and partly on horseback. At the residency at Gualior, he sees the great Mahratta camp; the head quarters of that wandering and now broken power, which could, only fourteen years ago, number 150,000 horse, 15,000 infantry led by French officers, and a splendid artillery,—their means of devastating India, as "the reapers in the harvest of death," who spread abroad, on the fatal signal of a field of corn swept in an instant from the ground, by the scymiters of as many warriors as can crowd to the task. He visits the Mahratta camp, and has the good fortune to see Scindiah himself.

"Descending the hill again, we mounted elephants and rode into the Mahratta camp. Our object was to see their artillery. I had no idea of any thing so soldier-like among them as the encampment of it. The guns, upwards of 150, were regularly parked in line. The guns beautifully bright; and a chaplet of flowers hung on most of them. The parade-ground clear; and the hutting of the soldiers attached to them very orderly. The Golundauze are proverbially faithful and brave; will die at their guns, and may be said to half worship the cannon they are attached to. They are almost invariably sacrificed when brought into action. A native prince likes to form a long line; and we, allowing for the loss by their fire in getting to them, invariably and easily possess ourselves of as many guns as may be ranged against us. But if these guns were disposed on the field as well as they are served, our battles would not be such easy victories.

"In traversing this rude irregular encampment, the sort of groupes we met; the horses picketted in circles with the rider's spear planted in the ground at each head-rope; men lying on their horse-furniture; pillowed on their shields; or busy cooking; or cleaning their horses and arms. Their women making fires; fetching water and bringing in grass; their children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

"As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chace, surrounded by all his chiefs, and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach; and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the road, where the rajah and chiefs, with his immediate escort, must pass.

"First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk, and one in a complete suit of chain armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a foundling protegé of Scindiah, called the Jungle Rajah: then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances on the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our salaam. Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, and not adorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a redish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calean. We stood up in our howdah and bowed; he half arose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles, and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

"I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most

haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scymitar, and shield, creese and pistol; wore, some shawls; some tissues; some plain muslin or cotton; were all much wrapped in clothing; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban top, which they fasten under the chin; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks warlike, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck."

The following picture is worth all the generalities that were ever written about the Mahratta troops.

"On the 19th I marched to Dungree. The scenery throughout this day was very beautiful. Woody and rocky hills; narrow winding roads; and many very picturesque views of the river Sinde, whose loose, broken, and stony bed, with waters as clear as crystal, is twice crossed, were its principal features. As we came in sight of the river at the spot where we last forded it, a groupe of a few Mahrattas giving their horses water, and some infantry soldiers fording with their women and children on bullocks, made the picture very complete. On the other side of the water, in a narrow rocky glen, I met about a hundred Mahratta horse; they salaamed to me with great respect; reining up their vicious horses, and looking with some surprise upon the saddle, reins, and martingale of the English. For they, like all Asiatic horsemen, ride on wide-raised cushions, covered with cloths, have very short stirrups, and standing martingales; and, famed as they are for horsemanship, would be quite as much at a loss in our seat, as we in theirs. Their chief was in his open palkee, smoking his hookah, and made me a courteous salaam.

"I looked back upon them as they moved down the glen—a round shield on every back, and their spears held low among the branching trees—and felt what the pencil could have done for the picture;—a couple of elephants, some camels, hackrees, tattoo-ponies, women, servants, boys, &c. followed the party. And, after clearing them all, I hurried to my ground,—a village deserted and in ruins. The fires of the last night's camp, and round, the marks of many a larger force, rendered any questioning of the few squalid wretches who remained in the village, otherwise deserted, unnecessary.

"I learned by questioning these men, that the uncommon respect of the soldiery here, and indeed throughout this state, to the British officers, arose, not only from the skill and bravery we had so often shewn in opposing them, but from honest fidelity in fulfilling our pecuniary engagements with such contingents of horse, Hindoostany and Mahratta, as had from time to time been placed under British officers.

"The native commander of a thousand horse makes a little fortune, said one to me, by defrauding the soldiery of half their pay. Give us an English sabeb at our head, and we know that we may trust him. Our wants, our wishes, and our just claims he makes his own. Nor does he ever hold back, for one hour, the soldier's due."

Our traveller is less at ease in the neighbourhood of Ameer Khan than in that of Scindiah. Ten or twelve fierce looking Patan horsemen, insisting, one morning, upon being taken into his service, as they were poor and out of employment. With much difficulty he succeeds in persuading them, that he has neither the authority nor the means to comply with their request. He is more than once embarrassed by the natives overrating his consequence.

In the country about Husseinabad, he sees the Pindarries; whom, however, he does not describe so graphically as he does the Mahrattas; nor give us a more lively picture of these beg-

garly and merciless plunderers than we were already possessed of. He visits various cantonments of his countrymen, where he is always cordially received, and hospitably entertained; and arriving at Bengalore, where his regiment lies, ends his journey, and shortly afterwards his book, to be sent home by a friend to England, for publication.

The author deprecates criticism of his light Sketches; and his work, in so far as it consists of these, we apprehend we have not so much criticized, as praised. We never thought of treating the Sketches as a literary production, and shall dismiss them with one admonition to the author, for a possible second edition; namely, that he will weed out some colloquial vulgarisms, and examples of conversational slang, which are not genteel when even orally delivered, but have a doubly awkward effect in print; for example, we find a carriage or palanquin, styled a clumsy or a crazy "*concern*," the word *without*, almost invariably used for *unless*; and other similar modes of expression, as much proscribed in good society as in correct writing.

But it is not inconsistent with suitable indulgence to the lighter and more familiar part of the work, to object to numerous efforts at fine writing, which are strangely out of place, where they nevertheless occur. These are to be found under the head of *reflections*, some of which are common place and unprofitable, others unsound, and all of them greatly over-written. To the author's religious reflections, we should be the last to object, had they occurred in proper time and place. We are not surprized that the follies and horrors of paganism did often rouse his feelings of gratitude for a purer and more merciful dispensation; what we find fault with is, that in his familiar itinerary, the *expression* of these feelings not only occurs too often, but is too highly wrought not to appear at least, to be somewhat paraded. Participating completely, as we do, in the sentiments of the author, we should regret if the manner in which they are stated were to expose them to the sneer of the worldly-minded and profane.

We think, too, that it would have been wise in the author to have spared several political dogmas and prophecies, which, while they are any thing but beyond controversy, relate to matters of concernment, national as well as colonial, much too deep for familiar Sketches of India. But the Sketches proper, we repeat, are excellent; and we again recommend them to all who care for an animated and graphic account of India and its inhabitants.

Art. VII.—*The Death of Walter Selby.*

(Concluded from our last volume.)

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
Else the proud name of Selby, which gladden'd us long,
Shall pass from the land like the sough of a song. *Old Ballad.*

Before dame Eleanor Selby had concluded her account of the Spectre Horsemen of Soutra-fell, the sun had set—and the twilight, warm, silent, and dewy, had succeeded—that pleasant time between light and dark, in which domestic labour finds a brief remission. The shepherd, returned from hill or moor, spread out his hose—moistened in morass or rivulet—before the hearth fire, which glimmered far and wide, and taking his accustomed seat, sat mute and motionless as a figure of stone. The cows came lowing homewards from the pasture-hills; others feeding out of cribs filled with rich moist clover, yielded their milk into a score of pails; while the ewes, folded on the sheltered side of the remote glen, submitted their udders, not without the frequent butt and bleat, to the pressure of maidens' hands. Pastoral verse has not many finer pictures than what it borrows from the shepherd returning from the hill, and the shepherdess from the fold—the former with his pipe and dogs, and the latter with her pail of reeking milk, each singing with a hearty country freedom of voice, and in their own peculiar way, the loves and the joys of a pastoral life. The home of Randal Rode presented a scene of rough plenty, and abounded in pastoral wealth; the head of the house associated with his domestics, and maintained that authority over their words and conduct which belonged to simpler times; and something of the rustic dignity of the master was observable in his men. His daughter, Maudeline, busied herself among the maidens with a meekness and a diligence which had more of the matron than is commonly found in so young a dame. All this escaped not the notice of her old and capricious kinswoman Eleanor Selby; but scenes of homely and domestic joy seemed alien to her heart. The intrusion too of the churlish name of Rode among the martial Selby's, never failed to darken the picture which she would have enjoyed had this rustic alloy mixed with the precious metal of any other house. It was her chief delight, since all the males of her name had perished, to chaunt ballads in their praise, and relate their deeds from the time of the Norman invasion down to their final extinction in the last rebellion. Many snatches of these chivalrous ballads are still current on the Border—the debateable land of song as well as of the sword—where minstrels sought their themes, and entered, harp in hand, into rivalry—a kind of contest which the sword, the critic's weapon of those days, was often drawn to de-

cide. Much of this stirring and heroic border-life mingles with the traditionary tales of Eleanor Selby. Her narratives contain, occasionally, a vivid presentment of character and action; and I shall endeavour to preserve something of this, and retain, at the same time, their dramatic cast, while I prune and condense the whole, to render them more acceptable to the impatience of modern readers. She thus pursued her story.

"I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low—it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind—and the life's-blood of Walter Selby was no common blood to me. The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away—and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning—as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult; and we were obliged to go a sinous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far a-head as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon, large and bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: 'Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?' 'Truly,' said I, 'most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valour may reinstate me in my ancient domains—or else win for me, some new and princely inheritance.' 'Thou speakest,' said the youth, 'like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dragoons—nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off—for we go on a journey of no small peril.' To these sensible and considerate words, I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavouring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: 'Nay, nay, mine

own sweet and gentle cousin—my sweet Eleanor—I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,'—and our horse's heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. 'That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still, to oblige thee, his ballad told more truth than I reckoned a minstrel might infuse into verse. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us, or with us,—and now for the game of coronets and crowns—a coffin, coz, or an earl's bauble—for we march upon Preston.' Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them without emotion, and I looked with an eye on Walter Selby that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. 'Now do not be afraid of our success, my fair coz,' said he, 'when to all the proud names of the border—names thou hast long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them—we add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the setters-up and pluckers-down of kings—even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and sedate errant damosel.' This conversation obtained for us the attention of several stranger cavaliers who happened to join us as, emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green and wide moor or common. One of them, with a short cloak and slouched hat and heron's feather, rode up to my right hand, and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted, but antique, style:—'Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart—and, fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy—and there be such in our company—may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bowne on such a dangerous and unwonted journey.' I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, 'I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task.' 'And, fair lady,' continued he, 'if Walter Selby be thy protector, my labour will be the less.' My cousin, who during this conversation had rode silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, 'Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of the pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my

hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and as proud as the lordiest of his ancestors, feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman.' I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter Selby; he had a brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold, martial-looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chaffered with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny toys and trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper;—'Fair lady, these be not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed, summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride aneath an earl's pennon.'

"Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the gray day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen—young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a gray mantle or plaid, and all the while looking stedfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice, to assist my recollection,—and I shall never forget the verses the old man chaunted with a broken and melancholy, and, I think I may add, prophetic voice:

OH! PRESTON, PROUD PRESTON.

1.

Oh! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky;
Thy richness, a prey to the spoiler is doom'd,
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed;
Thy sage with gray locks, and thy dame with the brown
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,

Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them: the hour
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—weep—
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy sleep.

2.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy cry,
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die?
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust?
My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are fair;
Where the battle is hottest my sword's shining there;
And my sons bow their heads, and are on their knees kneeling,
When the prayer is pour'd forth and the organ is pealing:
What harm have I wrought, and to whom offer'd wrong,
That thou comest against me with shout and with song?

3.

What harm hast thou wrought! list and hearken—the hour
Of revenge may be late—but it's certain and sure:
As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,
So sure is the time of destruction to thee.
What harm hast thou wrought!—haughty Preston, now hear—
Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the spear;
And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foaming and hot,
And I hear thy horns sound, and the knell of thy shot:
The seal of stern judgment is fix'd on thy fate,
When the life's blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

4.

Oh! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword's braving
The foes of thy prince, when thy pennon is waving;
The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land;
The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand;
The Maxwells shall live, though diminish'd their shine,—
And the Scotts in bard's song shall be all but divine;
Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,
Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme;
But the horn of the Selbys has blown its last blast,
And the star of their name's from the firmament cast.

"I dropt the bridle from my hand, and all the green expanse of dale and hill grew dim before me. The voice of the old man had for some time ceased, before I had courage to look about; and I immediately recognized in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border—where the strong, lively imagery, and familiar diction, of the old ballads, still maintain their ground against the classic elegance and melody of modern verse. I drew back a little; and shaking the old man by the hand, said, 'Many years have passed, Harpur Harberson, since I listened to thy minstrel skill at Lanercost; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leftest my father's hall.'

"Deed, my bonnie lady,' said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightening his face for a moment, 'sangs of sorrow and dule have been rifer with me than ballads of merriment and mirth. It's long now since I rode, and fought by my gallant master's side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand sae steeve at the steel, as it was in those blessed and heroic days. It's altered days with Harpur Harberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selby's, and won the cup of gold. I heard that my bonnie lady and her gallant cousin were on horseback; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again; and it's better for an auld man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, streeked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause.' He drew his hat over his brow; while I endeavoured to cheer him by describing the numbers, resources, and strength, of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him 'there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave.' He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe, for a moment, against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—it was but for a moment. 'Deed no—'deed no, my bonnie, bonnie lady, it canna—canna be; glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horsemen could never urge a steed,—and that the forms and semblances of living men were visible to me in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grand-father, old minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words; they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;

To follow no banner that comes from the flood,
To march no more southward to battle and blood.
League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—
To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—
And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,
While eagles love Skiddaw—and soldiers love glory.

"'These are the words of my ancestor—what must be must—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston.' As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

"It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner, —with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by touch of drum. It was soon broad day-light; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Cumberland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed.—There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol and carabine—the latter with gun and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days—some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail; others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests—and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmure, marched in front,—singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
  Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure's lord is the gallantest lord
  That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
  Success to Kenmure's band;
There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,
  E'er rode by Kenmure's hand.
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
  There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,—
He'll steep it red in ruddie life's blood
  Afore the battle drap.

"Such were some of the verses by which the rustic minstrels of those days sought to stimulate the valour of their countrymen. One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded; those of Lord Derwentwater followed—a band numerous, but divided in opinion—unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril—like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed: a band of warriors—strange, and even savage in their appearance—brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle—with plaid and bonnet and broadsword—bare kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity—compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being—a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot. No serious attempt was made to impede us; some random shots were fired from the hedge rows and groves; till at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising grounds, leaving our entry into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face showed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies: this passed not unobserved of the cavalier at my side, who said, with a smile, 'Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against us; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet garb and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who measure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our own little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup. There's my Lord Kenmure—a hot, a brave, and a self-willed, and the Scotch maidens say a bonnie Gordon; his sword had stuck half-drawn from the scabbard, but for the white hand of his wife; but he that lives under the influence of bright eyes, Lady Eleanor, lives under a spell as powerful as loyalty. And what would the little

book say of my Lord Nithsdale, with whom ride so many of the noble name of Maxwell? Can scorn for the continual cant and sordid hearts of some acres of psalm-singing covenanters, who haunt the hill-tops of Terreagles and Dalswinton, cause the good lord to put the fairest domains on the border in jeopardy? or does he hope to regain all the sway held by his ancestors of yore over the beautiful vale of Nith—humbling into dust, as he arises, the gifted weaver who preaches, the inspired cordwainer who expounds, and the upstart grocer who holds rule—the two former over men's minds, and the latter over men's bodies? There's my Lord Carnwath ——.' At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets, and the rushing of horses behind us; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character,—' Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's troopers came to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes—and now for the onset, Walter Selby.' The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head; swords were bared in a moment; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back—the clashing of swords, the kneling of carabines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle shout of the living, came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me. I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which at first had only extended to a few blows and shots, becoming bloody and dubious; for the enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held up my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, ' O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him—they'll slay him!' An old highlander, at almost the same instant, exclaimed, in very corrupt English, ' God! she'll no stand and see the border lads a' cut in pieces!' and uttering a kind of military yell, flew off with about two hundred men to the assistance of his friends. I was not allowed to remain and witness the charge of these northern warriors, but was led into Preston, and carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies, who followed the fortune of their lords in this unhappy expedition, endeavouring to soothe and comfort me. But I soon was the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby, and his companion, the former sprinkled with blood, but the latter soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom,

and sobbed with joy; he kissed my forehead, and said, 'Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott, but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are.' I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, 'Accept, Sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance.' 'Bless thee, fair lady, said the knight, I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought.' I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips; and washing the blood from his hands, removing the soils of battle from his dress, and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most cheerful of the company.

"It was evident, from the frequent and earnest consultations of the leaders of this rash enterprize, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons. As the danger pressed, advice and contradiction, which at first were given and urged with courtesy and respect, now became warm and loud; and the Earl of Derwentwater, a virtuous and amiable man, but neither warrior nor leader, instead of overawing and ruling the tumultuary elements of his army, strode to and fro, a perfect picture of indecision and dismay, and uttered not a word. All this while, Sir Thomas Scott sat beside Walter Selby and me, calm and unconcerned; conversing about the ancient house of the Selbys; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court, and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the melody of music to the old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds. In a moment of less alarm, I could have worshipped him for this; and my poor Walter seemed the child of his companion's will, and forgot all but me in the admiration with which he contemplated him. The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous; when Lord Nithsdale, a little high spirited, and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, 'This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love: betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both." Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmure, returned to us, and said, 'Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals and major-generals has been laid before our leaders as turns them pale; a a mere muster roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmure, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's counsel now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return.' So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to

every step in the porch, till their return, which happened within an hour. They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were hacked and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them: 'Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned ought of their numbers.' 'We have done more,' said Sir Thomas; 'we have learned, and that from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely await for dawn to attack you.' This announcement seemed to strike a damp to the hearts of several of the chiefs; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. 'I would counsel you,' said Sir Thomas, 'to make an instant attack upon their position, before their cannon arrive; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage; let some of our border troopers dismount, and, with the clansmen, open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops which line the hedge rows and enclosures; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory.' Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; and the precious hours of night were consumed in unavailing debate, and passionate contradiction. This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet, and the rushing of horse; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the courage to go into the street; and had not proceeded far, till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at the gallop; but their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword; and the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horsemen with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled; assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up, to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe. The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent Colonel Oxburgh with a message to General Willis, to propose a capitulation.

"Sir Thomas Scott came to Walter Selby and me, and said, with a smile of bitter scorn, 'Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what the good green wood will do for poor outlaws; I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this.' We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered

upon an extensive common or chace, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes, day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to hear the trumpet summons, and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston. As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his head to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations, he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature and half of man's hand, which divided the chace or waste in two; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain with about twenty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush upon us, calling out, 'Yield! down with the traitors!' Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carabines were flashing, and both parties spurred, alike eager for blood. Of this unexpected and fatal contest, I have but an indistinct remembrance; the glittering of the helmets, the shining of drawn swords, the flashing of pistols and carabines, the knell of shot, the rushing of horses, and the outcry of wounded men, come all in confusion, before me; but I cannot give a regular account of this scene of terror and blood. It was of brief duration. I laid my bridle on my horse's neck, and wrung my hands, and followed with my looks every motion of Walter Selby. He was in the pride of strength and youth, and spurred against the boldest; and putting soul and might into every blow, made several saddles empty; I held up my hands, and prayed audibly for success. A dragoon, who had that moment killed a cavalier, rode to my side, and exclaimed, 'Down with thy hands, thou cursed nun, down with thy hands; woot pray yet, woot thou; curse tha then;' and he made a stroke at me with his sword. The eyes of Walter Selby seemed to lighten as a cloud does on a day of thunder, and at one blow he severed the dragoon's head, bone and helmet, down to his steel collar. As the trooper fell, a pistol and carabine flashed together, and Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropt his head, and his sword; and saying, faintly, 'Oh, Eleanor!' fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprung to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him; and oh, I doubt I upbraided the Eternal with his death; but Heaven will pity the ravings of despair. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged, over us. Ere the

contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this. Haste, Frank Elliot, haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs, cover it thick with our mantles, place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks; ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it; and you, minstrel Harbeson, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady.' All these orders so promptly given, were as quickly executed; and we recommenced our journey to the north, with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter; which, alas! became a bier, ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen; a grave was prepared; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiems, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. 'The dust of our young hero,' said Sir Thomas, 'must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth.' The minstrel of the ancient name of Selby stood gazing on the grave, and burst out in the following wail or burial song, which is still to be heard from the lips of the maids and matrons of Cumberland:

LAMENT FOR WALTER SELBY.

1.

Mourn, all ye noble warriors—lo! here is lying low
As brave a youth as ever spurr'd a courser on the foe:
Hope is a sweet thing to the heart, and light unto the ee,
But no sweeter and no dearer than my warrior was to me:
He rode a good steed gallantly, and on his foes came down
With a war-cry like the eagle's, from Helvellyn's haughty crown;
His hand was wight, and his dark eye seem'd born for wide command;
Young Selby has nae left his like in all the northern land.

2.

Weep for him, all ye maidens—and weep for him, all ye dames:
He was the sweetest gentleman from Silver Tweed to Thames.
Wail all for Walter Selby, let your tears come dropping down;
Wail all for my young warrior, in cottage, tower, and town.
Cursed be the hand that fired the shot; and may it never know
What beauty it has blighted, and what glory it laid low;
Shall some rude peasant sit and sing, how his right hand could tame
Thy pride, my Walter Selby, and the last of all thy name?

3.

And mourn too, all ye minstrels good, and make your harpstrings wail,
And pour his worth through every song, his deeds through every tale.
His life was brief, but wond'rous bright: awake your minstrel story!
Lo! there the noble warrior lies, so give him all his glory.
When Skiddaw lays its head as low, as now 'tis green and high—
And the Solway sea grows to a brook, now sweeping proudly by—
When the soldier scorns the trumpet-sound, nor loves the temper'd brand—
Then thy name, my Walter Selby, shall be mute in Cumberland."

Lammerloa, Cumberland.

ART. VIII.—*Odofriede, the Outcast. A Dramatic Poem. By Samuel B. H. Judah. New York.* pp. 89. 8vo. 1822.

IN undertaking to give something like a local existence to the "dark-veiled Cocytto," of Milton, the author of this poem has ventured upon dangerous ground. The manner in which the first word in his drama is used, betrays such ignorance of its signification, that we were not tempted to proceed any further. We did, however, wade through it, and we must confess that we have seldom met with a writer so entirely deficient in all the essentials of his art.

"Whither do they tarry?"

and

"Whither have ye loitered?"

demands *Cocytto*, a kind of master-witch, in reference to his inferior spirits, who, we are told, are

Mounted upon the hollow *sightless* blast,
Or horsed upon the sweeping storm of clouds.—p. 7.

Whither, signifies to what place?

We shall not analyse this rhapsody of absurdity. Odofriede is an aspiring sort of personage who is very desirous of

mounting,
Like some airy spirit, to the great cupola
Of the clouds. p. 16.

The following passages will show what are Mr. Noah's ideas of the construction of blank verse:

"Thou shallow fool;
Why dost thou refuse a
Present good for fear of after evil!
Farewell!
Complain no more of Fate, for she doth proffer
Thee her richest gifts, but thou no courage hath
To take them—" p. 23.

This is very uncivil treatment to Fate, and such as never was heard of before this poet discovered the art.

He has a pretty knack of spinning out his lines:

"From morn to morn—night to night—day to day
For ever—ever—ever—ever—" p. 24.

Not quite—no—no—no!—not quite—ha—ha, ha!" p. 40.

He makes no ceremony of separating syllables which ought always to be as closely linked together as *baron* and *feme*, thus:

"In golden harmonies, unto the bright
Ey'd seraphim. (Here this line ends.) p. 26.
"Why do ye swoop so near me ye air—
Plying messengers of death." p. 89.

Sometimes troublesome syllables are entirely omitted:

"'cept from the owl, as he sits hooting on
"He shall not rest—no—'cept in the grave—Hoa! p. 45.

Of a young lady we are told

"She did love,
"A hallow'd and a saintly passion, as holy
As the fate of dying martyrs, and as pure
As the sparkling cluster of transparent
Gems the starlight gilds upon a summer
Ocean, that seem the cheerful eyes of the
Young sea nymphs, peeping smilingly from forth
A silvery veil of waters—." p. 51.

Ohe! jam satis——

If the author had printed it in the form of prose, his poem would have read quite as well, and there would have been a saving in the items of paper and printing.

ART. IX.—*On a Course of Legal Studies. By Thomas Cooper, M. D. President of the South Carolina College.*

ON the day when a Lawyer first opens his office, he may be called on for professional aid or advice, either by a Plaintiff or Defendant, in any of the following cases, viz:

As depending on the Law of *Descent* and *Real Property*.

On the rights attached to *Personal Property*.

On the various classes of questions determinable at *Nisi Prius*.

This will involve all the doctrine of Common Law Contracts; questions of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, Penal and Quitam Actions, Awards, Partnerships, Leases and Distress, Patent Rights, Lien and Stoppage, Factorage and Agency, Powers, Executorship, Defalcation and Set off, Office and Duties of a Sheriff, Bail, Nuisance, Trespass, &c.

It will involve the Practice of the Law, as to the principles and forms of bringing and defending suits, drawing Declarations, Pleas, Rejoinders and Demurrers; including all the essential parts of that most instructive branch of legal knowledge, *Special Pleading*.

Moreover, there is hardly a case that occurs at Nisi Prius, in which questions of evidence do not arise, rendering an accurate knowledge of the Law of *evidence*, of the first necessity.

It involves also, skill in knowing when it is expedient to move to show cause, or for a rule to show cause, for a new trial, or in Arrest of Judgment, or for Judgment to be entered as in case of non-suit, or when it is prudent to suffer a non-suit. Also, how to draw up a brief, so as to apply the evidence to the material parts of the Declaration, with a view to the writ, and to prove the whole of your case, and *no more*.

If the Practitioner resides in a sea-port town, he will have to agitate at Nisi Prius, the numerous questions depending on the Law of *Insurance*, and those that relate to inland and foreign bills of *Exchange*. All the questions that relate to Capture, Piracy, disputes with mariners, &c. must come before the one or

the other side of the Admiralty Court; they constitute the most profitable part of the Profession, and furnish openings for more extensive research and broader grounds of argument than almost any other.

On *Chancery Law*, including classes of cases too numerous for detail here; many of them involving principles derived from the civil law. Frauds, Trusts, Want of Consideration, infants, orphans, lunatics, baron and feme, wills, devises, legacies, distributions under state acts, Partitions, bankruptcies and insolvencies, injunctions, &c. Concomitantly it is absolutely necessary to be ready at drawing up bills of various kinds with precise statement and apt interrogatories, injunctions, motions, and very often decrees, which it is always the duty of the solicitors to examine.

On *Criminal* Law.—Including all the special pleading attendant on this branch of the profession, as to writs, indictments, information, pleas and demurrers, and the law of evidence in criminal cases. Mingled with this and with Nisi Prius Law, is the frequent occurrence of remedial writs, Certiorari, Habeas Corpus, Error, Procedendo, &c.

On *Conveyancing*.—As the drawing of Deeds, Contracts, Awards, &c.

In the above statement, I have included no branch of knowledge, that a young practitioner in this state *may* not be called upon to put in requisition, in the very outset of his practice; this summary, therefore, includes nothing but what he ought previously to know, with something more than mere elementary knowledge: or he will enter upon his client's case with hesitation and fear.

I do not include any part of the Law of Nature and Nations, the Civil Law, Belligerent Law, or the excellent matter to be found in some of the foreign Jurists: for he may get on without these.

But this is not all: the preceding branches of knowledge he will have to acquire from English Books; for the system of English law is the foundation of our American system, as to principles and as to practice.—This English system has been modified in America by the constitution and acts of Congress, by the decisions reported in Dallas, Cranch, and Wheaton, and by the constitution, the laws, and the decisions of our own state. *American Law*, therefore, constitutes an extensive and an indispensable branch of legal acquirement to the American Practitioner.

The next point of enquiry is, how to get at elementary, or a *little* more than elementary information on these subjects, in the shortest possible time. It is with great reluctance I sit down to this part of my undertaking. I am persuaded that the anxiety of parents to turn out their sons after a superficial education, to earn their own living as Lawyers and Physicians, is an anxiety

excusable, but not justifiable: it is gratified at the public expense; and when so gratified, it is hanging out false colours in society; and is the means of obtaining money by the profession of unacquired knowledge.

I have been asked over and over, "give me a course of reading for two years, when I propose to commence practice." I have no such course to give. "There is no royal road to Geometry," said Euclid; nor do I know of one to Law. A man who really means to be a Lawyer, must earn the title by hard and unremitting labour; *multa tulit fecitque Puer; sudavit et alsit.* A young man is apt to think that a Lawyer has nothing to do but make a florid speech to a jury. If he practices upon this principle of the all-sufficiency of eloquence, he will be a clever young man at one and twenty, and a dunce at fifty, if experience should not correct his mistake.

I will give, however, the shortest course I can honestly give. It will, in my opinion, acquire three years of *hard study;* and even then it will exclude all the English reporters except two or three, converting them into books of reference, and not of perusal.

Let the student, then, begin with Blackstone and Woodeson's Lectures, which will require two careful perusals. Looking carefully over the second volume of Blackstone a third time, let him then peruse *Cruise's* Digest of Real Property, and *Runnington* on Ejectments.

Let him then take up the third volume of Blackstone, and follow it by *Comyns* on Contracts, and either *Espinasse's* or *Selwyn's* Treatise on Nisi Prius Law. Evans' edition of *Pothier* on Obligations, would be an advantage, though not a necessary addition to this course, in this place.

He should then look over again the progress of a suit at law in third Blackstone, and read the history of English practice in the preface to *Crompton* or *Sellon*. *Tidd's* book on practice, *Hamilton* on parties to actions, and the title Action in *Comyns'* digest, particularly "Joinder in Action."

Let him now study with great care, *Philips* on Evidence, and the title Evidence in the American edition of *Espinasse* on Nisi Prius; *Lawes* on Special Pleading, and *Story's* or *Chitty's* treatise on the same subject.

He must now look over, (for he can do no more as yet) all the compilations on the particular parts of Nisi Prius Law, which I have before enumerated; that he may know what books to resort to on a sudden, when a question occurs which it is necessary to say something about immediately. These compilations do not supercede the necessity of referring to the reports cited in them. Any modern law catalogue will give the list of these compilations. Take only the last editions.

He may now re-peruse *Woodeson's* Chapters on Chancery Law, and follow this by studying Kent's edition of *Mitford*, Fon-

blanque's edition of *Barlow*, *Sugden's* Law of Vendors and Purchasers, *Roberts* on Frauds, *Madox's* Treatise on Chancery Contracts. These should all be read in immediate succession, to impress at one effort a full idea of the chancery mode of considering questions.

The law of last wills and testaments must be studied separately in the compilations of *Swinburne* and *Roper*, using the latest editions, which may supercede *Powell* on the same subject. But the doctrine of Mortgages and of Powers may be well read in *Powell's* treatise.

The other heads of Chancery Jurisdiction, may be looked over for the present in the various compilations that respectively embrace them.

Criminal Law must be studied in *Blackstone's* 4th volume, with the aid of a diligent perusal of Sergeant *Hawkins*, *East's* and *Chitty's* Compilations. *Hale* and *Foster* may be consulted on particular cases.

Of the Poor Laws, I say little; hoping yet to see the day when this legislative encouragement of idleness, drunkenness, dissippation, and vice, will be entirely abolished, or brought into very narrow limits. They are nuisances under every aspect.

The student ought now to read, diligently, the Reports of *Plowden* and of *Saunders*; the last, in the very useful edition of Sergeant Williams. I would add Showers, but I must leave it for *Coke* on *Littleton*, with Hargrave and Butler's Notes; which, till this stage of study, would be abstruse and uninteresting to fix the attention. It is an excellent book to disgust a beginner. These are all the reporters that can be *perused* during the time of initiating study.

All this done, at least six months should be given exclusively to practice in *forms*; such as copying, and, after some time, drawing Declarations, Pleas, Rejoinders, Demurrers, on one day; Bills in Chancery, Injunctions, Interrogatories, &c. another day; Indictments, Informations, and Criminal proceedings, on the next day; and so on, till the student shall have acquired habitual facility in applying these forms to cases pointed out or devised by his professional instructor. Nor must he omit Deeds of Foefment, Mortgages, Marriage-settlements, Devises, Contracts, Submissions, and Awards of Arbitration, in sufficient variety to enable him to draw them instanter, if required; and it happens very often that this readiness *is* required by clients who are in haste.

In a seaport town, Cooper's Justinian, Brown's Elements of Civil and Admiralty Law, Pothier on Obligations and Insurance (French), Condy's Marshall on Insurance, Chitty on Bills of Exchange, Hall's Treatise on Admiralty Jurisdiction, Duponceau's Bynkershoeck on the Laws of War, Burlamaqui, Vattel, Ward, Martens and Chitty on the Law of Nations, should enter

into a course of study; with the Reports of Sir James Marriot, Robinson, and Judge Peters, for consultation.

The reporters must be read as occasion calls for them during actual practice; for a body of cases extending through upwards of 300 volumes abroad, and half that number at home, is too voluminous for any purpose but consultation. In reading these, remember, that a Lawyer is not bound by any obiter dictum volunteered from the bench; nor by any nisi prius decision, however acquiesced in, where law is so expensive as in England. I think the latest reporters should be read first.

I would greatly abridge the above course of study *if I could.* I cannot. It ought to be gone through. Other practitioners may, and do, and will prefer other modifications and arrangements of a course of legal reading; I can only give, being asked, what appears to me under existing circumstances, the most eligible.

When a young man goes as a student into the office of a practitioner, his instructor ought to examine him regularly once a week.

In England, the most approved course, I believe, is to read elementary authors diligently, for at least a year; then to go for three years into a special pleader's office; then to delay being called to the bar, for the purpose of practising as a special pleader under the bar (as it is called,) for three years more. This lays a sure foundation for extensive practice, when called to the bar, as it ensures a regular set of customers during the three years of practice, at half the fees usually taken by barristers. In this mode, seven years are in fact dedicated to the common law branch of the profession. Such are the notions of study in that country, where superficial attainment is of no value.

ART. X.—*Quarrels of Authors. Mr. Southey and Lord Byron.*

IN the preface to the Vision of Judgment, a strange poem in English hexameters, Mr. Southey made the following remarks, in reference no doubt to Lord Byron and his imitators.

"For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the ———. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more

enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and, thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of consequence he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pandar of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called *the Satanic School;* for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

"This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners,* that, 'the

* South.

destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.' There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist..... a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

"Let the rulers of the state look to this in time! But, to use the words of South, if "our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it,...the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what he by miracle only can prevent!"

Lord Byron at once perceived at whom these deadly thrusts were aimed, and he lost no time in returning the attack. In an appendix to *the Two Foscari*, we find the following passages:

"Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the legislature 'to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the 'Satanic School.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastile, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any such writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the concurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—(the first I mean)—what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer. Acts—acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

"I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and pensions for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty

tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley?* One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without religion. We shall be told of *France* again; but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The Church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the Sectarians, and not by the Sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water-in the pale sun beam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed they are persecuted—*that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

"Mr. Southey, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated 'death-bed repentance' of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant 'Vision of Judgment,' in prose as well as in verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S's sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a 'death-bed' to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the 'diabolical pride' which this pitiful renegado in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether, upon the whole, the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, 'in my degree,' have done more real good in any one year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turn-coat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of an hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the *only* act of *my* life, of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

"I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others; they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* 'death-bed' may be, it is not my province to predicate; let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at

once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow-creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apothesis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the Regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note* from a work of a Mr. Landon, the author of 'Gebir,' whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, "be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.' *I*, for one, neither envy him 'the friendship' nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thellusson's fortune in the third or fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in 'English Bards') person said 'would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then.' For the present I leave him."

Mr. Southey's rejoinder, appeared in one of the daily Journals, which follows:

To the Editor of the London Courier.

Sir,—Having seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply, through the medium of your Journal.

I come at once to his Lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that "Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland, (in 1817) scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others." To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial.*

If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed a hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Gerambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part, in speaking of his Lordship: and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him, would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guildford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every body would stare, no one would wonder. But,

* This refers to a note which we omitted as irrelevant to the subject. Ed. P. F.

making no enquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying tree at Alpnacht, and the eleven thousand virgins at Cologne—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

Once, and once only, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and, as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the *Quarterly Review*, speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said, "it was the scene where Lord Byron's *Manfred* met the devil and bullied him—though the devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself, than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him."

With regard to the "others," whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the Album, at Mont-Auvert, with an avowal of Atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave, as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

> How easily is a noble spirit discern'd
> From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
> In contumelies, makes a noise and stinks!
>
> B. Jonson.

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence, and the offender, are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind—not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the *Vision of Judgment*. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings, with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stript it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves—against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is not an appellation which will stick, like that of *the Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work?* I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled—what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind—and then re-issued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time has been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a Court of Justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the ——. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no "damned spot" upon them—no taint, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten."

Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphæus, the author of *Don Juan*. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of their country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader* ANSWERS. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliah in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. Take it down who can!

One word of advice to Lord Byron, before I conclude.—When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper will be obliged to *keep tune*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 5th Jan. 1822.

ART. XI.—*Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania. By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.* 2 *vols.* 4*to.* 1820.

ON the first of May, 1813, Mr. Hughes beheld the classic shores of Sicily, and the fantastic summits of the semicircle of mountains that surrounds the "golden shell" in which the city of Palermo is represented by Sicilian poetry as set like a pearl. Palermo has been often and well described: but we must quote Mr. Hughes's picture of the abortive experiment of a political regeneration, which was so inauspiciously made in that island.

'No words can describe the scenes which daily occurred upon the introduction of the representative system in Sicily. The house of parliament, neither moderated by discretion nor conducted with dignity, bore the semblance of a receptacle for lunatics, instead of a council-room for legislators; and the disgraceful scenes so often enacted at the hustings in England, were here transferred to the very floor of the senate. As soon as the president had proposed the subject for debate, and restored some degree of order from the confusion of tongues that followed, a system of crimination and recrimination was invariably commenced by several speakers, accompanied with such furious gesticulations and hideous contortions of countenance, such bitter taunts and personal invectives, that blows generally ensued: this was the signal for universal uproar; the president's voice was unheeded and unheard; the whole house arose, and partisans of different antagonists mingled in the affray, when the ground was literally seen covered with combatants, kicking, biting, scratching, and exhibiting all the evolutions and manœuvres of the old Pancratic contests. Such a state of things could not be expected to last a long time: indeed this constitutional synod was dissolved in the very first year of its creation, and martial law established. The fault of the British government seems to have consisted in this, that it went too far for the furtherance of tranquillity, and not far enough for the security of civil liberty: it endeavoured to make a representative government amalgamate with feudal rights, ecclesiastical privileges, and a wretched system of bigotry and intoler-

ance. Either it ought to have first levelled these obstructions before it built up the sacred edifice of freedom, or have contented itself with introducing some practical reform into the established system of Sicilian legislature. For instance, it might have obliged the nominal authorities to correct their worst abuses, to abolish certain rights and tenures relating to the non-alienation of land, to reform the police, the courts of justice, and the iniquitous tribunal of patrimony, to destroy monopolies, and abrogate the odious corn-laws, which not only deprive the agriculturist of his fair reward, but press upon the people more heavily than those of the Romans under the administration of the infamous Verres. These, or some of these advantages might have remained to our unfortunate allies at the conclusion of the war, whereas that constitution, so beautiful in theory, which rose at once, like a fairy-palace, to perfection, vanished also like that baseless fabric without having left a trace of its existence.'

Mr. H. gives a deplorable picture of Sicilian manners, and represents the amusements of Palermo as dull and insipid. A suite of rooms is there called the conversazione, like *lucus a non lucendo*, no conversation ever taking place in them, but the building being a temple dedicated to gaming and intrigue; the husband losing his money at the table, and his wife recovering it by the sale of her charms. The author deduces this mischief from the vices of female education. Girls rush into society at an early and inexperienced age from the gloomy restraints of a convent, with minds wholly uninstructed and vacant; and marriage is regarded as an affair of traffic. 'A young lady,' he says, 'was offered to my friend with less ceremony than a horse would be submitted to a person desirous to purchase.' The higher classes also practise the most degrading familiarity with their inferiors; a nobleman of the first rank being frequently found seated between his cook and his butler, to enjoy a social chat in the evening: while both sexes spit without ceremony on the drawing-room floor,* and carry off confectionary and other fragments in their pockets. It may be supposed that literature and science are at the lowest ebb; and there are more antiquarians than scholars, and more pedants than either. Inebriety rarely occurs, but the stiletto is still used by the populace, who are unrestrained by any police. When the most atrocious crimes are committed, no measure is taken for the detection of the perpetrators, but justice is put up to auction.

After a month's residence in Palermo, the author visited the magnificent site of the ancient Agrigentum, once the most flourishing of the Greek colonies. The Agrigentines built, according to a saying of their own Empedocles, as if they were to live for ever, and lived as if they expected to die to-morrow. Mr. Hughes examined with the eye of a scholar the splendid ruins which attest the former grandeur of the city; particularly the remains of a temple dedicated to Hercules, which in size and

* A disgusting practice, which, we are sorry to say, is not confined to Sicily. Ed. P. F.

plan resembled the Athenian Parthenon. At a slight distance from these ruins, are the vestiges of a large building raised on pilasters, which, from its vicinity to the sea, (a circumstance mentioned by Cicero,) he conjectures to have been part of the ancient forum of that great commercial city: but, of all the edifices which adorned Agrigentum, none surpassed in grandeur and magnificence the temple of Olympian Jupiter. This mighty monument of human genius seems to have been built for eternity: yet by that strange chance, which so often confounds the devices of man, every trace of it has nearly disappeared. As to its extent and ornaments, Mr. H. cites Polybius and Diodorus. It was hypæthral, and on the vast pilasters of the cella stood enormous statues, representing the giants who had been vanquished in the Titanic war; and who were here made to sustain, after the manner of caryatids, the entablature of the temple. Hence the city-arms of Girgenti, three giants supporting a tower, derive their origin. Three of these caryatids (Mr. Hughes errs in giving this appellation to male statues) remained till the year 1401, when they fell, owing to the shameful neglect of the inhabitants.

Two elegant columns of the temple of Vulcan, the locality of which Mr. Hughes has identified from Pliny and Solinus; two conical hills, including a beautiful plain of turf between them, the spot assigned by tradition for the exercise of those noble Agrigentine steeds which so often carried the Olympic prizes; and the celebrated Piscina, a vast reservoir, dug out by the Carthaginian prisoners who were taken in the battle of Himera; are the chief objects on the southern barrier of Agrigentum. A little above the conflux of the Hypsas and Acragas, which flow into the ancient port, are some remains of the temple of Escalapius, of which the site is accurately determined by Polybius. From this spot, the ruins on the southern precipice appear like monuments on the proscenium of an immense theatre. On a part of the plain near the city, enormous fragments may be seen of those celebrated walls which were so immense that they were used for sepulchres, and turned into a vast mural cemetery. In one fragment alone, Mr. Hughes counted twenty-three sarcophagi. For the other antiquities of this interesting spot, we refer to the work, and particularly to the learned illustrations contained in the notes, which constitute no slight portion of its value.

The modern city of Girgenti, which stands on the summit of Mount Camicus, is meanly built, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants. In the cathedral are some fine remains of antiquity; and among others a sarcophagus, of which the animated sculpture is supposed to represent the death of Phintias, a tyrant of Agrigentum, who was killed in a wild-boar chase. Of this monument we have now some exquisite casts in the British Museum. As the whole city does not contain an inn fit for the accommoda-

tion even of an Hottentot, Mr. Hughes and his companion accepted the hospitality of the venerable Padre Scrivani, sub-prior of the Dominican convent; and he speaks with a degree of liberality of the Sicilian ecclesiastics that does him honour. 'The annual stipend of our host,' he says, 'did not exceed 45 dollars; the daily fare in the refectory was a little shell-fish, eggs, salad, and bread; wine being moderately used, and meat rarely seen. Out of their scanty revenues, the monks make a daily distribution of bread and soup to the poor, and afford lodging to those who would otherwise depend upon casual benevolence.'

Mr. Hughes next directed his course towards Syracuse, where he was housed in a comfortable inn, the *Leon d'oro*, near the edge of the great harbour; over which it commands a delightful prospect, bounded by the crags of Epipolæ and the Hyblæan mountains. Early in the morning, he flew on the wings of impatience to the fountain of Arethusa. The ancient Greek legend of this far-famed fount seems to be still preserved among the popular traditions of the country. In answer to his inquiries,

'One good woman wishing to impart all the information in her power, with much naiveté and a variety of gesture, repeated to me a long story about a beautiful signorina, who being persecuted by a magician, fled to the fountain and drowned herself: that her pursuer coming up and finding her dead body, out of revenge changed the water from sweet to bitter; and then threw himself into the sea, where the waves have been in a state of perturbation ever since. She directed me to look over the wall into the great harbour. I turned towards an angle of the bastion, and perceived a strong ebullient spring rising violently to the surface.

'Few things are more extraordinary than this blind belief of the ancients in the incredible story of Alpheus and Arethusa: poets indeed are licensed persons, and regular traders in fiction since the world began; but when so grave a character as Pliny assures us seriously, in a treatise upon natural philosophy, that the garlands of conquerors and the dung of victims at the Olympian games, when thrown into the Alpheus, re-appeared at Syracuse in the fountain of Arethusa, it is impossible to forbear smiling at the philosophy of antiquity. The origin of the fable is difficult to be accounted for; perhaps it may be referred to the lively genius and imagination which distinguished the Greeks, joined to that natural attachment of the mind to whatever in a foreign country recals to its recollection the beauties of our native land. At Pisa in Arcadia, was a beautiful spring from which two streams issued, called Alpheus and Arethusa; the Ortygion colonists observing a submarine stream in the island, for that of Arethusa is found to flow under the small harbour where it branches out in different directions, invented the fable, and applied the old names to this newly-discovered favourite: the story grew, and Arethusa increased in fame with the celebrity of Syracuse.'

In the national museum, Mr. H. was chiefly attracted by an exquisite torso of Venus, discovered in 1804. The goddess appears ascending from the bath, and with her left hand folding the drapery round her body: but the head and the right arm are broken. A dolphin and a *concha marina* are sculptured on the pedestal. The whole is six feet high, of the finest Parian marble; and the beauty of its design, together with its high finish,

marks it as of the first order. The author thinks that extensive excavations would bring to light many treasures of ancient art; for Syracuse abounded in baths, which were repositories of the choicest sculpture.—We regret that we cannot follow the intelligent traveller to the numerous antiquities of this celebrated spot; nor even offer an abridgement of his compendious history of Syracuse. After a series of mournful vicissitudes, the population of this memorable city has dwindled to 12,000: its streets are narrow and dirty, its nobles poor, and its commonalty ignorant, superstitious, and lazy: while the commerce which once filled "its marble port" with the vessels of Italy, Rhodes, and Carthage, is now carried on by a few *trabaccole*. Nature has poured her bounties with a prodigal hand around Syracuse: but man is changed; his liberty is lost; and with its liberty, the genius and prosperity of a nation rises, sinks, and is extinguished.

Acradina is a quarter of the ancient city called by Cicero, in his pleadings against Verres, "the second city." Vast and massive as its edifices were, scarcely a trace now remains to mark their scite: but Mr. Hughes observed considerable vestiges of that broad street mentioned by the orator, which ran across the Acradina. He descended also into the celebrated catacombs of San Giovanni.

'Various and discordant have been the opinions of the learned respecting the origin and primary use of these extraordinary works; a subject dark as the obscure pages to which it has given birth! the very jousting-place of antiquarian polemics, where the ground has been disputed inch by inch amongst veterans, who have ransacked the whole armoury of ancient literature for weapons to maintain the contest. These caverns then have been ascribed to the Syracusan Greeks, to the Romans, to the Greeks of the Lower Empire, to the Saracens, and to almost every people that have conquered Sicily: their design has been as variously turned into a general reservoir for the water of the aqueducts, a prison for the confinement of criminals, a den for the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, subterranean quarters for soldiers, and places of concealment for persecuted Christians.—I shall willingly subscribe to the opinion of those who refer the construction of this Necropolis to the Pagan Romans, for the purposes of a cemetery. I imagine also, that the only opinion which can stand its ground in opposition to this, is theirs who pronounce it to be either a cemetery or a lautomia of the Syracusan Greeks; for surely such extensive works as these must have been executed before the wealth and population of Syracuse was reduced by foreign invasions, or by long oppression; nor can I think that any person of common sense would ever trouble himself to controvert the chimerical ideas of the barracks, the reservoir, the prison, and the den of wild beasts; or for an instant suppose that a party of poor persecuted Christians, few in number as well as indigent in resources, could have excavated a large subterranean city in the very face of their persecutors, or could have concealed themselves in it, if they had effected so curious an undertaking. To return, therefore, to the pretensions of the ancient Greeks; over which this single circumstance casts a deep shadow of doubt in my mind, that I have never been able, after the most diligent search, to find the slightest allusion to these catacombs in any classical author, although the monuments of few cities have been more specifically detailed than those of Syracuse, and the work in question is of magnitude and importance enough

to have secured it from neglect: to which, indeed, it may be replied, that they are, in fact, alluded to under the denomination either of Lautomiæ, or Sepulchres. To this I answer, that if they are lautomiæ, they are an exception to all practice here or elsewhere, nor do I think that any people in their wits (and the Syracusans are said to have had sharp ones) would have cut their stone quarries into such figures and shapes, and that in two tiers or stories, as would, by the great increase of time and labour, have made every block of stone when brought to the light worth nearly its weight in silver; no, not for the double advantage of possessing the caverns afterwards as catacombs for the dead; for I wonder no one has ever urged this point, instead of asserting that their primary object was that of sepulture. In fact the Greeks did not require such spacious tombs; they generally burned the corpses of their deceased, and this custom is evident from all the detached sepulchres remaining at Syracuse and other Grecian cities, which are small in general, and contain niches for cinerary urns; neither did it suit the habits and manners of this lively people, to form such gloomy receptacles of such immeasurable dimensions, nor is there a single example of it in any Grecian city which was not a Roman colony, and if Syracuse had set an example so contrary to general usage, it would surely have been noticed in the pages of Cicero, Diodorus, or Plutarch. But on the contrary, the Romans delighted in such works, of which there exist specimens both in cities purely Italian, as at Rome, and in Grecian cities colonized by the Romans, as at Naples.—The ancient Syracusans were comparatively free even under the worst of their tyrants, and it would have been difficult to have procured their concurrence and assistance in so laborious an undertaking, neither necessary for their comfort or security, nor agreeable to their nature and customs; but the Romans were despotic masters, they had only to command, and the others must obey; they could force the whole population to labour without fee or reward; and that they did execute works of great magnitude in this very city, there is proof in the remains of a spacious amphitheatre, a species of building peculiarly Roman, unknown to the Greeks, and foreign to their taste. For these reasons, therefore, I would refer the origin of the catacombs to the Roman conquerors of Syracuse, in the period between its colonization by Augustus and the division of the empire.'

For a plan of Syracuse and its several quarters of Acradina, Neapolis, and Tycha, the reader will consult Mr. Hughes's map; which seems to have been executed with great care and accuracy, and will give a better idea of the city than many pages of description. We must also refer to his plan of the celebrated ancient fortress called Hexapylon, constructed by the noted Dionysius for the defence of Epipolæ; and of which the remains excited unqualified admiration from several officers of the Anglo-Sicilian army, as a specimen of military architecture. Mr. H. visited the celebrated lautomia, called by the Sicilians *il Paradiso*, from its delightful coolness. The most curious object in this subterraneous paradise is the grotto called the Ear of Dyonysius. He properly ridicules the absurd tradition relative to this cavern; which is, however, to all appearance, constructed in the form of the human ear, and is endued with some remarkable properties of sound. With regard to Dionysius, he justly remarks that, although the character of that prince has been sufficiently blackened in the party-writings transmitted to posterity, this circumstance has been omitted in all of them; and he adds it, therefore, to the list of vulgar errors. Those readers, who are desirous of

examining into the character of this celebrated man, may consult the able defence of him in the fifth volume of Mr. Mitford's History of Greece.—Determined to ascertain the probability of the fact, and observing a large hole in the rock, near the top of the entrance, Mr. H. and his companions consulted as to the best method of ascent.

'It was soon agreed to tie a rope, with a pulley attached, to a tree which appeared upon the edge of a precipice immediately above the cavern; over the pulley another strong rope was then thrown, by which each person of the party was drawn up to the aperture, seated astride upon a cross-stick: the height to which we were elevated was about seventy feet; the greatest difficulty arose in disengaging ourselves from the stick to creep into the hole: this however being effected, we were soon convinced of the improbability of the tradition: the chamber, as it is called, is an extremely small recess, which was quite filled by our party, and is nothing more than the termination or finish of a long circuitous channel, or mechanical contrivance, about six feet deep, which runs along the top of the whole cavern, and to which there does not appear the slightest trace of any external access before this hole was broken in the rock; neither is the whisper or voice of a person below heard so distinct as when the listener is below also, though the sound is full as loud: a small cannon which was fired off at the bottom made a report like that of thunder. Having descended without any accident, we made several experiments upon the power of this cavern in conveying and increasing sound. The whisper of a person at the farthest extremity is heard very distinctly by a listener at the entrance applying his ear to the wall, provided the whisperer speak slowly and distinctly, and at the same time bring his mouth nearly in contact with the side of the grotto: a very low whisper is heard only as an indistinct murmur; the full voice is drowned in the confusion of the echoes. The voices of several persons speaking at the same time are as unintelligible as the cackling of geese.—The most agreeable effect produced was by the notes of a German flute, the finest by a bugle-horn; the sound in both instances being multiplied till it appeared almost like a band of music. I think, therefore, upon the whole, that the reader will agree with me in considering these experiments unfavourable to the common tradition, and that the prisoners must have been well tutored beforehand to have sustained their parts in the drama.—If I were to form an opinion upon the subject, I should incline to consider it as an experiment in acoustics by some ingenious mechanic of the school of Archimedes, who found this rock better suited to his purpose than that which was first attempted in the garden of the Capuchins.'

We cannot accompany the author to Catania, nor follow him in his ascent of Mount Etna: but his description of the magnificent prospect from its summit surpasses in beauty and fidelity every delineation, not excepting that of Brydone, with which we are acquainted. The party had accomplished their ascent about a quarter of an hour before sunrise.

'Anxious expectation more than doubled the time in which we waited for the appearance of the sun; but we felt none of those unpleasant sensations in a difficulty of respiration, which are said to arise from the tenuity of the atmosphere, and of which many travellers have complained: at this amazing altitude the mind seems more affected than the body; the spirit appears elevated by the change, and, dismissing those cares and passions which disturb its serenity below, rises from the contemplation of this sublime scenery to the adoration of its divine Architect.

'At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary of day; and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported, as it were, on a

throne of golden clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky his rays glittered on the mountain-tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. This effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the island may be descried, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast, with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not on this account doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so: the Lipari isles were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere; as also was the Calabrian coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chesnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable: on the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and to beautify the ground.'

Passing by the traveller's interesting visit to Messina, we accompany him to the island of Zante (Zacynthus,) where he anchored on the 25th of September; and his description of which is the best that we recollect in any book of travels. The city of Zante spreads its arms like a crescent around its beautiful bay; and, in the softness and elegance of its scenery, it is surpassed by no other town in the Ionian sea. It has one good street, which follows the winding of the bay. The inhabitants are about 12,000, or two-fifths of the whole population of the island; of which the circumference is 70, the length 21, and the breadth 18 miles. It contains 61 villages and hamlets, many of which are charmingly disposed in the retreating foulds of mountain-ridges, where groves of myrtle, vine, and olive, still entitle it to the appellation of "*Nemorosa Zacynthus.*" Its wine is justly celebrated through Greece, and its oil is delicious:—but the chief article of exportation consists of its currants, of which 80,000 cwt. are annually sent to England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany.

Owing to the terrible incursions of barbarians in the middle ages, scarcely any antiquities have been discovered in the island. The supposed tomb of Cicero, first observed in 1544, Mr. Hughes justly treats as spurious; and indeed, if it were not opposed by so many probabilities, the form of the letters in the inscription would be a conclusive refutation of the hypothesis. Had Zacynthus been the place of his interment, it is not to be supposed that it would so long have remained a secret; since the incident of his death, says Middleton, continued fresh in the minds of the Romans for many ages, and was delivered down to posterity as one of the most affecting events of their history: so that the spot on which it happened seems to have been visited by travellers with a species of religious veneration.—We hail with pleasing omens the establishment of a free press at Zante,—one of the most unequivocal of the various blessings which British protection imparted to the island; and we are told that the Ionian Ephemeris, or Zante Gazette, embracing both literary and po-

litical topics, had already obtained an extensive circulation. We cordially agree with the spirit and principles of the author's remark on this interesting subject:

'With regard to the Ionian republic itself we may augur the happiest consequences, if the plan of amelioration advances step by step; and that in time it may extend to that unfortunate race, occupants of the soil, if not legitimate descendants of those heroes whose very names shed a blaze of glory over the land, which contains their ashes. There never was a people that had so strong a claim to the sympathy of the world, as the modern Greeks.'

With these reflections, our traveller crosses the Ionian waves to the shores of the ancient Peloponnesus. For the reasons already stated, we cannot suffer him to detain us in *Grecia propria*, every spot of which has already been so amply elucidated by Clarke and Dodwell: but strict justice urges us to remark that he is not inferior in accurate description, ingenuity of hypothesis, and critical learning, to either of those travellers; while in feeling and sentiment, and in a lively sensibility to the moral and physical charms which strew the path as it were of the classical pilgrim in that country, we think that he far surpasses them. We cannot abstain from quoting his remarks on the delightful vicinity of the Cephissus. Our readers are probably aware that Colonos, the birth-place of Sophocles, and the scene of that most beautiful drama in which the blind and unhappy Œdipus, guided by his daughter, seats himself as an humble suppliant to the humane Athenians, is on the banks of that classic stream; and those who admire the stile and manner of the French Anacharsis will not be displeased at the raptures which Mr. H. felt in visiting this charming spot.

'After searching in vain for the monument of Plato, we arrived at the banks of the Cephissus, the ancient rival of Ilissus, and its superior in point of utility, flowing through the rich and fertile plains which it still adorns with verdure, fruits, and flowers. A scene more delightful can scarcely be conceived than the gardens on its banks which extend from the site of the academy up to the very hills of Colonos. All the images in that exquisite Chorus of Sophocles, where he dilates with so much rapture upon the beauties of his native place, may still be verified. The crocus, the narcissus, and a thousand flowers still mingle their various dyes and impregnate the atmosphere with odours: the descendants of those ancient olives upon which the eye of Morian Jupiter was fixed in vigilant care, still spread their broad arms and form a shade impervious to the sun: in the opening of the year the whole grove is vocal with the melody of the nightingale, and at its close the purple clusters, the glory of Bacchus, hang around the trelliswork, with which the numerous cottages and villas are adorned. Oranges, apricots, peaches, and figs, but especially the latter, are produced here of the most superior flavour; and at the time I wandered through this delightful region, it was glittering with golden quinces weighing the branches down to the ground, and beautifully contrasted with the deep scarlet of the pomegranates which had burst their confining rind: nor can any thing be more charming than the views which continually present themselves to the eye through vistas of dark foliage: on one hand the temple-crowned Acropolis, Hymettes, Anchesmus, and Pentelicus—on the other the fine wavy outlines of Corydalus, Ægaleos, and Parnes:

> Dives et Ægaleos nemorum Parnesque benignus
> Vitibus,

This terrestrial paradise owes its beauty and fertility to the Cephissus, from whose perennial fountains it is irrigated, and over whose innumerable rills those soft breezes blow, which, according to the ancient muse, were wafted by the Cytherean queen herself:

Καλλίναον δ' ἵππιον ῥοαῖς
Τὰν Κύπρις ἁλίζωνον ἀρδομέναν χθόνα
καταπνεύσαις
μούσας ἀνάμολπον
ἁδυπνοῖς αὔραις. Eurip. Med. 835.

But let the incautious stranger beware: death hovers in the balmy breeze, and the smiling atmosphere is pregnant with destruction: the malaria, that pest of southern Europe, lurks amidst these delicious retreats; and if one slept but for a night within the precincts of the academy, that sleep might be his last. Thus it was of old: the constitution of Plato suffered severely from the effects of the atmosphere where he had planted his school: to the remonstrances of his physicians and friends the philosopher replied, that the health of his soul would be improved by the mortification of his body: a speech unworthy of his exalted mind, and one which sunk him to the level of a cœnobite or ascetic.

'The course of the Cephissus brought us to some picturesque mills in the vicinity of Colonos, where the ground is extremely rich and fertile, well watered by springs and fountains, according to the description of that poet who not only knew how to touch the chords of sympathy in the human heart, but could transfer into his verses the brilliant scenery of his native country, glowing as under its own resplendent sun.'

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Art. XII.—*On National Greatness.*

Not far from my humble retreat, lives the venerable Henry Sanford, one of those few men who still retrace the unaffected dignity and amiable innocence of those times, so justly regretted, when modest worth derived its principal lustre from its simplicity, and, to inspire universal respect, wanted not the adventitious splendor of name or office, and still less the pageantry of wealth. Mr. Sanford was once a member of the bar. Industry, talents, eloquence, and particularly integrity, marked his professional course; and the esteem of his country soon raised him to the bench. For several years, he was eminently distinguished as an upright and able magistrate. Infirmities compelled him to resign; he then retired to an hereditary farm, which he has considerably improved; and where health, affluence, and content, smile on his old age. As his life has flowed in a gentle, uniform stream, equally unruffled by the tempests of the passions and those of adversity, his declining days are serene and tranquil; he looks on approaching death with a fearless eye, considering it as one of the necessities of our nature, and as a transition to a better existence. His sweetest enjoyment is the love of his neighbours, to whom he gives legal advice in their eventual differences. They often choose him to arbitrate and determine between them.

As he always inclines to conciliatory measures, he has more than once had the pure satisfaction of preventing law suits, from which ruin and misery might have resulted.—"Happier in himself," as Flechier says of the illustrious Lamoignon, "and, perhaps, greater in the sight of God, when, on a turf-bench, at the extremity of a darksome alley, he has secured the peace of some poor family, than when on one of the first seats of justice, he decided the most splendid fortunes."

The agricultural industry of Mr. Sanford is not only that of the individual; it is also that of the patriot. He sees in the fertility of our soil natural riches far superior to the metals which represent them. He knows the influence of morals on the fate of nations, and the reaction of luxury upon morals. In a visit which I paid to him lately, we talked of our internal prosperity. I complacently expatiated on the various indications of our political growth. "Heaven forbid," exclaimed the sage, "that I should view with indifference any thing that tends to gratify our national feelings, or to swell the current of our hopes. The almost incredible ratio which marks the periodical increase of our citizens; the progressive vigour of our agriculture; the energetic struggles of our commerce against both open violence and disguised hostility; in short, all the symptoms of maturity and health in the social body, are for me so many subjects of patriotic exultation. Yet, I must confess it, whilst I fervently and sincerely share in the joy which flows from those sources of prosperity, I cannot forbear exclaiming, all this, alas! is not enough! Do the happiness and strength of nations necessarily and essentially depend on numbers? If so, how were the invading hordes of Persia crushed by a handful of Greek patriots? How were the Romans, single-handed, able to grasp, and to wield for several ages, the sceptre of universal empire? How could a comparatively small army of Mantchou-Tartars subjugate the almost countless swarms of China? And why the lamentable scenes of misery and degradation which almost every point of her surface presents? Again, is commerce a sure pledge of general prosperity, I mean, of that prosperity which resembles not the dazzling and fugitive meteor, but like a fixed star of the first magnitude, shines with mild and permanent radiance? In the treasures which it pours into the lap of a country, will that country find the bulwark of her civil liberties, the palladium of her political independence? Alas, no! To be convinced of this we need not wander amid the melancholy ruins of Tyre, Carthage, and Palmyra; we need not even retrace the less distantly eclipsed glories of Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Portugal, and Spain; let us only look at modern Holland....! What country ever displayed more industry, more activity, more enterprise? Or could ever boast of greater commercial successes? Yet how transient her late splendour! and how deplorable her present destiny!——It is

not enough, then, that we count our millions and ten millions of citizens; it is not enough that abundance smiles on our fields and cities; that commerce superadds to our native comforts the luxuries of distant climes. Population, Agriculture, Commerce, in short, all the ramifications of social industry, are vivifying principles for a state, but in as much as they are connected with virtue. Virtue is the soul of the body politic, and the "wealth of nations consists in their riches much less than in their morals."

"This maxim is I know, repugnant to the systems of our modern economists. In their scale, physical man is a giant, and moral man little else than a pigmy. To produce a world, Epicurus required only motion and atoms. Modern economists are no less easily satisfied. Give them a fruitful soil, robust and numerous labourers, materials of industry, circulating metals, manufactures, commerce, a navy; they want no more; with these elements they think themselves able to erect a fabric of national prosperity equally splendid and durable."

"The researches of those writers are deep, extensive, valuable; yet, I cannot entirely acquiesce in theories that ascribe so much to mere physical agents. *Animi imperio, corporis servitio magis utimur.* The loftiness, the magnificence, the symmetry, the solidity of the social edifice appear to me to depend on moral agency still more than on the use of physical forces. I look neither for an Eldorado, nor for an Utopia; yet, I should be better pleased with the latter. Public felicity is, no doubt, a compound, resulting from the combination of various elements; but in this combination, moral principles must predominate. In effect, interrogate history, listen to the experience of past ages. They will inform you that real greatness, liberty, glory, universal happiness have ceased to be the lot of extensive empires, of rich and populous nations, as soon as these have been without morals and virtue; whereas they have permanently resided in States, poor and inconsiderable, perhaps, but whose inhabitants were full of respect for the laws, of veneration for the Deity, of love for their country; indefatigable in labour; firm in danger, unshaken in adversity, conscious of their dignity, as men and as citizens; resolved to maintain national honour, or to bury themselves under its ruins; and, above all, trusting for the issue of every noble and manly undertaking, in that God, who has willed that nations should be free only as long as they should be virtuous."

"It was upon such a basis especially, and not upon mere financial supports, that ancient legislators founded their admirable policy. They did not consider gold as the only, or even as the principal nerve of a state. No; their chief reliance was on the sublime instincts of man, and on his moral perfectibility. To develop, improve, and cherish the innate germs of excellence, was their principal care. See how ably their masterly hand

employed the powerful levers of sentiment! with what art they could kindle the divine flame of genius, or excite the noble enthusiasm of virtue! In their governments, every thing spoke to the heart with resistless energy. The public mind was influenced, not by deception or force, but by the ascendency of patriotism, and the prevalence of generous affections. It was by means like these, that Greece and Rome rose to the highest degree of splendour and glory. We must look for the secret of their strength in those civil and political institutions, which seemed to swell the frame, and to aggrandize the soul of their citizens; in the attention which they paid to education, as an important object of national concern; in the religious temper which so honourably characterized them; in the majesty of their national solemnities; in the splendour of their triumphal honours, and of their popular games; and above all, in that homage which poetry, eloquence, music, painting and sculpture, emulously offered to departed heroes and sages. They fell, but fell not before they relinquished the path which genius and virtue had traced for them."

Here my venerable friend stopped—

"Trite ideas! empty declamation! common place morality!" may sneeringly observe, upon reading his remarks, some disciple of the new school; a school which professes eternally to argue and calculate, and never to feel; which subjects the human heart to the scalpel, or throws it into the crucible; and, by a pretended philosophical analysis, robs man of his noblest motives and best hopes, and society of its strongest pillars.—Be it so! Let such ideas appear trite, if intrinsically useful; antiquated, if consistent with the immutable principles of truth and nature! I can assure my readers, that Henry Sanford is proud, not ashamed of this *moral rust of antiquity!*

ART. XIII.—*Extracts from the Second Canto of Don Juan, with corresponding passages from a work entitled "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," in 3 vols.*

27.

At one o'clock *the wind with sudden shift*
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward drift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Hole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy
The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found. *Lord Byron.*

27.

Night came on, worse than the day had been, *and a sudden shift of wind*, about midnight, *threw the ship into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern-frame.* The pumps *were immediately sounded*, and in the course of a few minutes *the water had increased to four feet deep.*

Loss of the ship Hercules.

28.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,
But they could not come *at the leak* as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet;
The water rushed through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin

29.

Into the opening! but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, *and they must have gone down,*
Despite of all their efforts and expedients
But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother-tars that may have need hence;
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

30.

As day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
And then the leak they reckoned to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, &c.
A gust, which all descriptive power transcends,
Laid, with one blast, the ship on her beam-ends.

31.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and washed the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget, &c.

32.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast followed, but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they

28.

One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people were employed in getting up rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over, to come at the leak if possible. After three or four hundred bags were thrown into the sea, *we did get at it*, and found *the water rushing into the ship* with astonishing rapidity; *therefore we thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin*, and every thing of the like description *into the opening.* *ib.*

29.

Notwithstanding *the pumps discharged fifty tons of water an hour, the ship must certainly have gone down*, had not our expedients been attended with some success. The pumps, to the excellent construction of which I owe my life, *were made by Mr. Mann, of London.* *ib.*

30.

As the next day advanced, the weather appeared to moderate, the men continued incessantly at the pumps, and every exertion was *made to keep the ship afloat.* *ib.*

Scarce was this done, *when a gust, exceeding in violence every thing* of the *kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam ends.*

Loss of Centaur man of war.

31.

The water forsook the hold, and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to leeward, the ship lay motionless, and to all appearance irrecoverably overset. *ib.*

32.

Immediate directions were given to cut away the main and mizen masts, trusting, when the ship was righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards *the mizen mast went over first*, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, *the main mast followed.* I had next

Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted,)
And then with violence the old ship righted.

35.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols: and their fears,
As if death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire and water, spite of oaths and tears
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

36.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one an hour hence;" Juan answered "no!
'Tis true that death waits both for you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow.

38.

The vessel swam, *yet still she held her own,*
The stronger pump'd, the weaker *thrumm'd a sail,*

39.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect.

41.

But the ship laboured so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water.

42.

Again the weather threaten'd—again *blew*
A gale, and in the fore and after-hold
Water appear'd; yet though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,

the mortification *to see also the foremast and bowsprit go over.* On this the ship immediately righted. *ib.*

35.

A midshipman was appointed *to guard the spirit-room,* to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted *crew to die in a state of intoxication.* The sailors, though in other respects orderly in conduct, here pressed eagerly upon him:

Loss of Abergavenny E. Indiaman.

36.

"Give us some grog," they exclaimed," "it will be all one an hour hence." "I know we must die," replied the gallant officer, coolly, "but let us die like men;" armed with a brace of pistols he kept his post even while the ship was sinking. *ib.*

38.

However, by great exertion of the chain pump and bailing, *we held our own.* All who were not seamen by profession had been employed in *thrumming a sail,*

39.

which was past under the ship's bottom, and, I thought, had some effect

Loss of Centaur man of war.

41.

The Centaur laboured so much, that I could scarce hope she would swim till morning; our sufferings were very great for want of water.

42.

We had the mortification to find *the weather again threatened,* and by noon it *blew a storm.* The ship laboured greatly; *the water appeared in the fore and after-hold,* and increased. I was informed by the carpenter also, *that the leathers were nearly consumed,* and that the chains of the pumps by

Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:

43.

Then came the carpenter at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the Captain *he*
Could do no more:

44.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head;

45.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on
Their best clothes,
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out,

47.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet,
Water, a twenty gallon cask, or so,
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork,

48.

The other boats, *the yawl* and pinnace, had
Been stove, in the beginning of the gale:
And the long boat's condition was but bad,
And there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast.

50.

"Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle." *Lord Byron.*

51.

"At half-past eight o'clock, *booms, hen-coops, spars,* constant exertion and the friction, were rendered almost useless.

43.

At length the carpenter came up from below, and told the crew who were working at the pumps, *he could do no more* for them.

44.

I perceived the ship settling by the head. *ib.*

45.

Some appeared perfectly resigned, *went to their hammocks, and desired their mess-mates to lash them in.—ib.* The most prominent idea was that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes. The boats, of which we had three, *were got over the side.* *ib.*

47.

Eight bags of rice, six flasks of water, and a small quantity of salted beef and pork, were put into the long boat as provisions for the whole.
Wreck of the ship Sydney.

48.

The yawl was stove along side and sunk.
Loss of Centaur man of war.
One oar was erected for a main mast, and the other bent to the breadth of the blankets for a sail.
Loss of Wellington transport.

50.

"As rafts had been mentioned by the carpenter, I thought it right to make the attempt. It was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea as this."
Loss of Centaur man of war, p. 164.

51.

"*Spars, booms, hen-coops, and every thing* buoyant, was therefore *cast loose,*

And all things, for a chance, had been *cast loose*,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, altho' of no great use;
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a *lurch to port*,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short."

52.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild *farewell*,
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some *leap'd overboard* with *dreadfull yell*,
As eager to anticipate their grave; &c.

that the men might have some chance to save themselves, for the boats were at some distance.

Loss of Pandora frigate, p. 378.

"We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost."

Loss of Lady Hobart packet.

52.

"At this instant, one of the officers told the captain she was going down, and bidding him *farewell, leapt overboard*: the crew had just time to leap overboard, which they did, uttering a most *dreadful yell*."

Loss of Pandora frig. pp. 197–8.

Art. XIV.—*Literary Intelligence.*

A family circle can scarcely obtain a more gratifying relaxation, on a winter's evening, than that which is afforded by reading aloud the plays of Shakspere; but it would be more frequently indulged, if the license of the times in which they were produced had not occasioned the introduction of too many expressions and allusions, which would raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, if understood; or which, if not comprehended, might create inquiries that a gentleman would find rather difficult to solve. An edition, therefore, which, by expunging such objectionable passages, enables a reader boldly to proceed, without fear that the next sentence may bring him to an awkward *hiatus* is certainly a desirable accession to a family library. Such an edition has been recently published in London. The editor, however, (Thomas Bowdler, Esq.) has sometimes shown the truth of the old law, that the *nicest* person may have the *dirtiest* ideas, and has omitted many phrases as containing indelicacies which we cannot see, and of the guilt of which the bard, we think, is entirely innocent. In other cases, Mr. Bowdler seems to be rather fastidious in his alterations of a mere vulgarism that was appropriate to the character, and adapting in its place a *genteeler* word that has destroyed the spirit of the passage. The critical or religious and moral ideas of the editor seem also to be subject to some vicissitudes; for he expunges in one place as indelicate, words which in another he allows to stand, without any apparent reason for the alteration in his opinions.

Bliss & White, of New York, have re-published the beautiful *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, for a translation of which we are

indebted to the fine taste of *Mr. John Bowring*. Of the fidelity of these translations, we can form a judgment only from internal evidence; but we see no reason to doubt the validity of this test. They have an original and a foreign character; they present to us, very frequently, peculiarities of expression and new modifications of familiar thought, which mark their exotic origin; while, at the same time, there is a considerable variety of style preserved, which seems to bespeak that the translator has caught the spirit of his author.

E. Littel proposes to publish the *Philadelphia Magazine and Literary Review*, which will be commenced 1st. April, $9 yearly. In monthly numbers, of 100 pages each.

Hickman & *Hazard* offer a similar work, under the title of the *Columbian Observer; a Journal of Literature and Politics*. To be published every Saturday, in 8pp. 4to. at $3. per ann.

We take note of these projects, with very little expectation of seeing them realized. The history of every periodical work which has been established in Philadelphia, since the commencement of the present century, will show that men of ordinary industry and slender capital, may derive a greater reward for the employment of their time and money, by investments in standard works, instead of these fleeting and deceitful tomes, "which come like shadows—so depart." The remaining stock of the Analectic Magazine was sold recently for seven cents a volume in sheets, and that of the Literary Gazette, its successor, produced but 6¼ cents per pound! This is a warning to *magazineers*, which makes us tremble.

Mr. Graydon's Memoirs of his own life has been published in London in an 8vo. vol. of 431 pages, which is dedicated to our minister, Mr. Rush. The Literary Gazette speaks of it as a good personal narrative of the early events of the American contest. It relates so much to insignificant persons and things, says the critic, that however useful and entertaining many parts of it might be in America, they do not possess those qualities in Britain But as a specimen of prose composition, of a pleasant and gentleman-like style, of honourable sentiments and a sound impartial understanding, this memoir, in his opinion, deserves to be considered as one of the most able productions of the American press.

Mr. Southey is preparing for the press a third volume of the Remains of Henry Kirke White.

Mrs. Opie and Miss Porter will soon display some of the fine tissues of their active looms.

A letter from Glascow states that the Pirate will be speedily followed by another novel, entitled *The Fortune of Nigil*.—It is a Scotch story, connected with the history of G. Heriot, the founder of the hospital in Edinburgh,

The great and deserved success which attended the publication of *Lavoisne's Atlas*, has induced its enterprising publishers, Messrs. Carey & Lea, to prepare for the press an American Atlas on the same plan. It will contain the following maps:

An historical, geograghical, and statistical map of North America—Pantography of American History: exhibiting at one view the relative situation of the various states of America, from their first settlement to the present time, with a list of eminent characters and the periods in which they lived—Historical, geographical, and statistical map of Upper and Lower Canada, and the other British Possessions—Geographical map of the United States—Geographical and statistical map of the United States—Historical map of the United States from their settlement to the Declaration of Independence—Historical map of the United States from the Revolution to the present time—Chronological map of the United States from their settlement to the Declaration of Independence—Chronological map of the United States from the revolution to the present time—Historical, geographical, and statistical maps of each of the states and territories; to which will be added, maps of Florida, Mexico, the West Indies, Cuba and the Bahama Islands, Jamaica, Hispaniola, Porto Rico and the Virgin Isles, the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, South America, the Republic of Columbia, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Peru, Chili, Map and description of the principal Mountains throughout the World, Map and description of the principal rivers throughout the World.

The Atlas will contain fifty-three maps and the price will be twenty dollars;—a cheap consideration for so large a mass of useful information. We have examined several of these maps and do not hesitate to express the most decided approbation of the manner in which they are executed. In the geographical parts the most recent authorities seem to have been adopted; the engraver has done full justice by the accuracy of his burine, while the eye is gratified by the taste, variety and richness of the colouring. In the historical sections we perceive no lack of industry in the collection of materials, which are arranged with much perspicuity and simplicity. The author has wisely occupied the narrow limits which were necessarily assigned to him, by seizing and embodying all the prominent events in our history, leaving insignificant details to more minute compilers. He does not pretend to present any thing that is new, but to give us in a compendious form an useful collection of statistical, geographical, biographical, and historical miscellanea. This he has accomplished in a manner which gives him strong claims upon the public favour. We earnestly recommend the immediate introduction of this valuable compilation into all our seminaries of learning, as we know of no book of the kind that is likely to produce so much advantage.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XV.—*An Evening Ride.*

IN the autumn of last year, upon my return from an excursion into a distant county, I rode slowly, along the romantic banks of *** River, indulging in that melancholy, yet delightful *reverie*, into which autumnal scenes never fail to throw me, and stopping, now and then, to admire the picturesque objects around, when the venerable figure of an aged farmer, leaning against an ancient oak, whose branches partly projected over my path, suddenly caught my eye.

"Perhaps," says Blair, "the most complete assemblage of beautiful objects that can any where be found is presented by a rich natural landscape, where there is a sufficient variety of objects; fields in verdure, scattered trees, and flowers, running water, and animals grazing. If to these be joined some of the productions of art, which suit such a scene; as a bridge which arches over a river, smoke rising from the cottages in the midst of trees, and the distant view of a fine building by the rising Sun; we then enjoy, in the highest perfection, the gay, cheerful, and placid sensation, which characterizes beauty."

Thus far the Legislator of taste. I would have added: "A still superior charm, that of sentiment, will be spread over the landscape, if somewhere in the interesting group, be placed human beings, who, by their age, or any other circumstance, harmonize with the season of the year, and its concomitant scenery; for instance, if, on a vernal day, at the moment when, with brilliant tints of renewed vigour and beauty, nature emerges from the shades of night, some lovely child be seen, lightly tripping over the lawn in pursuit of the gay butterfly, or some rustic *Hebe* appear, gathering, as she crosses the flowery vale, the dewy blossoms of the wild rose, on the mossy banks of a transparent rill; or if, towards eve, in Autumn, some rural *Nestor* be found, seated, under a decayed tree, near the ruins of a monument, perhaps coeval with himself, and gazing, in expressive silence, on the glorious orb of the setting Sun, already half concealed below the western horizon."——Oh! there are few scenes in nature so ineffably moving as the last!—As, upon the occurrence which I have just related, I looked at the venerable unknown before me, I was forcibly struck by this impressive consonance between him and the surrounding objects. Only a few languid flowers now diversified the fading verdure, which here and there still mantled the skirts of the road. The evening breeze was scarcely heard to sigh through the adjacent woods, whose discoloured foliage seemed to be detached and scattered around me, by some invisible hand. The waves of the river, gently propelled by each other, silently expired on the sandy shore. The dying rays of the sun still impurpled the western sky, but their tints

were feeble, and evanescent. In short, the universal aspect of nature, at that moment, and in that place, presented none but images of weakness, languor, and decay.

Thus attuned for sympathy, I respectfully accosted the rural patriarch, and, after the ordinary compliments, entered into a more particular conversation with him.—The day was now rapidly drawing to its close.

"Do you see," said the good old man, "a solitary house, upon yon hill?"—"Yes"—"Well! follow me. Under my humble roof, you will find a frugal repast to recruit your exhausted strength, and a simple couch to enjoy repose."

Accustomed as I am to the unceremonious hospitality of our country, I accepted his offer, alighted from my horse, and began to walk by the side of my venerable companion. I could not forbear admiring the noble mixture of simplicity and dignity which characterized his manner, and the strong, unaffected, natural vein of genius that marked all his observations. He was now, he said, about eighty years old, and, owing to the innate gentleness and gaiety of his disposition, to the temperance and uniformity of his diet, to the regular exercise which he took every day, and particularly to the absence of every violent and corroding passion, he was blessed, at that advanced age, with health of body and serenity of mind. Time had enfeebled, without destroying, his faculties. His memory resembled an ancient manuscript, the characters of which are indeed pale, and obscure, but in which nothing is effaced or even illegible. His eyes still retained sufficient vigour to enable him to enjoy the beauties of nature, through the various scenes of the revolving year; and he was, when I accosted him, meditating upon a spectacle which had with himself forcible analogies; for he, too, must soon descend below the horizon of life .... "But," added he, "I am prepared to obey that great law. Death is a necessity of our nature, with which, at my age, it may be sweet to comply. The rapid and varied passage of the successive generations on the theatre of existence, is a dispensation of Providence no less benevolent than wise.—Yet, I confess it, I will be attached to life as long as my heart shall retain sufficient activity and warmth to love my children, and my country, and to feel gratitude towards Heaven!"

We had now reached his modest abode. Upon our appearance, eight or nine boys and girls, who, he informed me, were his grand-children, ran to meet us.

They seemed to vie in paying to him every tribute of attachment and respect due to age, and to the parental character.

"Evelina," said the venerable Senior, addressing one of the girls, "apprize your mother that I have brought a stranger with me." Evelina left us with a smile of welcome on her rosy lips, and hastened into the house, which, soon after, we entered our-

selves. I was introduced to the family, consisting of the old man's two sons, their wives, (one of whom was Evelina's mother,) and the children whom I have already mentioned. One heart seemed to animate all; every thing, in that amiable family, retraced the innocence, the simplicity, the dignity of ancient manners, and presented some image of happiness and virtue. There the native elasticity of the human soul was happily preserved: there the *aurea mediocritas* courted and sung by the bard of Tivoli, had fixed its abode; there patriarchal hospitality was exercised with unaffected kindness; there, too, religion, unalloyed with fanaticism, religion, pure and consoling, as when she first descended from heaven, had found sincere votaries. With what emotion I joined in the evening and in the morning hymn, commenced with a tremulous, but highly impressive accent, by the venerable farmer, who, like a patriarch of old, was at once the parent, the chief, and the priest of his family! This simple homage of the heart, no doubt, ascended to the throne of the Deity, of whom I trust it is not presumptuous to say that it was worthy!—I shall not dwell on the various marks of affection, respect, and deference, bestowed on the interesting senior, not only by his children, and grand children, but also by several of his neighbours, who visited him during my stay at his house, and whose oracle he seemed to be; on the beauty and fertility of a settlement, which the industry of his manhood had, in some measure, created; on his small, but well chosen library, where, as he himself observed, he always found a friend to instruct or amuse him, when abstracted for a few moments from his affectionate offspring.

Fortunate Senex! Thrice happy old man! In none of those vortices, called cities, where the riches, the strength, and the morals of a nation are too often engulphed, could I have contemplated so interesting a spectacle!——When I first met thee, I was inclined to pity thy grey locks, to shed over thee the balmy tears of sympathy; and, upon leaving thy abode, I sincerely congratulated thee on thy happiness, on the tranquillity of thy declining days, on the respect which thy children and thy neighbours entertain for thee, on the certainty of thy being free and independent to the very last moment of thy life. How few, alas! how few old men, in what is termed the world, enjoy such advantages! Overwhelmed with infirmities unknown to the rural sage, unable to indulge in gratifications on which their depraved fancy still dwells with delight, repelled by languor, assailed by pusillanimity, tortured by remorse, a prey, perhaps to the too just fears of a mysterious futurity, at thy age, the sons of luxury, avarice, and ambition, often meet, as they advance towards the fatal bourne, with nothing but neglect, ingratitude, and apathy! Their death is a cruel avulsion; thine shall be a tranquil departure!

Art. XVI.—*Poetry.*

THE ROSE.

In a far-distant clime I have left a sweet rose;
A blossom unfolding its exquisite ray,
More lovely than morning it timidly glows,
And brighter its blush than the rich bloom of May.

I fear that another enamoured may view it,
And steal it away from its fond parent stem;
That in absence, some fortunate lover may view it,
And I sigh when I think of the beautiful gem.

To the shade where the flowret is destined to flourish,
On the wings of affection I'll hastily fly;
For what is there sweeter than fondly to nourish,
What is dear to the heart, what is fair to the eye.

Oh! leave not the bower, sweet Rose till I come,
Hope whispers thy blooms I again shall survey;
My bosom, believe me, was form'd for thy home,
Oh! leave not the bower till I bear thee away.

CHILDHOOD.

In a child's voice, is there not melody?
In a child's eye, is there not rapture seen?
And rapture not of passion's revelry;
Calm, though impassioned; durable, though keen!
It is all fresh, like the young spring's first green!
Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleave Heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their skiey mould, they cannot be amended.

Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise,—
More sense than ecstasy of their's denotes,—
More of the stuff have they of Paradise,
And more the music of the warbling throats
Of choirs whose anthem round th' Eternal floats,
Than all that bards e'er feigned; or tuneful skill
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes:
Their's is that language, ignorant of ill,
Born from a perfect harmony of power and will.

MAN.

Versified from an Apologue by Sheridan.

Affliction one day, as she harked to the roar
Of a stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sand of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
Breathed on the figure, and calling it man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stampt with each parents impression,
Between them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

He is *mine*, says Affliction: I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation;
The materials were furnished by me, answer'd Earth,
I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The gods all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes
Of life cease to harrass and goad it;
After death give his body to Earth, whence it rose,
And his spirit to Jove, who bestow'd it.

Othello's account of his courtship.

Her father lov'd me—oft got drunk with me.
Captain, (he'd cry), come tell us your adventures,
From year to year, the scrapes, intrigues, and frolics,
That you've been versed in.
I ran them through, from the day I first wore scarlet
To the very hour I tasted his fine claret.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances
Of hair-breadth 'scapes from drunken frays in taverns,
Of being taken by the insolent foe, and lodged in the watch-house,
Of my redemption thence, with all my gallantry, at country quarters.

When of rope-ladders and of garret windows—
Of scaling garden-walls, lying hid in closets,
It was my hint to speak, (for I love bragging)
And of the gamblers that each other cheat,
The pawn-brokers that prey on needy soldiers,
When sword or waist-coat's dipt. All these to hear,
His daughter Prue would from a corner lean,
But still to strain the milk, or skim the cream,
Was call'd to the dairy,——
Which when she'd done, and cleanly lick'd the spoon,
She'd come again, and sit, with gaping mouth,
And staring eyes, devouring my discourse:——
Which I soon smoaking,
Once seiz'd a lucky hour, and entertained her
With a full history of my adventures;
Of fights in countries where I ne'er had been
And often made her stare with stupid wonder
When I did talk of leaping from a window,
Or lying hid on tester of a bed.
She gave me for my pains a gloating look:
She swore, ecod 'twas strange, 'twas woundy strange,
'Twas comical, 'twas hugely comical,
"I' fags, you officers are wicked creatures,"
She'd be afraid of me, she vow'd——"and yet
You are so comical and entertaining,
Well, I declare, of all the men on earth,
I like a soldier." On the hint I spoke.
She lov'd me; for the sex loves wicked fellows,
And I lov'd her to get her father's money.

LOVE.—*From Camoens.*

The beautiful sonnet beginning *Quem diz que amor he falso, on enganoso*—has been translated by three accomplished scholars. The following version, by Southey, unites ease and elegance:

Is there who says that love is like the wind,
  Fickle, ungrateful, full of fraud and lies?
That wretched man hath sure deserv'd to find
  From love all vengeance and all cruelties!
Gentle, benignant, merciful, is love;
  Believe not him who says love is not so;
  Let the vile slanderer live, by men below
Despised, and hated by the Gods above.

If ever love work'd misery——in me
May man the sum of all his evils see,
Me whom he seems delighted to oppress;
The utmost rigour of his power I prove,
Yet would not change the miseries of love,
For the world besides calls happiness.

To the pen of Southey we are indebted for the following translation of the sonnet commencing *Quando da bella vista, e doce riso.*

When I behold you, lady! When my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a Paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full, satisfied, absorb'd, my center'd mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while,
As empty as the unsubstantial wind.
Lady I feel your charms; yet dare not raise
To that high theme th' unequal song of praise;
A power for that to language is not given:
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady! that he whose power created you,
Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.

APOSTROPHE TO ETON.

Among the benchers of the Middle Temple, the muses often find a votary notwithstanding the frowns of a Coke, and the eloquent dissuading of a Sir William Jones. The *Miscellanies, in verse and prose* of *Anthony Champion* display brightness of genius, various learning, and all the qualities of a benevolent heart. In an epistle, written in his nineteenth year, there is an Apostrophe to Eton that is little inferior to the celebrated ode of Gray.

"Hail learned trees! hail, much-frequented grove,
The verdant mistress of our growing love;
There have we oft in blest communion stray'd,
Or sweetly pensive sat, or sportive play'd;
There, on the mossy bank, with soft surprise,
Sleep, airy sleep, has clos'd our weary eyes,
Lull'd by the liquid laps of oozy Thames,
Or breeze responsive to his murm'ring streams.

Oh! could I but to worthy verse impart
The strong idea glowing in my heart,
No brighter spot should stately Oxford see,
And Academus' grove shall yield to thee.

THE LEG OF MUTTON.

The following lines are a parody of Cowper's beautiful song, "*The Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower.*"

The joint was just hot, just hot from the fire,
Which Thomas to table convey'd;
A plentiful meal was my ardent desire,
I wanted no stimulant's aid.

The plates were all warm, and the knives were all bright,
So complete was the prospect in view,
That my wife, as she gaz'd, shar'd her husband's delight,
And the keener our appetites grew.

From hope to enjoyment more eager to pass,
Was never poor half-famish'd soul;
And too sure of my mutton's perfection! alas,
I cut it—'twas burnt to a coal.

And such, cook! I said is the pitiless part
You act by a master so kind;
Regardless of breaking a maxim of art,
Good cooks ever carry in mind.

This elegant joint might, if too *little* done,
Have been boil'd, hash'd, or roasted again;
But you've done it too *much*, and 'tis clear as the sun,
The attempt to undo it were vain.

EPIGRAM.

There is an exquisite delicacy in the point of the following epigram, suggested by visiting the birth-place of Lady Jane Gray. (By Mr. Champion.)

When Jane, unmov'd amid the weeping crowd,
Knelt to the block, yet warm with Guildford's blood,
"The bitterness of death is past," she cried,
"Twas then I suffer'd when my husband died."

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by F. Engleheart.

WAMBA BEFORE FRONT-DE-BOEUF.

by the feet, my brain has been topsy turvy, they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1822. No. 4.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. 4.—*Wamba before Front-de-Bœuf.*

"BY St. Dennis an ye pay not the richer ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet from the iron bars of these windows, till the kites and hooded crows have made skeletons of you!—Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives?—How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit, I," answered poor Wamba—"and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy turvy, they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

Art. II.—*The Ayrshire Legatees; or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

(Continued from our last.)

Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

Dear Miss Mally,

I hav a cro to pik with you conserning yoor comishon aboot the partickels for your friends. You can hav no noshon what the Doctor and me suffert on the head of the flooring shrubs. We took your Nota Beny as it was spilt, and went from shop to shop enquirin in a most partiklar manner for "a Gardner's Bell, or, the least of all flowering plants." But sorrow a gardner in the whole tot here in London ever had heard of sick a thing; so we gave the porshoot up in dispare—Howsomever, one of Andrew's acquantance—a decent lad, who is only son to a saddler in a been way, that keeps his own carriage, and his son a coryikel, happent to call, and the Doctor told him what ill socsess we had in our serch for the gardner's bell; upon which he sought a sight of your yepissle, and red it our as a thing that was just wonderful for its whorsogroffie; and then he sayid, that looking at the prinsipol of your spilling, he thocht we should reed "a gardner's bill, or a lyst of all flooring plants;" whilk being no doot your intent, I hav proqurt the same, and it is included heerin.—But Miss Mally, I would advize you to be more exac in your inditing, that no sick torbolashon may hippen on a future okashon.

What I hav to say for the present is, that you will, by a smak, get a bocks of kumoddities whilk you will destraboot as derekit on every on of them, and you will before hav reseivit by the post-offis, an account of what has been don. I need say no forther at this time, knowin your discreshon and prooduns, septs that our Rachel and Captan Sabor will, if it pleese the Lord, be off to Parish, by way of Bryton, as man and wife, the morn's morning. What her father the doctor gives for tocher, what is settlt on her for jontor, I will tell you all aboot when we meet—For its our dishire noo to lose no tim in retornin to the manse, this being the last of our diplomaticals in London, where we have found the Argents a most discrit family, payin to the last farding the Cornal's legacy, and most seevil, and well bred to us.

As I am naterally gretly okypyt with this matteromoneal afair, you cannot expec ony news: but the Queen is going on with a dreadful rat, by which the pesents hav falen more than a whole entirr pesent. I wish our fonds were well oot of them, and in yird and stane, which is a constansie. But what is to become of the poor donse woman no one can expound. Some think she will be pot in the Toor of London, and her head chappit off; others think she will raise sick a stramash, that she will send the whole government, like peelings of ingons, by a gunpoother plot. But its my opinion, and I have weighed the matter well in my under-

standing, that she will hav to fight with sword in hand, be she ill, or be she good. How els can she hop to get the better of more than two hundred Lords, as the Doctor, who has seen them, tells me, with princes of the blood royal, and the prelatic bishops, whom, I need not tell you, are the worst of all.

But the thing I grudge most, is to be so long in London, and no to see the King. Is it not a hard thing to come to London, and no see the King? I am not pleesed with him, I assure you, becose he does not set himself out to public view, like ony other kuriosity, but stays in his palis, they say, like one of the anshent wooden images of idolatry, the which is a great peety, he being, as I am told, a beautiful man, and more the gentleman than all the coortiers of his court.

The Doctor has been minting to me that there is an address from Irvine to the Queen; and he being so near a neighbour to your toun, has been thinking to pay his respecs with it, to see her near at hand. But I will say nothing; he may tak his own way in matters of gospel and spiritualety; yet I have my scroopols of conshence, how this may not turn out a rebellyon against the King; and I would hav him to sift and see who are at the address, before he pits his han to it. For, if it's a radikol job, as I jealoos it is, what will the Doctor then say? who is an orthodox man, as the world nose.

In the maitre of our dumesticks, no new axsident has cast up; but I have seen such a wonder as could not have been forethocht. Having a washin, I went down to see how the lassies were doing, but judge of my feelings, when I saw them triomphing on the top of pattons, standing upright before the boyns on chairs, rubbin the clothes to juggons between their hands, above the sapples, with their gouns and stays on, and round-eared mutches. What would you think of such a miracle at the washing-house in the Goffields, or the Gallows-knows of Irvine?—The cook, howsomever, has shown me a way to make rice puddings without eggs, by putting in a bit of Shoohet, which is as good—and this you will tell Miss Nanny Eydent; likewise, that the most fashionable way of boiling green pees, is to pit a blade of speermint in the pot, which gives a fine flavour.—But this is a long letter, and my pepper is done; so no more, but remains your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

"A great legacy, and her dochtir married, in ae journey to London, is doing business," said Mrs. Glibbans, with a sigh, as she looked to her only get, Miss Becky; "but the Lord's will is to be done in a' thing; sooner or later something of the same kind will come, I trust, to all our families." "Ay," replied Miss Mally Glencairn, "marriage is like death—it's what we are a' to come to."

"I have my doubts of that," said Miss Becky, with a sneer,—"Ye have been lang spar't from it, Miss Mally."

"Ye're a spiteful puddock; and if the men hae the een and lugs they used to hae, gude pity him whose lot is cast with thine, Becky Glibbans," replied the elderly maiden ornament of the Kirkgate, somewhat tartly.

Here Mr. Snodgrass interposed, and said he would read to them the letter which Miss Isabella had received from the bride; and without waiting for their concurrence, opened and read as follows:

MRS. SABRE TO MISS ISABELLA TODD.

My Dearest Bell,

Rachel Pringle is no more. My heart flutters as I write the fatal words. This morning, at nine o'clock precisely, she was conducted in bridal array to the new church of Mary-le-bone; and there, with ring and book, sacrificed to the Minotaur, Matrimony, who devours so many of our bravest youths and fairest maidens.

My mind is too agitated to allow me to describe the scene. The office of handmaid to the victim, which, in our young simplicity, we had proudly thought one of us would perform for the other, was gracefully sustained by Miss Argent.

On returning from church to my father's residence in Baker-street, where we breakfasted, he declared himself not satisfied with the formalities of the English ritual, and obliged us to undergo a second ceremony from himself, according to the wonted forms of the Scottish Church. All the advantages and pleasures of which, my dear Bell, I hope you will soon enjoy.

But I have no time to enter into particulars. The Captain and his lady, by themselves, in their own carriage, set off for Brighton in the course of less than an hour. On Friday they are to be followed by a large party of their friends and relations; and, after spending a few days in that emporium of salt-water pleasures, they embark, accompanied with their beloved brother, Mr. Andrew Pringle, for Paris; where they are afterwards to be joined by the Argents. It is our intention to remain about a month in the French capital; whether we shall extend our tour, will depend on subsequent circumstances; in the mean time, however, you will hear frequently from me.

My mother, who has a thousand times during these important transactions wished for the assistance of Nanny Eydent, transmits to Miss Mally Glencairn a box containing all the requisite bridal recognisances for our Irvine friends. I need not say that the best is for the faithful companion of my happiest years. As I had made a vow in my heart that Becky Glibbans should never wear gloves for my marriage, I was averse to sending her any at all, but my mother insisted that no exceptions should be made. I secretly took care, however, to mark a pair for her, so much too

large, that I am sure she will never put them on. The asp will be not a little vexed at the disappointment. Adieu for a time, and believe, that, although your affectionate Rachel Pringle be gone that way in which she hopes you will soon follow, one, not less sincerely attached to you, though it be the first time she has so subscribed herself, remains in

RACHEL SABRE.

Before the ladies had time to say a word on the subject, the prudent young clergyman called immediately on Mr. Micklewham, to read the letter which he had received from the doctor; and which the worthy dominie did without delay, in that rich and full voice with which he is accustomed to teach his scholars *elocution by example.*

The Rev. Z. PRINGLE, D. D. *to* MR. MICKLEWHAM, *Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garnock.*

DEAR SIR,

I have been much longer of replying to your letter of the 3d of last month, than I ought in civility to have been, but really time, in this town of London, runs at a fast rate, and the day passes before the dark's done. What with Mrs. Pringle and her daughter's concernments, anent the marriage to Captain Sabre, and the trouble I felt myself obliged to take in the Queen's affair, I assure you, Mr. Micklewham, that it's no to be expressed how I have been occupied for the last four weeks. But all things must come to a conclusion in this world; Rachel Pringle is married, and the Queen's wearyful trial is brought to an end—upon the subject and motion of the same I offer no opinion, for I made it a point never to read the evidence, being resolved to stand by THE WORD from the first, which is clearly and plainly written in the Queen's favour, and it does not do in a case of conscience to stand on trifles; putting, therefore, out of consideration the fact libelled, and looking both at the head and the tail of the proceeding, I was of a firm persuasion, that all the sculduddery of the business might have been well spared from the eye of the public, which is of itself sufficiently prone to keek and kook, in every possible way, for a glimpse of a black story; and, therefore, I thought it my duty to stand up in all places against the trafficking that was attempted with a divine institution. And I think, when my people read how their prelatic enemies, the bishops, (the heavens defend the poor Church of Scotland from being subjected to the weight of their paws,) have been visited with a constipation of the understanding on that point, it must to them be a great satisfaction to know how clear and collected their minister was on this fundamental of society.—For it has turned out as I said to Mrs. Pringle as well as others it would do, that a sense of grace and religion would be manifested in some high quarter before all was done, by which the

devices for an unsanctified repudiation or divorce would be set at naught.

As often as I could, deeming it my duty as a minister of the word and gospel, I got into the House of Lords, and heard the trial—and I cannot think how ever it was expected that justice could be done yonder, for although no man could be more attentive than I was, every time I came away I was more confounded than when I went—and when the trial was done, it seemed to me just to be clearing up for a proper beginning—all which is a proof that there was a foul conspiracy—indeed, when I saw Duke Hamilton's daughter coming out of the coach with the Queen, I never could think after, that a lady of her degree would have countenanced the Queen, had the matter laid to her charge been as it was said.—Not but in any circumstance it behooved a lady of that ancient and royal blood, to be seen beside the Queen in such a great historical case as a trial.

I hope in the part I have taken my people will be satisfied; but whether they are satisfied or not, my own conscience is content with me. I was in the House of Lords when her Majesty came down for the last time, and saw her handed up the stairs by the usher of the black-rod, a little stumpy man, wonderful particular about the rules of the House, in so much that he was almost angry with me for stopping at the stair head.—The afflicted woman was then in great spirits, and I saw no symptoms of the swelled legs that Lord Lauderdale, that jooking man, spoke about, for she skippit up the steps like a lassie. But my heart was wae for her, when all was over, for she came out like an astonished creature, with a wild steadfast look, and a sort of something in the face that was as if the rational spirit had fled away, and she went down to her coach as if she had submitted to be led to a doleful destiny. Then the shouting of the people began, and I saw and shouted too in spite of my decorum, which I marvel at sometimes, thinking it could be nothing less than an involuntary testification of the spirit within me.

Anent the marriage of Rachel Pringle, it may be needful in me to state, for the satisfaction of my people, that although by stress of law, we were obligated to conform to the practice of the Episcopalians, by taking out a bishop's license, and going to their church, and vowing in a pagan fashion before their altars, which are an abomination to the Lord; yet, when the young folk came home, I made them stand up, and be married again before me, according to all regular marriages in our national Church. For this I had two reasons; first, to satisfy myself that there had been a true and real marriage; and, secondly, to remove the doubt of the former ceremony being sufficient; for marriage being of divine appointment, and the English form and ritual being a thing established by Act of Parliament, which is of human ordination, I was not sure that marriage performed according to a human enactment could be a

fulfilment of a divine ordinance. I therefore hope that my people will approve what I have done, and in order that there may be a sympathizing with me, you will go over to Banker M——y and get what he will give you, as ordered by me, and distribute it among the poorest of the parish, according to the best of your discretion, my long absence having taken from me the power of judgment in a matter of this sort. I wish indeed for the glad sympathy of my people, for I think that our Saviour turning water into wine at the wedding of Canæ, was an example set that we should rejoice and be merry at the fulfilment of one of the great obligations imposed on us as social creatures—and I have ever regarded the unhonoured treatment of a marriage occasion as a thing of evil bodement, betokening heavy hearts and light purses to the lot of the bride and bridegroom. You will hear more from me by and by; in the mean time, all I can say is, that when we have taken our leave of the young folks, who are going to France, it is Mrs. Pringle's intent, as well as mine, to turn our horses' heads northward, and make our way with what speed we can, for our own quiet home, among you. So no more at present from your friend and pastor,

Z. Pringle.

Mrs. Todd, the mother of Miss Isabella, a respectable widow lady, who had quiescently joined the company, proposed that they should now drink health, happiness, and all manner of prosperity to the young couple; and that nothing might be wanting to secure the favourable auspices of good omens to the toast, she desired Miss Isabella to draw fresh bottles of white and red wine. When all manner of felicity was duly wished in wine to the captain and his lady, the party rose to seek their respective homes.

Art. III.—*Dr. Franklin on the Corn Trade.*

[The following Letter, written by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, on the subject of the Price of Corn, was originally printed in the London Chronicle in 1766, and was afterwards reprinted in the Repository, '*De Re Rustica*,' published in 1769, Vol. I. p. 354. It was drawn up with the Doctor's usual ability, and contains many observations equally applicable to these times as to the period when it was written.]

TO MESSIEURS THE PUBLIC.

I am one of that class of people that feeds you all, and, at present, is abused by you all;—in short, I am a *farmer*.

By your newspapers we are told, that God had sent a very short harvest to some other countries of Europe. I thought this might be in favour of Old England; and that now we should get a good price for our grain, which would bring millions among us, and make us flow in money; that to be sure is scarce enough.

But the wisdom of Government forbad the exportation.

Well, says I, then we must be content with the market price at home.

No, says my lords the Mob, you sha'n't have that. Bring your corn to market if you dare;---we'll sell it for you for less money, or take it for nothing.

Being thus attacked by both ends *of the Constitution*, the head and tail *of Government*, what am I to do?

Must I keep my corn in the barn to feed and increase the breed of rats? Be it so. They cannot be less thankful than those I have been used to feed.

Are we farmers the only people to be grudged the profits of honest labour? And why!---One of the late scribblers against us gives a bill of fare of the provisions at my daughter's wedding, and proclaims to all the world that we had the insolence to eat beef and pudding! Has he not read that precept in the good book, *Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn?* Or does he think us less worthy of good living than our oxen?

O, but the manufacturers! the manufacturers! they are to be favoured; and they must have bread at a cheap rate!

Hark ye, Mr. Oaf.---The farmers live splendidly, you say. And pray, would you have them hoard the money they get?---Their fine clothes and furniture, do they make them themselves, or for one another, and so keep the money among them? Or do they employ these your darling manufacturers, and so scatter it again all over the nation?

My wool would produce me a better price, if it were suffered to go to foreign markets. But that, Messieurs the Public, your laws will not permit. It must be kept all at home, that our *dear* manufacturers may have it the cheaper. And then, having yourselves thus lessened our encouragement for raising sheep, you curse us for the scarcity of mutton!

I have heard my grandfather say, that the farmers submitted to the prohibition on the exportation of wool, being made to expect and believe, that when the manufacturer bought his wool cheaper, they should have their cloth cheaper. But the deuce a bit. It has been growing dearer and dearer from that day to this. How so? Why, truly, the cloth is exported; and that keeps up the price.

Now, if it be a good principle that the exportation of a commodity is to be restrained, that so our own people at home may have it the cheaper, stick to that principle, and go thorough-stitch with it. Prohibit the exportation of your cloth, your leather and shoes, your iron-ware, and your manufactures of all sorts, to make them all cheaper at home. And cheap enough they will be, I will warrant you,---till people leave off making them.

Some folks seem to think they ought never to be easy till Eng-

land becomes another Lubberland, where it is fancied the streets are paved with penny rolls, the houses tiled with pancakes, and chickens, ready roasted, cry 'Come, eat me!'

I say, when you are sure you have got a good principle, stick to it, and carry it through. I hear it is said, that though it was *necessary and right* for the M——y to advise a prohibition of the exportation of corn, yet it was *contrary to law;* and also, that though it was *contrary to law* for the mob to obstruct waggons, yet it was *necessary and right.* Just the same thing to a tittle. Now they tell me, an act of indemnity ought to pass in favour of the M——y, to secure them from the consequences of having acted illegally. If so, pass another in favour of the mob. Others say some of the mob ought to be hanged, by way of example. If so—but I say no more than I have said before—*when you are sure that you have got a good principle, go through with it.*

You say, poor labourers cannot afford to buy bread at a high price, unless they had higher wages:—Possibly. But how shall we farmers be able to afford our labourers higher wages, if you will not allow us to get, when we might have it, a higher price for our corn?

By all I can learn, we should at least have had a guinea a quarter more if the exportation had been allowed. And this money England would have got from foreigners.

But, it seems, we farmers must take so much less, that the poor may have it so much cheaper.

This operates then as a tax for the maintenance of the poor. A very good thing, you will say. But I ask, Why a partial tax? Why laid on us farmers only? If it be a good thing, pray, Messrs the public, take your share of it, by indemnifying us a little out of your public treasury. In doing a good thing, there is both honour and pleasure;—you are welcome to your share of both.

For my own part, I am not so well satisfied of the goodness of this thing. I am for doing good to the poor; but I differ in opinion about the means. I think the best way of going good to the poor is, not making them easy *in* poverty, but leading or driving them *out* of it. In my youth I travelled much; and I observed, in different countries, that the more public provisions were made for the poor, the less they provided for themselves, and, of course, became poorer: And, on the contrary, the less was done for them, the more they did for themselves, and became richer. There is no country in the world where so many provisions are established for them; so many hospitals to receive them when they are sick or lame, founded and maintained by voluntary charities; so many almshouses for the aged of both sexes, together with a solemn general law made by the rich to subject their estates to a heavy tax for the support of the poor. Under all these obligations, are our poor modest, humble, and thankful; and do they use their best endeavours to maintain themselves, and lighten our shoulders

of this burden? On the contrary, I affirm, that there is no country in the world in which the poor are more idle, dissolute, drunken, and insolent. The day you passed that act, you took away from before their eyes the greatest of all inducements to industry, frugality, and sobriety, by giving them a dependence on somewhat else than a careful accumulation during youth and health, for support in age or sickness.—In short, you offered a premium for the encouragement of idleness; and you should not now wonder that it has had its effect in the increase of poverty. Repeal that law, and you will soon see a change in their manners. *St. Monday* and *St. Tuesday* will soon cease to be holidays, *Six days shalt thou labour*, though one of the old commandments long treated as out of date, will again be looked upon as a respectable precept; industry will increase, and, with it, plenty among the lower people; their circumstances will mend; and more will be done for their happiness, by inuring them to provide for themselves, than could be done by dividing all your estates among them.

Excuse me, Messrs the Public, if upon this *interesting* subject, I put you to the trouble of reading a little of *my* nonsense. I am sure I have lately read a great deal of *yours;*—and therefore from you (at least from those of you who are writers) I deserve a little indulgence. I am, yours, &c. ARATOR.

ART. III—*Table Talk; or Original Essays.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. London. John Warren, Old Bond Street. 1821. 8vo. Pp. 400.

THE title of the present volume is "Table-Talk;" or original essays. These have thirteen subjects, viz. The Pleasure of Painting—The Past and Future—Genius and Common Sense—Character of Cobbett—People with One Idea—The Ignorance of the Learned—The Indian Jugglers—Living to One's Self—Thought and Action—Will-Making—Inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses—Paradox and Common-Place—and Vulgarity and Affectation. So great a variety of distinct subjects going far beyond our reach, we must select a few, and refer to the work for the rest. It is, at this time of day, very difficult to write original essays on life and manners. Spectators, Guardians, Ramblers, Adventurers, Mirrors, Loungers, long ago occupied every practicable inch of the field; and Mr. Hazlitt is driven to singularity of manner as a substitute for originality of subject. We say singularity, not originality of manner; for we have formerly said, that although Mr. Hazlitt is one of a school, he is not the head of it.

Mr. Hazlitt's first pursuits were those of an artist; and there is no occupation in which he seems more to delight. He much prefers the employment to that of writing essays and correcting proofs.

"I have not much pleasure in writing these essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them, I am only anxious to get to an end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page or even a sentence before hand; and when I have, as by a miracle, escaped, I trouble *myself* little more about them."

No critic Mr. Hazlitt has ever yet met with, has written against him a sentence of such annihilating severity as this. If the facts therein stated be true, Mr. Hazlitt is without excuse in publishing what he does not deem worthy of his own concern; if they are not true, his own term "coxcombry" is the only one precisely suited to the precious enunciation. There is much, we must allow, in Mr. Hazlitt's Essays, to confirm the truth of his confessions; there is also much to belie it. The following is good.

"'There is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know.' In writing, you have to contend with the world; in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with Nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look Nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work, to shake the hand, or dim the brow: no irritable humours are set afloat: you have no absurd opinions to combat, no point to strain, no adversary to crush, no fool to annoy —you are actuated by fear or favour to no man. There is 'no juggling here, no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white, or white black: but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—'study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style.' The mind is calm, and full at the same time. The hand and eye are equally employed. In tracing the commonest object, a plant or the stump of a tree, you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see--find out your error, and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin grey, are seized with avidity as the *spolia opima* of this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half-day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin, and without weariness; nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking or in doing any mischief."

Yet how comes it that these "philosophers of gentlest nature," painters, are noted for producing a larger proportion of anger and envy than almost any other class of men whatever? After a detail of his own early experience, as a painter, in illustration of his position that painting is the most humanizing pursuit in the world, Mr. Hazlitt concludes his first essay feelingly, and *almost* unaffectedly, thus,

"One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's Characteristics, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was 'riches fineless.' The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden (that 'ever in the haunch of winter sings')—as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, '*I also am a painter!*' It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year

that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left; the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!"

In the second essay the same subject is continued in a progress from nature and painting, to art and paintings. A very common feeling is expressed with much liveliness in the following paragraph:

"He (a young painter) turns aside to view a country-gentleman's seat with eager looks, thinking it may contain some of the rich products of art. There is an air round Lord Radnor's park, for there hang the two Claudes, the Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire—round Wilton-house, for there is Vandyke's picture of the Pembroke family—round Bleinheim, for there is his picture of the Duke of Buckingham's children, and the most magnificent collection of Rubenses in the world—at Knowsley, for there is Rembrandt's Hand-writing on the Wall—and at Burleigh, for there are some of Guido's angelic heads. The young artist makes a pilgrimage to each of these places, eyes them wistfully at a distance, 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' and feels an interest in them of which the owner is scarce conscious; he enters the well-swept walks and echoing arch-ways, passes the threshold, is led through wainscoted rooms, is shown the furniture, the rich hangings, the tapestry, the massy services of plate—and, at last, is ushered into the room where his treasure is, the idol of his vows—some speaking face or bright landscape! It is stamped on his brain, and lives there thenceforward, a tally for nature and a test of art. He furnishes out the chambers of the mind from the spoils of time, picks and chooses which shall have the best places—nearest his heart. He goes away richer than he came, richer than the possessor; and thinks that he may one day return, when he perhaps shall have done something like them, or even from failure shall have learned to admire truth and genius more."

The author gives a brief and spirited sketch of the character and history of several of the masters, as he describes the feelings which are excited, in himself, by actual communing with the very canvass on which their hands impressed the traces of their genius. It is indeed, as if the mighty dead spoke, for the language is as direct as when first delivered. Phidias addresses the modern beholder of the frieze of the Parthenon as immediately as he did the Athenians. An admiring senate hung on the lips of Cicero for a moment; but the next, the *original* of the oration was gone for ever.

The third essay has for its subject the "Past and Future." In all Mr. Hazlitt's lucubrations, but in none more than in this es-

say, the reader is struck with that ever recurring proof, that the author was considerably more in the author's view than the subject, which is afforded by an expense of the capital *I*, enough to exhaust the stock of the first printer in London. Instead of an essay on "the Past and Future," the reader would expect an essay on Mr. Hazlitt, when he begins "*I* have naturally, but little imagination, and am not of a very sanguine turn of mind. *I* have some desire to enjoy the present good, and some fondness for the past; but *I* am not," &c. followed by several other distinct predicates, of each of which the most beloved of personal pronouns forms the subject. When the essayist comes to the *secondary* matter of the discourse, it is a pretty laboured argument to prove that the past is of as much consequence in the estimate of our being as the future; and that it is a great miscalculation in life to account the past nothing, and the future every thing; when the former is as real and substantial a part of our being as the latter; and more real, for the future has not yet been, and to us may never be; but the past has been, although it has fleeted away. In our conscience, we think the discussion an idle one. Our lives are composed, to all practical purposes, of the past and the future; for the mathematical *present* is so minute a portion of time as to be incapable of measurement; seeing that there is no point of time so short that we cannot conceive a shorter; and all we can imagine struck off on both sides is, strictly speaking, past and future. To form the least portion of the sensible present, we must borrow from the past and future; so that to talk even of the present instant, not to say the present minute, hour, day, week, month, year, century, involves a mathematical solecism. Yet, as our whole lives form a *tractum temporis præteriti et futuri*, divided by an inconceivably minute portion called the present, there is no practical solecism in the matter; and in point of importance, as forming part of the present hour, or of the present life, we hold the past and future in the same light, as both essential to the palpable idea. When we come to compare the past and future, and to consider their comparative importance by the manner in which they respectively affect us, the line does not seem more difficult to draw; the past is another word for the subject of our reflection, the material of our experience, and the basis of our wisdom; the future alone has to do with our pleasures and pains; and this at once decides the question of value, for the chief value of the past is to make the future happier. Our author admits that the future has an advantage over the past with respect to our grosser passions and pursuits; but there are many of our pleasures and pains as real as those which are the objects of our grosser passions, referable to the refined principles, moral and intellectual, of our nature, which go to the sum of our future happiness or misery; and what are those very pleasures of reflection, of the contemplation of the past, but pleasures yet to be? We do think the author

has, in the wantonness of speculation, created a labyrinth for himself. Here and there Mr. Hazlitt writes powerfully, in the midst of paradoxes.

"Indeed it would be easy to show that it is the very extent of human life, the infinite number of things contained in it, its contradictory and fluctuating interests, the transition from one situation to another, the hours, months, years, spent in one fond pursuit after another, that it is, in a word, the length of our common journey and the quantity of events crowded into it, that, baffling the grasp of our actual perception, make it slide from our memory, and dwindle into nothing in its own perspective. It is too mighty for us, and we say it is nothing! It is a speck in our fancy, and yet what canvass would be big enough to hold its striking groups, its endless subjects! It is light as vanity, and yet if all its weary moments, if all its head and heart aches were compressed into one, what fortitude would not be overwhelmed with the blow! What a huge heap, a 'huge, dumb heap,' of wishes, thoughts, feelings, anxious cares, soothing hopes, loves, joys, friendships, it is composed of! How many ideas and trains of sentiment, long and deep and intense, often pass through the mind in only one day's thinking or reading, for instance! How many such days are there in a year, how many years in a long life, still occupied with something interesting, still recalling some old impression, still recurring to some difficult question and making progress in it, every step accompanied with a sense of power, and every moment conscious of 'the high endeavour or the glad success;" for the mind seizes only on that which keeps it employed, and is wound up to a certain pitch of pleasureable excitement or lively solicitude, by the necessity of its own nature."

Not tired of metaphysical Table-Talk, the author *serves up* two long essays on genius and common sense. We are more satisfied with his analysis of common sense than with that of genius.

"He must be a poor creature indeed whose practical convictions do not in almost all cases outrun his deliberate understanding, or who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for.—Hence the distinction between eloquence and wisdom between ingenuity and common sense. A man may be dextrous and able in explaining the grounds of his opinions, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he only sees one half of a subject. Another may feel the whole weight of a question, nothing relating to it may be lost upon him, and yet he may be able to give no account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking places. This last will be a wise man, though neither a logician nor rhetorician."—"Common sense is the just result of the sum-total of such unconscious impressions in the ordinary occurrences of life, as they are treasured up in the memory, and called out by the occasion. Genius and taste depend much upon the

same principle exercised on loftier ground and in more unusual combinations."

The author goes on, in the remainder of the essay, to illustrate the nature of this sagacity, or rather of those practical opinions which are found in the mind of the man of common sense, and which are compounded of many and various *unutterable* reasons. We do not think he makes the matter clearer than it was to that very common sense which is his subject, nor are his illustrations in themselves at all so amusing as to have any independent attractions. In this, as in several of the author's more metaphysical essays, we desiderate that unity in the reasoning, and regulated bearing in the illustrations, which tend steadily to one conclusion; and, as the writer has acknowledged that he is generally ignorant of what he is to say next, it is not wonderful that the reader forgets what he has said last, and continues reading a sort of rambling discussion, often tiresome, and sometimes amusing,

"With here and there a violet bestrown—"

a curious anecdote, a neat turn of expression, and even a piece of wit. It were quite in vain to attempt to give a summary of so many pages of desultory illustrations, but we think our readers might find amusement in reading them in a very idle hour. Mr. Hazlitt, by the way, has not guarded his Common Sense against a spurious kindred which may be claimed by sentiments, perfectly agreeing with it in want of utterable reasons, but which are neither more nor less than prejudices; and most serious hindrances they are to human knowledge and happiness. Mr. Hazlitt may have readers who might not make this distinction; and whom his essay might tend materially to root yet deeper in their indolent and dogmatical self-satisfaction. This is far from his meaning. When he treats of common sense, he assumes, and has a right so to do, that its conclusions are sound. In so far, too, as it is *common* sense, its objects must be common and ordinary human affairs. With the settled practical conclusions of the man of taste and science, much mental culture mingles. To principles, he must originally have resorted, although, perhaps, "these cannot he command to any utterance of harmony." Such are the elements of what is called an accomplished mind; upon which, in its silent recess of knowledge, taste, and feeling, it is in vain for quackery of any kind to attempt to impose.

Our author, himself, often forgets one proposition or definition, and states another at least different from, if not inconsistent with it. We have, in this essay, three or four several definitions of genius, with none of which we can agree,————but we forbear; concluding from our own feelings, that our readers are not disposed to enter with us upon the subject. We shall, instead, present them with the following lively, if perfectly intelligible, portrait of Rembrandt.

"If ever there was a man of genius, he was one, in the proper sense of the term. He lived in and revealed to others a world of his own, and might be said to have invented a new view of nature. He did not discover things *out* of nature, in fiction or fairy land, or make a voyage to the moon 'to descry new lands, rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe,' but saw things *in* nature that every one had missed before him, and gave others eyes to see them with. This is the test and triumph of originality, not to show us what has never been, and what we may therefore very easily never have dreamt of, but to point out to us what is before our eyes and under our feet, though we have had no suspicion of its existence, for want of sufficient strength of intuition, of determined grasp of mind to seize and retain it. Rembrandt's conquests were not over the *ideal*, but the real. He did not contrive story or character, but we nearly owe to him a fifth part of painting, the knowledge of *chiaroscuro*—a distinct power and element in art and nature. He had a steadiness, a firm keeping of mind and eye, that first stood the shock of 'fierce extremes' in light and shade, or reconciled the greatest obscurity and the greatest brilliancy into perfect harmony; and he therefore was the first to hazard this appearance upon canvass, and give full effect to what he saw, and delighted in. He was led to adopt this style of broad and startling contrast from its congeniality to his own feelings: his mind grappled with that which afforded the best exercise to its master-powers: he was bold in act, because he was urged on by a strong native impulse. Originality is then nothing but nature and feeling working in the mind. A man does not affect to be original: he is so, because he cannot help it, and often without knowing it. This extraordinary artist indeed might be said to have had a particular organ for colour. His eye seemed to come in contact with it as a feeling, to lay hold of it as a substance, rather than to contemplate it as a visual object. The texture of his landscapes is 'of the earth, earthy'—his clouds are humid, heavy, slow; his shadows are darkness that may be felt,' a 'palpable obscure;' his lights are lumps of liquid splendour! There is something more in this than can be accounted for from design or accident: Rembrandt was not a man made up of two or three rules and directions for acquiring genius."

We shall ever find as much dulness as profanity in an irreverent use of Scripture language. We would farther hint to Mr. Hazlitt, that *liquid lumps*, besides being a Hibernicism, is a phrase which would suit a description of burning pitch, better than that of the lucid brilliancy with which Rembrandt fringed the dark masses of his romantic pictures. A laudatory character of Wordsworth follows, of which we have tried in vain to make sense. The first sentence contains another very amusing blunder.

"I am afraid I shall hardly write so satisfactory a character of Mr. Wordsworth, though he, too, like Rembrandt, has a faculty

of making something out of *nothing*, *that* is, out of *himself*, by the medium through which he sees and with which he clothes *the barrenest subject*."

"Let the honourable gentleman," said a fervent parliamentary orator, "shake his head if he pleases; there is nothing in *that*." It would not be fair to quote Mr. Hazlitt's illustrations, rambling though they be, in an isolated way, if we did not read most of them disconnected from his subject. As another specimen of the use of the first person singular, we cannot withhold the following.

"The editors of Encyclopedias are not usually reckoned the first literary characters of the age. The works, of which they have the management, contain a great deal of knowledge, like chests or warehouses, but the goods are not their own. We should as soon think of admiring the shelves of a library; but the shelves of a library are useful and respectable. I was once applied to, in a delicate emergency, to write an article on a difficult subject for an Encyclopædia, and was advised to take time and give it a systematic and scientific form, to avail myself of all the knowledge that was to be obtained on the subject, and arrange it with clearness and method. I made answer, that as to the first, I had taken time to do all that I ever pretended to do, as I had thought incessantly on different matters for twenty years of my life; that I had no particular knowledge of the subject in question, and no head for arrangement; and that the utmost I could do in such a case would be, when a systematic and scientific article was prepared, to write marginal notes upon it, to insert a remark or illustration of my own (not to be found in former Encyclopædias) or to suggest a better definition than had been offered in the text."

We have not a favourable word for Mr. Hazlitt's essay on the character of Cobbett. In an attempt to imitate the manner of the Political Register—a manner too devotedly admired by Mr. Hazlitt not to be imitated by him—he has mistaken the vilest indelicacy and slang for originality and power, extravagance for imagery, and, to a ludicrous extent, reproach for praise. A friend's character, even his literary character, is not an ordinary subject; and if our author did in the first instance compose his essay in the blind manner of which he boasts, revisal—whereby the bearing of the contiguous sentences, at least, might have been ascertained, if not of the beginning, middle, and end, of the discourse—became a duty more imperative than usual. No one who knows Mr. Hazlitt as an author, who attends to the general tone of this essay, who observes the manner in which he imputes vices to virtues, and who reads the note with which he concludes, can doubt that the exaltation of Cobbett is his object—nay, that the said Cobbett is, in Mr. Hazlitt's opinion, the ablest and most estimable of men. Yet, in sooth, the greatest enemy of Cobbett never

penned a more severe satire against him—we recal the word—a more direct, literal, hostile attack upon him. If such are Mr. Hazlitt's eulogies, we pity his favourites. It is but fair that a bepraiser should give notice to his intended victim that he means to publish. Young Bramble had such an advantage. To an extorter of money, who held a lampoon in one hand and a panegyric in the other, his answer was, "Publish your lampoon whenever you please; but if you dare to publish a panegyric of me, I'll break every bone in your body." Now, Mr. Hazlitt describes Cobbett's pen as if it were impelled by a twenty-horse power, and that to get at foes it does not hesitate to demolish friends. If he himself shall escape this fracturing engine, this thrashing-machine, and be not reserved in the pinfold of "by and by," his good fortune can only be accounted for on the supposition that this grand Ogre shall not snuff the kind of incense addressed to him. If he yet shall, and Mr. Hazlitt has described him aright, the very first "fell swoop" of his "flail," it is much to be apprehended, will extinguish such a panegyrist's literary existence. We should tremble for our author if Cobbett's eye were ever to glance on the following compliment:

"As a political partisan, no one can stand against him. With his brandished club, like Giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, he knocks out their brains; and not only no individual, but no corrupt system could hold out against his powerful and repeated attacks, but with the same weapon, swung round like a flail, that he levels his antagonists, he lays his friends low, and puts his own party *hors de combat*. This is a bad propensity, and a worse principle in political tactics, though a common one. If his blows were straight forward and steadily directed to the same object, no unpopular minister could live before him; instead of which, he lays about right and left, impartially and remorselessly, makes a clear stage, has all the ring to himself, and then runs out of it, just when he should stand his ground."

Again,

"He pays off both scores of old friendship and new-acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose, or pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to show his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there is he against it: he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not his humour. If he

could bring about a reform in Parliament, the odds are, that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handy-work: and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness, so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition. If it were not for this, the high towers and rotten places of the world would fall before the battering-ram of his hard-headed reasoning: but if he once found them tottering, he would apply his strength to prop them up, and disappoint the expectations of his followers. He cannot agree to any thing estatablished, nor to set up any thing else in its stead. While it is established he presses hard against it, because it presses upon him, at least in imagination. Let it crumble under his grasp, and the motive to resistance is gone."

And yet again,

"For want of knowing what has been discovered before him, he has not certain general landmarks to refer to, or a general standard of thought to apply to individual cases. He relies on his own acuteness and the immediate evidence, without being acquainted with the comparative anatomy or philosophical structure of opinion. He does not view things on a large scale or at the horizon (dim and airy enough perhaps)—but as they affect himself, close, palpable, tangible. Whatever he finds out, is his own, and he only knows what he finds out. He is in the constant hurry and fever of gestation: his brain teems incessantly with some fresh project. Every new light is the birth of a new system, the dawn of a new world to him. He is continually outstripping and overreaching himself. The last opinion is the truly true one. He is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Why should he not be wiser to-morrow than he is to-day."

In whatever light the author may view these passages as they affect Mr. Cobbet, we have no objection to take them as they stand, in their full literal and condemnatory meaning; with all the *a fortiori* of their being the candid testimony of a friend and admirer. With this view we offer one passage more, omitting the first sentence as containing allusions unfit for modest eye or ear:

"Our author's changing his opinions for new ones is not so wonderful: what is more remarkable is his facility in forgetting his old ones. He does not pretend to consistency, (like Mr. Coleridge,) he frankly disavows all connexion with himself. He feels no personal responsibility in this way, and cuts a friend or principle with the same decided indifference that Antipholis of Ephesus cuts Ægeon of Syracuse. It is a hollow thing. The only time he ever grew romantic, was in bringing over the relics of Mr. Thomas Paine with him from America, to go a progress with them

through the disaffected districts. Scarce had he landed in Liverpool when he left the bones of a great man to shift for themselves; and no sooner did he arrive in London than he made a speech to disclaim all participation in the political and theological sentiments of his late idol, and to place the whole stock of his admiration and enthusiasm towards him to the account of his financial speculations, and of his having predicted the fate of paper-money. If he had erected a little gold statue to him, it might have proved the sincerity of this assertion, but to make a martyr and a patron-saint of a man, and to dig up "his canonized bones" in order to expose them as objects of devotion to the rabble's gaze, asks something that has more life and spirit in it, more mind and vivifying soul, than has to do with any calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence! The fact is, he *ratted* from his own project. He found the thing not so ripe as he had expected. His heart failed him: his enthusiasm fled, and he made his retraction. His admiration is short-lived: his contempt only is rooted, and his resentment lasting.—The above was only one instance of his building too much on practical *data*. He has an ill habit of prophesying, and goes on though still deceived. The art of prophesying does not suit Mr. Cobbett's style. He has a knack of fixing names, and times, and places. According to him, the reformed Parliament was to meet in March 1818—it did not, and we heard no more of the matter. When his predictions fail, he takes no farther notice of them, but applies himself to new ones---like the country-people who turn to see what weather there is in the almanac for the next week, though it has been out in its reckoning every day of the last.

"Mr. Cobbett is great in attack, not in defence: he cannot fight an up-hill battle. He will not bear the least punishing. If any one turns upon him, (which few people like to do,) he immediately turns tail. Like an overgrown school-boy, he is so used to have it all his own way, that he cannot submit to any thing like competition or a struggle for the mastery; he must lay on all the blows, and take none. He is bullying and cowardly; a Big Ben in politics, who will fall upon others and crush them by his weight, but is not prepared for resistance, and is soon staggered by a few smart blows. Whenever he has been set upon, he has slunk out of the controversy."

In a land of right principle and good feeling, should such a man as is here described be suffered to influence the public mind! Among a people by whom virtue is valued, and truth sought and relished, ought such a man to find admirers—eulogists! Is the literary character, in fine, of such a political mountebank, the mere thew and sinews of such a prize fighter, a fit subject for a discourse addressed to the British public, who have studied the works, and admired the biographies, of Newton and Locke, of Burke and Chatham!

Our author concludes this ill-judged essay with an anecdote, illustrative of Cobbett's disrelish for actual combat.

"The Edinburgh Review made (what is called) a dead set at him some years ago, to which he only retorted by an eulogy on the superior neatness of an English kitchen garden to a Scotch one. I remember going one day into a bookseller's shop in Fleet-street, to ask for the Review; and on my expressing my opinion to a young Scotchman who stood behind the counter, that Mr. Cobbett might hit as hard in his reply, the North Briton said, with some alarm,—"but you don't think, Sir, Mr. Cobbett will be able to injure the Scotish nation?" I said I could not speak to that point, but I thought he was very well able to defend himself."

Poor Dennis of the Dunciad's only objection to the peace of Utrecht was, that as *he* had seriously injured the French nation, by lampooning the Grand Monarque, there *must be* a secret article for surrendering his person. The Duke of Marlborough, to whom he applied on the subject, gave him comfort by assuring him, that although he himself had injured them fully as much, he was quite at ease in the matter. If there really was a Scotsman, which is not at all necessary to the joke, who put to Mr. Hazlitt the above innocent question, we are certain that Cobbett himself would not have had *acumen* enough, more than Mr. Hazlitt, to discover the probable truth, that the young bibliopolist was gravely laughing at them both.

To balance his lamentable failure in the essay on Cobbett, Mr. Hazlitt's next, "On People with One Idea," is throughout excellent:

"There is Major C———; he has but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about: but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again, and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of packthread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some school boys cannot read but in their own book, and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just

as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get, and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery; it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this, it is a common infirmity, you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it: you cannot put him off in that way. He retorts the Latin adage upon you—*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.* He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest, (not 'a fee-grief, due to some single breast,") and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments stands first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent *to Coventry.* Business is an interruption; pleasure a digression from it. It is the question before every company where the Major comes, which immediately resolves itself into a committee of the whole world upon it, is carried on by means of a perpetual virtual adjournment, and it is presumed that no other is entertained while this is pending—a determination which gives its persevering advocate a fair prospect of expatiating on it to his dying day."

The following is very spirited.

"I have known persons whose minds were entirely taken up at all times and on all occasions with such questions as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the Restoration of the Jews, or the progress of Unitarianism. I myself at one period took a pretty strong turn to inveighing against the doctrine of Divine Right, and am not yet cured of my prejudice on that subject. How many projectors have gone mad in good earnest from incessantly harping on one idea, the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the finding out the longitude, or paying off the national debt! The disorder at length comes to a fatal crisis; but long before this, and while

they were walking about and talking as usual, the derangement of the fancy, the loss of all voluntary power to control or alienate their ideas from the single subject that occupied them, was gradually taking place, and overturning the fabric of the understanding by wrenching it all on one side. Alderman Wood has, I should suppose, talked of nothing but the Queen in all companies for the last six months. Happy Alderman Wood! Some persons have got a definition of the verb, others a sytem of short-hand, others a cure for a typhus fever, others a method for preventing the counterfeiting of bank-notes, which they think the best possible, and indeed the only one. Others insist there have been only three great men in the world, leaving you to add a fourth. A man who has been in Germany will sometimes talk of nothing but what is German: a Scotsman *always* (?) leads the discourse to his own country. Some descant on the Kantean philosophy. There is a conceited fellow about town who talks always and everywhere on this subject. He wears the Categories round his neck like a pearl chain: he plays off the names of the primary and transcendental qualities like rings on his fingers. He talks of the Kantean system while he dances; he talks of it while he dines, he talks of it to his children, to his apprentices, to his customers. He called on me to convince me of it, and said I was only prevented from becoming a complete convert by one or two prejudices. He knows no more about it than a pike-staff. Why then does he make so much ridiculous fuss about it? It is not that he has got this one idea in his head, but that he has got no other. A dunce may talk on the subject of the Kantean philosophy with great impunity; if he opened his lips on any other, he might be found out."

We recommend what follows to the freeholders of the county of Lanark, when they meet to consider their late success in Parliament.

"Mr. Owen is a man remarkable for one idea. It is that of himself and the Lanark cotton-mills. He carries this idea backwards and forwards with him from Glasgow to London, without allowing any thing for attrition, and expects to find it in the same state of purity and perfection in the latter place as at the former. He acquires a wonderful velocity and impenetrability in his undaunted transit. Resistance to him is vain, while the whirling motion of the mail-coach remains in his head.

> "Nor Alps nor Apennines can keep him out,
> Nor fortified redout."

He even got possession, in the suddenness of his onset, of the steam-engine of the Times newspaper, and struck off ten thousand wood-cuts of the projected villages, which afforded an ocular demonstration to all who saw them of the practicability of Mr. Owen's whole scheme. He comes into a room with one of these documents in his hand, with the air of a schoolmaster and quack-

doctor mixed, asks very kindly how you do, and on hearing you are still in an indifferent state of health owing to bad digestion, instantly turns round, and observes, 'That all that will be remedied in his plan: that indeed he thinks too much attention has been paid to the mind, and not enough to the body; that in his system, which he has now perfected, and which will shortly be generally adopted, he has provided effectually for both: that he has been long of opinion that the mind depends altogether on the physical organization; and where the latter is neglected or disordered, the former must languish and want its due vigour: that exercise is therefore a part of his system, with full liberty to develop every faculty of mind and body; that two objections had been made to his New View of Society, viz. its want of relaxation from labour, and its want of variety; but the first of these, the too great restraint, he trusted he had already answered, for where the powers of mind and body were freely exercised and brought out, surely liberty must be allowed to exist in the highest degree; and as to the second, the monotony which would be produced by a regular and general plan of co-operation, he conceived he had proved in his 'New View,' and 'Adresses to the Higher Classes;' that the co-operation he had recommended was necessarily conducive to the most extensive improvement of the ideas and faculties, and where this was the case, there must be the greatest possible variety instead of a want of it.' And having said this, this expert and sweeping orator takes up his hat and walks down stairs, after reading his lecture of truisms like a play-bill or an apothecary's advertisement; and should you stop him at the door to say, by way of putting in a word in common, that Mr. Southey seems somewhat favourable to his plan in his late Letter to Mr. William Smith, he looks at you with a smile of pity at the futility of all opposition, and the idleness of all encouragement."

There are many, very many persons with one idea, not from the engrossing power of enthusiasm, which, pushed far enough, becomes insanity, but from what is in no such danger, the simple negation of all other sources of thought, from limited faculties, and contracted habits and pursuits. We have heard of the *ne plus ultra* of this retiring unity of sentiment—for such persons are any thing but volunteers in conversation—in a passenger by a stage coach; a fellow traveller having for many a mile rarely extracted from him more than a monosyllable, at length asked him if there was any subject on which he *could* speak. He answered, "on tallow, only."

There is nothing worth quoting or commenting upon in the essay on "The Ignorance of the learned." We think the subject, on the whole, well treated; but it is one which does not possess much attraction; referring, as it does, to a fact too notorious, to leave even a chance of saying any thing upon it with the merit of originality.

An essay on the Indian Jugglers!—we think we hear our readers exclaim, what can the author's originality make of such a subject? He begins with a spirited description of the well-known feat of the four brass balls—but we shall present our readers with it.

"Coming forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever-anxious application up to manhood can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account! —To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again, to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres, to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors, to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents, to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable, to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired any thing in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping

up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves."

Without availing himself of one of his own conclusions of common sense, our author proceeds to compare this conquest over mere mechanical difficulty,—because it is a perfect attainment of the end aimed at, such as it is—with the highest efforts of intellectual and moral power; and for several pages of his essay so decidedly prefers the brass balls, that he is put to the blush because of the inferiority of all other human exertion; especially those highest reaches of power, speeches in parliament, and his own essays. The feat of the balls is faultless, the speeches of the honourable member and noble lord, are not.—

"And what abortions are these essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions, and polish my periods: but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do."

For an instance of perfect coincidence of sentiment with Mr. Hazlitt, we are obliged to go far. But we have heard of a set of judges, by whom, certainly, in comparison with the brass balls, his finest efforts and Chatham's would alike have been despised. A party of Mohawks happened to come to New York, when Rickets from England was exhibiting his horsemanship. Much they had heard of the power and splendour of England; but they never saw it realized till then. Rickets was by far the greatest man they had ever seen. The horsemanship so far mastered their imaginations, that the government turned it skilfully to a political purpose, and Rickets galloped on to the conclusion of a league, or the prevention of a war. The four Indian kings in the Spectator had much the same predilections. King Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow expresses his disappointment with the London theatre in these terms. "We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of greatest abilities among them;

but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room, lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it."

But Mr. Hazlitt in due time discovers, that although the juggler attains his end with the most exquisite precision, that end is, to no rational purpose, worth attaining. Now in this he agrees not with the Indian king, or Mohawk chief, but with one of the Popes, we forget which, who suitably rewarded the mathematics of another *exact* philosopher, who exhibited before him the practical result of the induction of a whole lifetime, which was, that he could blow pins out of his mouth, and stick them in the minutest mark on the wall. He sent him to hard labour, to make up his lost time. No! The value and dignity of any human effort are not to be measured by the difficulty overcome, and the certainty of the attainment; but by the benefit gained, in increasing the substantial happiness of mankind. The brass balls, with all their marvellous dexterity and precision, have no chance with the feats of Arkwright and Watt: and although we would much rather see the Indian jugglers for the twentieth time, than hear a bad speech in Parliament, yet we should not hesitate to prefer a good one,—and even these essays themselves, of which Mr. Hazlitt speaks more slightingly than he would forgive any other human being for doing. After admitting all this, at least saying as much as implies such admission, our author becomes, as usual, discursive in his illustrations. He gives us definitions of cleverness, accomplishment, talent, genius, greatness, which, while they amuse the reader, do not at all instruct or improve him. inasmuch as they are random, though lively definitions, which we feel might have been quite different without truth suffering by the change. From such discussion the author "bolts" away, to use the term much in his own style, to a biographical sketch of yet another sort of productive labourer, called John Cavanagh, a remarkable *fives player*; of whom, although the author calls him "the celebrated," there may be readers who may dare to say they never heard, without arguing themselves unknown. This memoir, Mr. Hazlitt says, appeared in the Examiner Newspaper, and although he "*finds* it pat to his purpose," no reader of it will much doubt who put it there. The said John Cavanagh's death, according to his biographer, "left a gap in society," and the *rationale* of this thesis is a description of his fives playing, fully as minute, and not less technical, than that of the late match between Oliver and the Gas-light man. Thus we have, let balls, volleying, hopping, uphill playing, aces, services, with a bet of half-a-crown and a bottle of cider; and as the eye runs over the *olla podrida* of the page, it is attracted by Brougham's speeches, Jack Spines, Junius, Jem Harding, Mr. Canning's wit, Armitage, Church, Davies, Mr. Peel, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, *all one concern*, under the

general title of "Indian Jugglers;" that title continuing to top the page with the same propriety that a gay martial banner, which, in one of the streets of our "own romantic town," long indicated the panoramas of great battles by sea and land, now floats over "the Frozen Regions."

As every essay must necessarily lead us into new matter, we must decline going farther, although several not uninteresting subjects must be left untouched by us; such as "Living to One's Self;" "Will Making," &c. all of them well worth reading.

The general title of this work is, for want of a better, or rather a worse, "Table-Talk." But let no one dream of qualifying himself for convivial display, by reading it. None of the essays runs out to less than twenty octavo pages; one third of each, at an average, being abstrusely metaphysical. Our old friend Selden knew better; for he, in anticipating the name, took care to put it out of the power of *his* pupils to interrupt the more appropriate business of the banquet, by the utterance, *ore vacuo*, of more than a dozen lines. There is not conceivable breakfast-table, dinner-table, or tea-table, that would produce, as a relish, even short extracts from Mr. Hazlitt's unseasoned and unseasonable lucubrations. Take a passage at random, and apply it, cold, to toast and muffins, soup and fish, tea and *chasse-caffée*,—try it "*faucibus haud fere depletis*," while courses are serving, corks reporting, compliments exchanging, ginger-beer in mutiny, soda in *open* rebellion,—imagine, for example, the fate of the following speculation, at the crisis when you may have caught the eye and almost secured the attentions of a serving-man, the arbiter of implements, condiments, and potations,—

"Genius or originality is, for the most part, some strong quality in the mind, answering to and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature. Imagination is, more properly, the power of carrying on a given feeling into other situations, which must be done best according to the hold which the feeling itself has taken of the mind. [*Note.*—I do not here speak of the figurative or fanciful exercise of the imagination, which consists in finding out some striking object or image to illustrate another.] In new and unknown combinations, the impression must act by sympathy, and not by rule; but there can be no sympathy, where there is no passion, no original interest. The personal interest may in some cases oppress and circumscribe the imaginative faculty, as in the instance of Rousseau: but in general the strength and consistency of the imagination will be in proportion to the strength and depth of feeling; and it is rarely that a man even of lofty genius will be able to do more than carry on his own feelings and character, or some prominent and ruling passion, into fictitious and uncommon situations. Milton has by allusion," &c.

Cowper chose names in desperation. Witness *his* Table-talk and Sofa. It is rather too much that the first should not only be twice borrowed, but twice misapplied by the borrowers. We have heard of the fair author of a novel, intimating to her bookseller, that she had delayed giving the work a name till she should have consulted him. He had not read the book; that, we are informed, not being necessary for the first edition of a novel; but proposed "*Flora the Forsaken.*" It was stated by the author as a slight difficulty, that there was not a word about Flora in the story. It was answered that that was of no sort of consequence, and the name of "Flora the Forsaken" was adopted. But we well recollect Mr. Hazlitt's infelicity in the choice of a name, when he adjoined the imposing enunciation of "Political Essays on Public characters," to a ——— but we forbear "*renovare dolorem.*"

We wished much, during our perusal of these essays, to reason ourselves into the belief that Mr. Hazlitt is cured of some of the worst of his faults of style; that there is more decency, taste, and decorum in his pages; less self-conceit, or its sign affectation, better rhetoric, and not so large a sum of obscurity; but we must confess that our theory was often baffled by the fact, for the hoof was always breaking out from under an unwonted cover of propriety. A lady of our acquaintance—these Essays have infected us with story-telling—who saw Grimaldi perform *extracts* of pantomines at Edinburgh, where he wanted the co-operation and machinery of his London exhibitions, when asked how she was amused, said, "I am trying very hard to laugh, but am not succeeding." We have not succeeded more to our minds in finding our author writing like a gentleman. We still feel for him as we do for a clown in a drawing room, whom moreover we have ourselves brought there; all perhaps goes well for a while, till out comes some coarse expression or foul similitude, which sets the circle in a titter, at our expense as well as the speaker's. Some of Mr. Hazlitt's allusions, we are sorry to say, are of the lowest and most shockingly indelicate description; he seems most in his element when revelling in vulgarisms; and by a sort of gravitation, however high he may pitch his commencement, he is sure to descend in style, till he again settles down in Ludgate Hill, after having, as we hoped, abjured the same for ever. We utterly loathe him where he seems most at home, namely, among pugilists, and wagerers, and professional tennis-players, passing current their vain glorious slang. We protest against allusions to the very existence of the Bens and Bills and Jacks and Jems and Joes of "the ring," in any printed page above the destination of an ale-bench; but to have their nauseous vocabulary defiling the language of a printed book, regularly entered at Stationers' Hall, and destined for the use of men and women of education, taste, and delicacy, is quite past endurance. With Mr. Hazlitt, for example, the turn of a literary

controversy is "a hollow thing;" the controversialist "makes a dead set, pays off old scores, hits hard, fair or foul, runs his head into his adversary's stomach, trips up his heels, lays him sprawling, pummels him when down," with much more which a bruiser's bottle-holder would say in the same goodtaste, and after the same manner. There is a noisy boastful style, in which the sporting world "awaken echo" with their own small bustlings and little achievements—a macaw-like habit of self-praise in jockies, huntsmen, dog-breakers, rat-catchers, gentlemen-coachmen, boxers, cock-fighters, fives-players, betters, *et hoc genus omne*, which would only receive our contempt and ridicule, were it not obtruded upon us with merciless self-sufficiency and impertinence, when it is at any time our ill luck to find ourselves in the company of one or more of that inquiet variety of the species. It is bad enough to read their metaphors in the newspapers; but we strenuously protest against this "*bang-up*" style, this "*fancy* diction," in a series of original essays." One conclusion, at least, irresistible,—the author has not kept good company, who attempts to introduce into letters a language, that debases them as much as the presence of any of the ignoble race who speak it, would contaminate a circle of taste and good manners, into which they were permitted to intrude.

Art V—*The last Letter of Marie Antoinette.*

Shortly after the second downfall of the Corsican adventurer's dynasty, there was discovered, a letter written by Marie Antoinette on the night immediately preceding her execution, and addressed to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth. The authenticity of this letter was ascertained by those acquainted with the hand-writing of the queen, and also (an affecting memorial of the situation in which it was composed) by those who knew the hand-writing of her jailors; for their names had been added as witnesses to the document. M. de Cazes was employed by the king to read this letter to the Chamber of Deputies; and it was read to the House of Peers the following day. Among the many speeches pronounced upon this occasion, the most praised by the royalist journalists, was that of the Viscount de Chateaubriand,—"A month," said he, "has just elapsed since we were present at St Denis. There you heard the testament of Louis XVI. Here is another testament; when Marie Antoinette wrote it, she had but four hours more to live. Have you observed in these last sentiments of a queen, a mother, a sister, a widow, and a woman, any symptoms of feebleness? The hand was as her heart; her writing is in no respect altered. Marie Antoinette, from the depth of her dungeon, writes to Madame Elizabeth with the same tranquillity which might have been expected in the midst of the splendours of Versailles! The first

the last words of his father, which I emphatically repeat to him —*Let him never seek to revenge our death.*

"I have to speak on a subject very painful to my feelings; I know how much pain this child must have caused you; pardon him, my dear sister; consider his age, and how easy it is to make a child say whatever one pleases, and even what he does not understand. A day, I hope, will come, when he will so much the more forcibly feel the full value of your kindness and tenderness to them both. It now remains to confide to you my last thoughts. I would have written them from the beginning of the trial; but besides not being permitted to write, its progress has been so rapid, that I really should not have had time.

"I die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Religion, that of my fathers, that in which I was educated, and which I have always professed; having no spiritual consolation to expect, not knowing whether here tbe here any priests of that religion; and, indeed, for a priest to visit me where I now am, would be too dangerous an undertaking.

"I sincerely ask pardon of God for all the faults I may have committed during my life: I hope that in his goodness he will hear my last prayers, together with those which I have long poured forth, entreating him to receive my soul in his mercy and kindness. I ask forgiveness of all with whom I am acquainted, and of you, sister, in particular, for all the pain, which, without intending it, I may have caused you. I forgive all my enemies the injury they have done me. I here bid adieu to my aunts, and to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends! The idea of being separated from them for ever, and of their affictions, is the greatest grief I feel in dying; let them know at least, that to my latest moment, I thought of them.

"Adieu, my kind and tender sister; may this letter reach you Always think of me; I embrace you with my whole heart, as well as those poor and dear children: O my God! how heart-rending it is to leave them for ever! Adieu! Adieu! I must now occupy myself wholly with my spiritual duties. As I am not free in my actions, they will perhaps bring me a priest, but I here protest that I will have nothing to say to him, and that I will treat him as a perfect stranger."

ART. VI—*Literary Life in London.*—From the MSS. of the late ALEXANDER STEPHENS. A selection from which is published occasionally in the Monthly Magazine under the title of STEPHENSIANA.

FROM 1797 to 1805, I was accustomed to use the Chapter Coffee-house, where I always met with intelligent company, and enjoyed an interesting conversation. The box in the NE. corner used to be called the *Wittinagemot.* Early in the morning it was

occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers as brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter. A *dry* paper they viewed as a *stale* commodity.

In the afternoon another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers, and it was these whom I met.

Dr. Buchan, author of the Domestic Medicine, generally held a seat in this box, and though he was a tory, he heard the freest discussions with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy and his white hairs qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly 45 years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French wars, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was *Socratic*, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdam*, often creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar, or chronicle of the box, was a Mr. Murray, an episcopal Scotch clergyman, who generally sat in one place from nine in the morning till nine at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited, was Dr. Berdmore, Master of the Charter House; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker, to the finest enunciation, united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after his wine, and staid about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another glass at the London, and a third at the Oxford, before he went to his house in Essex-street.

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor, and added much to our stock of information. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan, in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine

they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter-punch, or brandy and water, as *aqua vitæ*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch is not found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now, let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here—John, or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr.——, unless he likes brandy and water better. Take that, Sir, and I'll warrant you'll soon be well—you're a peg too low—you want a little stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

There was a growling man, of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, of the name of Heron, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle that, deserted by all, he would have died from want if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

Robinson, the king of the Booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent; and Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper and Fuzeli. Phillips, then commencing his Magazine, was also on a keen look out for recruits, with his waistcoat-pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlisting money into their hands.*

Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons, and through their introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humour, and in anecdotes, of which he had a plentiful store at command. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his name-sake George, who, he used to say, carried "*the leaden mace*," and was much provoked whenever he happened to be taken for his name-sake.

Cahusac, a teacher of the classics; M'Leod, a writer in the papers; the two Parrys of the Courier, then the organ of jacobinism; and Capt. Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who personated

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* The proprietor of this Miscellany, at the period of its commencement in the winter of 1795-6, lodged and boarded at the Chapter, and not only knew the characters referred to by Mr. S. but many others equally *original*, from the voracious glutton in politics, who waited for the wet papers in the morning twilight, to the comfortless bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out at half-past twelve at night, all of whom took their successive stations, like figures in a magic lantern. In regard to the *enlisting money* to which Mr S. alludes, it may be proper to state, that so many trumpery periodical works, then, as now, were constantly obtruded on the public, that it was difficult to impress on men of talents, the possibility of establishing a work of permanent character like the Monthly Magazine: and to secure reluctant aid, the Editor sometimes, in a parting shake by the hand, left five guineas in the palm of his desired assistant. So tangible an argument in every case allayed scruples, and tended, among other circumstances, to raise this Miscellany to that pinnacle of celebrity which it has ever since maintained.

our nation in the procession of Anacharis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One BAKER, once a Spitalfields manufacturer. a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant: but having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby-street, it was discovered that for some years he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his subsistence, till his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

LOWNDES, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. BUCHAN, jun. a graduated son of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes, and though somewhat dogmatical yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, was as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. BUSBY, the musician, and a very ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the tories. And MACFARLANE, the author of the History of George the Third, way always admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during a procession of Sir F. Burdett, from Brentford.

KELLY, an Irish schoolmaster and gentlemanly man, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man of the name of WILSON, who acquired the name of *Long-bow* Wilson, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut-ton* which he used to retail by the hour. He was a good-tempered, and certainly very amusing person, who seemed likely to be an acquisition among the *Wittenagemot*, but having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the house, begged of me, if I met with him, to tell him that she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch, and more brandy and water, than from any other single cause whatever." I, however, never saw Wilson again, and suppose he is dead or gone abroad.

JACOB, afterwards an alderman and M. P., was a frequent visitor, and then as remarkable for his heretical, as he was subsequently for his orthodox, opinions.

WAITHMAN, the active and eloquent common councilman, often mixed with us, and was always clear-headed and agreeable. One JAMES, who had made a large fortune by vending tea, contributed many good ancedotes of the age of Wilkes.

Several stock-brokers visited us, and among others of that description, was Mr. Blake, the banker, of Lombard-street, a remarkably intelligent old gentleman; and there was a Mr. Patterson, a North Briton, a long-headed speculator, who had the reputation of being a skilful mathematician.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time, as Lovett, a militia-officer; Hennell, a coal-merchant, and some others, whose names I forget, and these seemed likely to keep up the party; but all things have an end—Dr. Buchan died, some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented himself, after nearly fifty years attendance, and the noisy box of the Wittenagemot has for some years been remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no voice above a whisper, and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever.

Art. VII.—*Travels in Nubia*, by the late John Louis Burkhardt: published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the interior Parts of Africa. With Maps, &c. 4to. 2*l.* 8*s.* Boards. Murray.

John Louis Burkhardt was born at Lausanne in 1784, but his family came originally from Basle. His father's prospects in life were blighted by the French Revolution; and the subject of this memoir, the eighth child, became when young a daily witness of the miseries inflicted by the disorderly government which then prevailed. He grew up, therefore, with a firm detestation of those principles from which his country and his friends had suffered so severely, and with a constant wish to serve in the army of some state that was at war with France: but these intentions were never put in execution, although the feeling which excited them was not transitory. In 1800, at the age of sixteen, he studied at Leipsic, and subsequently at Gottingen; and in 1806, having refused from disinclination some occupations in Germany which were proposed to him, he went over to Great Britain, apparently without any very definite object. An introduction to the late Sir Joseph Banks, by which he became acquainted with the views of the African Association, and with the wish of that Society to follow up the plan from the execution of which Hornemann had been prevented by death, brought him into the society of persons engaged in scientific pursuits; and he was thus led to tender his own services to promote the object in view.

Mr. Burkhardt's first preparatory steps were to study Arabic at London and Cambridge, and to cultivate different branches of sciences suitable to the undertaking; to attend lectures on chemistry, surgery, medicine, &c. &c.; to allow his beard to grow; to assume the oriental dress; and to try the vigour of his constitution

by laborious exercises, severe abstinence, and exposure to all varieties of temperature.

In 1809, he sailed for Malta, where he saw a letter from a Dr. Seetzen, a German physician, who had preceded him in his own destined line, or rather, being then at Cairo, had marked out a similar route for himself. We find subsequently that he died by poison at Yemen. At Malta Mr. B. equipped himself in the oriental fashion, but describes his dress as somewhat Syrian; though so far differing from the costume of that country, to which he proposed next to proceed, as not to make it supposed, when there, that he wished to pass for a native. He also adhered to the utmost seclusion, that his person might not subsequently be recognized by traders or others.

A letter from him was received, which he wrote at Aleppo late in the same year. In a voyage on the Caramanian coast, he passed with his shipmates for an Indian Mohammedan merchant: but, on his disembarkation at Suedieh, he was soon suspected of being a Frank, and on his journey from that place his apparent poverty excited contempt and ill-usage. He conceives, however, that he succeeded in maintaining (or rather re-establishing) his assumed character with the people of the caravan, although the natives of the towns constantly uttered imprecations against him. Some neglect of ablutions revived these suspicions, which were combated with great spirit, and much in the Arab style, during the last day's journey; and thus Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, which name Mr. B. had assumed at Malta, arrived as a suspected Mohammedan at the house of Mr. Barker, the British Consul at Aleppo.

The traveller remained in Syria, chiefly at Aleppo, two years and a half, perfecting himself in the Arabic language, and in the habits and manners of Mohammedan society. During this period, he continued to wear the dress before mentioned: but, having learnt from experience that he was scarcely yet qualified to assume the character of a Mussulman, he neither professed nor concealed his European origin, acting in this respect as many other travellers do who dress like Orientalists in oriental countries to avoid insult. The assumption of a fictitious character, at so very early a period of his preparatory travels, arose from an idea that the communications between Aleppo and Cairo were so frequent, that a difficulty would arise in compassing such a metamorphosis after having appeared at the former as a Frank: but in this point he was undeceived on his arrival in Syria, and consequently did not persevere in a scheme which he found to be unnecessary.

In 1810 Mr. Burckhardt visited Palmyra, and resided three months at Damascus. He subsequently explored the Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, as also the Auranitis; and in 1812 he made a second stay at Damascus, and visited parts of the ancient Decapolis. In his way to Egypt he saw Tiberias and Nazareth; crossed to the eastern side of the Jordan; passed through the countries so

little explored to the east and south of the Dead Sea; and at Wady Mousa discovered the remains of a large ancient city, presumed to be Petra, the site of the capital of Arabia Petræa. It appears, therefore, that these preparatory travels, as we have before termed them, were by no means unimportant; and the accounts of them published in the volume before us, from the letters sent by the traveller to Sir J. Banks and Mr. Hamilton, form a valuable part of its contents. We will notice incidentally some few matters related in them.

In this year, Mr. B. was so far advanced in Arabic as to understand almost every thing that was said in common conversation. The literature of the learned Turks he found very low; and many of them were glad to consult Wilkins's Arabic and Persian Dictionary, exclaiming, "How wonderful that a Frank should know more of our language than our first Ulemas!" He also met two Persian dervishes; one of whom, a young man of twenty-two, had been in the habit of keeping a regular journal of his travels, with geographical notices: certainly a very singular fact concerning a Mussulman, and which seems to argue the rise of a spirit in the East that may have a most important effect in the cause of discovery. Ali Bey, says Mr. Burckhardt, was suspected of being a Christian at Damascus and Hama: but the oriential magnificence with which he travelled checked inquiry.

With another letter, Mr. B. forwards to his correspondent an Arabic translation of Robinson Crusoe, which he had made, under the title of *Dar el Bahur*, or the Pearl of the Seas. The succeeding letter contains an historical narrative of the operations of the Wahabees, who had about this time met with a memorable check. In the country called the Haouran, the old patrimony of Abraham, were found about twenty villages of the Druses; and in the descent to the south-east of it appeared the remains of many cities, temples, public edifices, &c. &c. The inscriptions, for the chief part, were those of the lower empire, but the most elegant ruins were dated from the ages of Trajan and M. Aurelius. In 1811, Mr. Burkhardt writes: 'I have now completed the perusal of several of the best Arabic authors, prose-writers as well as poets; I have read over the Koran twice, and have got by heart several of its chapters, and many of its sentences; I am likewise nearly finishing a thorough course of the precepts of the Mahometan religion, a learned Effendi having taken upon himself the task of explaining to me the book of Ibrahim Halebi on the Religious Laws of the Turks.'

Even thus far, it may be safely said that no individual had ever undergone more introductory discipline for a destined object. Indeed the view taken by the African Association, in thus attempting to form a traveller for their purpose, was truly sensible; and no instance has yet been afforded of trouble more successfully employed, as far as the formation of a new character could go. Those

who have seen Mr. Burckhardt in Egypt, and elsewhere, have borne ample testimony to his apparent identity with the designation which he assumed; and the interior of the man exceeded the outside show, for he was "*laudatus a laudatis*" for his extensive knowledge, which soon exceeded that of his instructers in the religious exercises which they taught him.

His first letter from Cairo bears date November, 1812. Here, too, preparation was his object; and a residence of many months in Egypt appeared desirable for the acquisition of new dialects, and the knowledge of a system of manners greatly differing from that of Syria. This delay also afforded opportunity for some excursions which forwarded the views before explained; while at the same time they present the author to us as a traveller in many interesting regions, Upper Egypt, Nubia, and Arabia. When he visited the latter, his acquisition of Mohammedan manners had become so far complete that he resided at Mecca during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion, without any suspicion arising as to his real character: but it is to be feared that the seeds of the disease that caused his death were laid in this latter journey; as the attacks of fever and dysentery, which there assailed him, seem to have undermined a constitution apparently hardened against many of the casualties of his situation. Two years and a half were consumed by this journey and the illness which succeeded it; and in July, 1815, we again find Mr. Burckhardt, at Cairo. Here and in different parts of Lower Egypt he became resident, partly in search of health, and partly waiting for a caravan, to proceed on his destined route, till the latter end of the year, 1817. In the Hadj of that year, among the pilgrims collected at Mecca, were a party of Moggrebyns or western Africans, who were expected to return by way of Cairo and the Fezzan, leaving the latter about the month of December. This was the opportunity which our traveller had determined to embrace in order to execute his mission, for which, as he expresses himself, he had now been schooling six years. Alas! "*Diis aliter visum, qui inanes hominum contentiones in medio spatio frangunt, obruuntque.*" The dysentery returned on him early in October; and on the 15th of the same month he was no more.

The last moments of Mr. Burkhardt, as detailed in a letter from Mr. Salt to the Association, exhibit the excellence of his heart as strongly as his previous actions had testified the energy of his mind. Few instances will be found of greater firmness in the last stage of mortal existence. His will, dictated to the writer, was short: he had few worldly goods to leave! but such things as he had, which he deemed serviceable to the cause of science, he consigned to persons whom he considered as likely to diffuse their utility. After having arranged some such affairs as these, he paused, and seemed troubled, and at length, with great exertion, said, "Let Mr. Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death,

and that my last thoughts have been with her." This subject he had evidently kept back, as not trusting himself with the mention of it until the last.'

The letters which were written by Mr. B., during the last two years of his residence in Egypt, relate not merely to antiquities, and the efforts of those persons, especially Mr. Belzoni, who have been so actively engaged in elucidating them, but give a vast mass of statistical information relative to the present state of that country. On these subjects, however, we will not enter at present, but turn to those travels which have given a name to the publication before us.

It will be observed by the reader, that the excursions in Nubia were not a part of Mr. Burckhardt's main design, but were essays of strength, and performed during portions of that time of which we have given a hasty sketch; and in which we have passed them once as to the precise period when they occurred on account of the subsequent claim which they would make on our attention.

The first journey into Nubia, in the year 1813, commences from Assouan on the Nile, and was performed along the banks of that river to Mahass on the frontiers of Dongola, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. It was completed, including the return, in thirty-five days, by two good dromedaries, one for Mr. B., and the other for his servant: one day's rest alone being allowed to them, and ten hours of each day being usually occupied in travelling. The baggage was very slight: a gun, a sabre, a pistol, a provision-bag, and a woollen mantle for a carpet by day or a coverlid by night, being the whole inventory; and the trifling sum of five dollars, exclusive of the purchase of the dromedaries, which cost about 22*l.*, forming the total expense. Great parsimony in travelling was a principle uniformly adopted by Mr. Burckhardt, with a view to personal security;—the adage of "*Cantabit vacuus,*" &c. being peculiarly applicable to the East. A certain medium, nevertheless, between the appearance of wealth displayed in profusion, which necessarily excites cupidity, and the semblance of poverty, which as frequently provokes contempt and insult, appears on the whole to be preferable; a lesson conveyed in other parts of this volume, and confirmed by the experience of it.

At Derr, which is about one-third or somewhat less of the whole journey, the author took a retrospective view of the country which he had passed; (p. 21.)

"The general direction of the river from Assouan to Korosko (a little to the north of Derr) is south; it there takes a western course, which it retains the whole of the way to Dongola. The eastern bank is, throughout, better adapted for cultivation than the western, and wherever the former is of any breadth, it is covered with the rich alluvial soil deposited by the Nile. On the western side, on the contrary, the sands of the desert are im-

petuously carried to the very brink of the river by the north-east winds which prevail during the winter and spring seasons, and it is generally only in those places, where the course of the sandy torrent is arrested by the mountain, that the narrow plain admits of cultivation. The eastern shore is in consequence much more populous than the western; but it is not a little singular, that all the chief remains of antiquity are on the latter. The ancient Egyptians, perhaps, worshipped their bounteous deities more particularly in those places, where they had most to dread from the inimical deity, Typhon, or the personified desert, who stands continually opposed to the beneficient Osiris, or waters of the Nile."

The well-known fact of the advance of sandy desolation from the west during a succession of centuries, and the certainty that many regions on that side of the Nile have from that cause become unproductive, which formerly were fertile, will furnish a more satisfactory solution of this question than that which was a doted by Mr. B. We may fairly conclude that, in earlier ages, both banks were equally adapted to support a numerous population; and the causes of the superiority of the one over the other in splendid remains could probably, be deduced only from a knowlege of political annals which are lost to us. In this route, Mr. B. had passed through two general divisions of population, and it was remarkable that the language of neither had any Arabic sounds in it. 'It is a fact worthy of notice,' he adds, 'that two foreign tongues should have subsisted so long, to the almost entire exclusion of the Arabic, in a country bordered on one side by Dongola, and on the other by Egypt, in both of which Arabic is exclusively spoken.'

Derr is the principal place in Nubia, and has a curious temple on the declivity of a rocky hill, which is entirely hewn out of the sand-stone, with pronaos, cella, and adytum; presenting an appearance of antiquity more remote than the temples of Karnac and Gorne, which are said to be the most ancient in Egypt. The subjects of the carvings may be traced in many places; but, with the exception of a battle-piece, they seemed to have represented, with no very remarkable variations, the same figures which are to be found in similar situations in Egypt. As the particular remarks on the route do not present much which would be interesting in abridgment, we pass on to those which apply more generally to the country visited.

Nubia is divided into two parts. Wady el Kenous, and Wady el Nouba; and the inhabitants use distinct languages, though in manners they are nearly similar to each other. The present inhabitants derive their origin, according to their own traditions, from Arab Bedouins, who invaded their country in the first age of Mohammedanism. Christianity is now extinct, but the author traced the remains of Christian churches as far as Sukoy, viz.

about one-half of the country. These Arabs occupied Nubia for several centuries in a state of constant warfare with each other, the result of which appears to have been that both became tributary to the king of Dongola; but at length, in the reign of the Sultan Selim, an application having been made to that monarch for assistance by one of the tribes at that time much straitened, he sent some Bosnian soldiers to their assistance, by whom the Dongolans were driven from the country. The Bosnians repaired three ancient castles at Assouan, Ibrim, and Say; and those who garrisoned them obtained certain privileges and exemptions for themselves, as well as such of their descendants as should occupy them. Hassan Coosey, who commanded the original Bosnian force, governed Nubia during his life, paying an annual tax to the Pasha of Egypt, but being otherwise independent of him. Some revolutions have taken place in succeeding times; but now the political state of the country is nearly the same as in Hassan's days, and the present governors, three in number, are his descendants. The posterity, too, of the garrisons still enjoy their immunities, although they have long since lost their native language. The three brothers pay 120*l.* annually to the Pasha of Egypt; and Derr is their residence, though they are very locomotive, for the purpose of enforcing their exactions. Mr. B. computes their income at about 3000*l.* a-year each. The general revenue of the country is estimated by the number of water-wheels employed by the natives for irrigation: but the whole system is very arbitrary and irregular.

Murder may here be redeemed by fine, and proportionate mulcts are appointed for wounds and injuries; but the option of retaliation nevertheless remains, and in some districts is often claimed. Tyranny is exercised more on property than persons; yet, if a Nubian flies from exactions, his wife and children are imprisoned till he returns: a severity unknown in Egypt.

'The following is a curious method which the governors of Nubia have devised of extorting money of their subjects. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a suitable age, they demand her in marriage; the father seldom dares to refuse, and is sometimes flattered by the honour; but he is soon ruined by his powerful son-in-law, who extorts from him every article of his property under the name of presents to his own daughter.'

Mr. B. found the men generally well made, strong, and muscular; more or less so, however, in proportion to the fertility of the soil which they occupied. The women were not usually handsome, but had often very sweet countenances and pleasing manners, and some were even beauties. Mr. B. deems them the most virtuous of all the women of the East; and still the price of a wife, which ought to be "above rubies," does not on an average rise above thirty-six piastres. The men seldom go without wea-

pons: but fire-arms are not very common among them, and ammunition is particularly scarce. In general, their disposition was kind: pilfering was by no means a common crime; and in some parts there was a spirit of hospitality. The people, as a body are little inclined to commerce, and less to travelling. Mr. B. met two old men, who lived within five hours' distance of Derr, but had never visited it: some few make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but the custom is not much honoured in observance. Finally, the population is estimated in this singular country, which is five hundred miles long by an average breadth of not more than half a mile, at one hundred thousand persons.

These are only a comparatively few heads out of the general remarks which we had collected; the products of the country, which are not very various, and the mode of agriculture, which does not differ much from that of Egypt, have been altogether omitted by us.

Of the second journey, performed in 1814, the general course was south from Derr, where the Nile takes a westerly direction, across the desert of Nubia to Berber, where the river returns to nea ly the same point of longitude as at Assouan. From Berber, Mr. Burckhardt pursued first an easterly and then a north-easterly course, to Souakin on the Red Sea, whence he crossed to Djidda in Arabia. His equipments on this expedition were even more contracted than on the former occasion: he dispensed with the use of a servant; had no beast of burden but the ass on which he rode; and assumed the character of a small and poor trader. The few and trifling articles of merchandise which he carried, together with some of his articles of personal necessity, were deposited on one of the camels of the small caravan, he paying for his share of the animal's load. As usual, insult and contumely beset him; for, although he was not suspected of being a Frank, yet there was something so equivocal in the character of so poor a trader, with a cargo which could not possibly indemnify him for his time and expenses, that many surmises were formed respecting him. Contempt seems to have secured him from any very serious ill treatment in his route to Berber, which occupied about three weeks: but this same feeling rendered the lowest slave either ashamed or disinclined to afford him the smallest service; and it required a persevering spirit, as well as an active frame, to enable him, after the severe fatigues of travelling, to perform unassisted all those offices for himself which others lightened by participation. This portion of the Nubian desert did not offer any objects very different from those which the reader will suggest to himself; and the detail of the journey through it is mostly occupied with the advances from one watering-place to another, and with geological remarks on the surface of the country, which alone could be subject to observation. Such peculiar characteristics as do belong to it will be found in the annexed brief quotation: (p. 191.)

'In general I found the dreaded Nubian deserts, as far as Shigre at least, of a much less dreary appearance than the great Syrian desert, and still less so than the desert of Suez and Tyh. We seldom passed a day without meeting with trees and water, as far at least as Shigre. They are much more frequent than on the caravan route from Aleppo to Bagdad, or from Damascus to Medina. The flatness of the Syrian desert may appear less horrid than the barren shaggy rocks of the Nubian desert; but the latter has at least the advantage of variety.'

The distance from Shigre to the Nile at Berber was about four days, and some painful scenes occurred during it, from the want of water: but, as the peril was escaped, and little dissimilarity occurs in accounts of such distresses, where they do not end fatally, we omit farther reference to them here. Mr. Burckhardt is inclined to think that Bruce's sufferings in this respect must have been somewhat over-stated, as they can only be explained by a want of proper precaution. We cannot, however, see the grounds for such an opinion. We observe no want of such care in the caravan which Mr. Burckhardt accompanied; and yet, from an accidental concurrence of some untoward circumstances, his whole party ran no slight risk of perishing by thirst, and were relieved only by a bold measure from the danger; viz. that of sending some men to the Nile through a hostile tribe by a forced and rapid expedition, on whose return, unobserved by their enemies, the fate of the caravan seems chiefly to have depended. In other respects, the modern traveller does full justice to his distinguished predecessor. (P. 203.)

'I must declare,' says he, 'that acquainted as I am with the character of the Nubians, I cannot but sincerely admire the wonderful knowledge of men, firmness of character, and promptitude of mind, which furnished Bruce with the means of making his way through these savage inhospitable nations as an European. To travel as a native has its inconveniences and difficulties, but I take those, which Bruce encountered, to be of a nature much more intricate and serious, and such as a mind at once courageous, patient, and fertile in expedients could alone have surmounted.'

The appearance of the *Mirage* was singularly striking in the Nubian desert. Its colour was of the purest azure, and so clear that the shadows of the mountains in the horizon were reflected on it with great precision, which necessarily rendered this delusive imitation of water more perfect. In Egypt and Syria Mr. B. had usually observed this phænomenon of the deserts to be of a whitish colour, more resembling a mist, and seldom still. In Nubia, the appearance of water continued when he approached as near as two hundred yards, while in the other deserts he never perceived it within half a mile. The stories current relative to the Simoum, or Simoom, are regarded by Mr. Burckhardt as

much exaggerated; for he could meet with no authenticated story of their having proved fatal to man or beast. We have a strong impression, nevertheless, that we have met with accounts which appeared to rest on very respectable testimony, of fatal effects occurring from this cause in the deserts of western Africa. It is apt to dry up the water that is kept in skins, unless they are of a thick hide; and this is an immediate cause of distress, as well as a possible cause of death.

This first branch of the second journey closes with an account of the district of Berber, given with some degree of detail in comparison with the opportunities, that arose for the collection of information. We will advert to two or three of the most prominent features of it.

The people are Arabs of the tribe of Meyrefab, their district not extending above eight hours' journey along the river; and they profess to be able to produce a thousand fighting men, though Mr. B. conceives that this number about doubles the real amount. The chief is stiled Mek, an abbreviation for Melek, or king. He seems to be a potentate of very little authority, not venturing to place imposts on his own subjects; but deriving most of his revenue from exactions on merchants; and, as his country lies in the direct route (indeed the only one) from Egypt to Shendy and Sennaar, his opportunities are not rare. The government is not hereditary, the sovereign being appointed by the King of Sennaar, or rather purchasing his kingly office from that monarch. Four villages contain most of the population, in which the houses are nearly on a par with those of Upper Egypt; and the furniture is very scanty and mean. In general, the people are handsome, of a dark reddish-brown colour; but this varies; if the mother be from Abyssinia, the hue is lighter, if a Negress, proportionably, more deep. The face is oval, the cheek-bones are not prominent, and the nose is not unfrequently altogether Grecian. The upper lip, however, comes nearer to that of the Negro, but is much less discordant with our ideas of beauty in the Meyrefab.

As to the character of these people it is drawn in very dark colours indeed; yet we remark something so temperate in every description by Mr. Burckhardt, that he is altogether the last writer whom we can suspect of exaggeration. Bad as his opinion is of all the oriental nations whom he saw, he considers the inhabitants of the Berber as those who have the fewest good qualties to place in the opposite balance; unless, perhaps, the inhabitants of Souakin may be compared with them. Their good seems to be entirely summed up in a certain degree of merriness and jocularity, with the negative virtue of not being proud; for their politeness, and even the warmth of their friendly professions, are only a cover for the blackest treachery and ingratitude. Habitual drunkenness, and lascivious intercourse with the females, are the most striking vices: but from these proceed such a progeny of secondary crimes,

that we can only consider them morally as among the lowest of savages. In food, indeed, they are abstemious: but their country offers little temptation to excess; Dhourra bread, with butter occasionally poured over it, being the main article of subsistence. Their employment consists in agriculture and pastoral occupations. On the latter we will make no remarks. Their country is an *entrepot* for inland commerce, of which slaves form a large proportion; and consequently the duties levied compose the most important feature of their commercial state. Their tillage is very bad, and usually effected by the spade, though a plough had made its appearance among them. Corn they have not, and they only sow the dhourra once in the year; for, the bank of the Nile being high, much of their land can rarely be benefitted by natural irrigation; and their water-mills are so few that artificial irrigation is very far from general. Remains of old canals exist, but they have apparently long been unserviceable.

The cattle are pastured during the winter and spring on the Bishareen mountains: in the hot weather, they are chiefly fed on the dry dhourra stalk; and in the autumn on the green herbs which spring up where the latter crop has grown. The sheep is of the hairy and not the woolly class, which renders it less valuable. The cow has the lump on the back; a breed now unknown in Egypt, though frequently represented on the ruined edifices of that empire. The camels and dromedaries are a remarkably fine race; their pedigrees are an object of care; and the breed is in much request in those countries with which they have commercial intercourse.

With the exception of some mercantile statistics, we think we have now detailed the chief characteristics of the people of Berber. Of their miscellaneous customs we have little notice in the volume before us, no opportunities having occurred of observing them with sufficient accuracy for description.

Mr. Burckhardt remained about a fortnight in Berber, and then proceeded with the same caravan, much diminished in numbers, to Shendy, a journey occupying ten days. Rapacity from those in authority, and ill treatment, from his companions, as usual attended him on his way. The route presented a rather frequent succession of villages, and petty sovereignties dependant on Sennaar; in one of which, Damer, was established a species of hierarchical government under the rule of one supreme fakir; with several of a subordinate class, who dealt as much in magic as divinity. There was evidently some moral superiority in this people over their neighbours; and our traveller, possibly from his learning in the Mohammedan law, experinced a degree of hospitable treatment to which he had long been a stranger. The account of Shendy, with other matter interwoven with it, to which spot we have now attended our guide, occupies a very considerable portion of this publication; and, as we propose to part

company with him when he leaves that place to pursue another direction to the east, and the coast of the Red Sea, we will devote the little remaining space which we can spare to some portions of the remarks offered at this point of his travels.

Mr. B. passed nearly a month at Shendy; and, as he constantly attended the market, which was held on a considerable scale once in the week, and in a smaller degree on other days, in his character as a petty trader, he had a tolerably fair insight into the commercial habits of the people, their articles of merchandise, and profits: but these are not matters of very general interest, and any reference which we may make to them will be only incidental. Shendy is, next to Sennaar and Gonde in Darfour, the largest place in eastern Soudan; containing nearly a thousand houses, mostly having courts within, and scattered widely over a considerable surface of ground. In some respects besides extent, the place was superior to Berber. The Mek was a person of more power, and far less rapacious towards merchants: his government was indeed too mild for the people whom he ruled; the punishments seldom exceeding fines and imprisonments, though the character of his subjects was little if any better than that of the people of Berber. The wealth of Shendy was evidently more extensive, and the agriculture somewhat better, but still languishing under indolence, obstinacy, and vile management: the cattle were very fine; and indeed there is reason to suppose that the breed improves as we ascend the Nile. With respect to other animals, the giraffe was found at no great distance, ostriches were very common, and the crocodiles in the river were extremely numerous. It appears from this traveller's observations that crocodiles become attached to particular parts of rivers, so that the same stream will abound with them locally; and in other parts scarcely be ever visited by any of the tribe. The variety of points, at which Mr. B. met the Nile between Shendy and the Mediterranean, have enabled him to confirm this remark very satisfactorily. The flesh of these animals, when prepared as food, resembles very indifferent veal, with something of a fishy taste; of their usual size, in these parts he does not speak, mentioning only the length of one which he saw taken, viz. about twelve feet.

The natives of this district are far from being good horsemen, though not very badly mounted. Of fire-arms they have but few; and persons who have never been in Arabia or Egypt are extremely alarmed at the sight of a gun, though the great are very fond of becoming possessed of such an instrument.

'Not having prevailed on me to remain, (says Mr. B.) the Mek wished to have my gun. He sent for it, and kept it for several days; and upon my earnest entreaties to have it returned, he sent me four Spanish dollars, ordering his slaves at the same time to carry me several dishes of bread and meat from his own kitchen.

Upon complaining to some of the inhabitants of this treatment, they replied that having now eaten of the Mek's food I had become his friend, and that it would therefore be a disgrace to me to make any difficulty in parting with my gun. I was very sorry to lose it, especially when I considered in what countries I still intended to travel: but in my present circumstances four dollars were not to be despised. Seeing no chance, therefore, of either getting back my gun or obtaining a higher price for it, I accepted the Mek's four dollars with many professions of thanks.' (P. 286.)

So great is the timidity of these people when threatened with fire-arms, that Mr. B. is inclined to think that a military expedition of discovery, provided with muskets, and proceeding with prudence and a regard to matters relating to health, might be almost sure to reach the higher parts of the western Nile. There would be no difficulty in procuring camels to carry abundance of provisions: much of the desert might be avoided by keeping near the Nile: and the desert itself is of a very different character from those in western Africa or Syria, as we have before seen: presenting many places, known to all good guides, where some vegetation and frequently water are to be found. From the data here before us, it certainly does appear that three hundred Europeans might perform such in expedition from Daraou in Upper Egypt to Sennaar with considerable prospects of success, as far as the native people are concerned; but the jealousy of the governing powers in Egypt would in all likelihood prevent the possibility of commencing the journey.

Although the inhabitants of Shendy are so much engaged in commerce, their ignorance respecting money is perfectly ridiculous. The Spanish dollar, that nearly universal medium of exchange, is the only current coin among them: this is not remarkable; but the mode of appreciating the value of it is singularly absurd, for a dollar bearing the superscription of Charles IIII. is more valuable that one of Charles III., simply as having one more numeral added to the name. This mode of estimation leads to a practice of forgery, not unlike that which has prevailed in this country within the last two years, among the ingenious in such arts of changing *one* to *ten* by the alteration of letters. Mr. B. found a blacksmith effecting this transmutation on a dollar in his possession. It appears that, on a fair calculation, two thousand of these dollars find their way into east Soudan every year; and Mr. B. assures us that they never go back again, which must necessarily occasion a constant drain on European silver: but we cannot think that he had knowledge enough of their trade to ascertain with precision a fact for which it would be difficult to account; as the dollar, if never re-exported, though by some circuitous channel, must probably otherwise diminish in its value. The trade of Shendy is with Egypt and Darfour; the merchants of the former speculating on small capitals, rarely exceeding fifteen

hundred dollars, and usually very far below. Their gains are surprizing, in spite of the numerous drawbacks on their trade from exactions and losses on the way, the average profit being one hundred and fifty per cent: but a vast proportion of it is wasted in debauchery at the places which they visit, where the inhabitants recover from the vices of the trader the money which they lost by his extortionate dealings.

The Darfour merchants are a richer body, and employ larger capitals. To pass over the usual articles of merchandise, which are not by any means scanty, we will mention only the inland slave-trade. Not fewer than five thousand of these unfortunate creatures, of both sexes, are sold in this country annually, of whom about fifteen hundred go to Egypt: their age is usually under fifteen; and the price varies singularly, not only according to the personal qualifications of the slave, but on account of presumed character, derived from the place whence he came, as the traders conceive that very strong national distinctions exist in temper, docility, and general capacity, in the tribes from which the slaves are brought. Their treatment with the trader, especially when they are young, does not seem to be usually rigorous, but, when they are subsequently sold, their lot depends on the caprice of the master, and the particular country to which they are taken. The author's general views on this subject will be best collected from a passage which we shall quote, and which must also form the conclusion of this article.

'The laudable efforts made in Europe, and particularly by England, to abolish the slave-trade, will, no doubt, in time, extend a beneficial influence over the Negro countries of western and south-western Africa, from whence slaves have hitherto been drawn for the supply of the European traders; but there does not appear to be the smallest hope of the abolition of slavery in Africa itself. Were all the outlets of Soudan closed to the slave trade, and the caravans which now carry on the traffic with Barbary, Egypt, and Arabia, prevented from procuring further supplies, still slavery would universally prevail in Soudan itself; for as long as those countries are possessed by Mussulmans, whose religion induces them to make war upon the idolatrous Negroes, whose domestic wants require a constant supply of servants and shepherds; and who, considering slaves as a medium of exchange in lieu of money, are as eager to obtain them as other nations might be to explore the African mines, slavery must continue to exist in the heart of Africa; nor can it cease until the Negroes shall become possessed of the means of repelling the attacks and resisting the oppressions of their Mussulman neighbours. It is not from foreign nations that the blacks can hope for deliverance. The European governments who have settlements on the coasts of Africa may contribute to it by commerce, and by the introduc-

tion among the Negroes of arts and industry, which must ultimately lead them to a superiority over the Mussulmans in war. Europe, therefore will have done but little for the Blacks, if the abolition of the Atlantic slave-trade, which is trifling when compared with the slavery of the interior, is not followed up by some wise and grand plan, tending to the civilization of the continent. None presents a fairer prospect than the education of the sons of Africa in their own country, and by their own countrymen, previously educated by Europeans. (P. 344.)

This passage contains much that is worthy of attention from those men of enlarged and benevolent views, who have already deeply concerned themselves in subjects of this description; and we have quoted it with faint hope that we may be accessory to a wider promulgation of Mr. Burckhardt's ideas on this interesting matter, and by accident strike a chord which has been silent only in some minds from the absence of an external impulse to arouse it.

ART. VIII. *Sappho*; a Tragedy, in five Acts. Translated from the German of F. Grillparzer. 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed. Black. 1820.

We hail the appearance of this tragedy as an augury of improving taste in the country that produced it. Much injury, in our opinion, has been done to the cause of sound literature, especially among the Germans, by the fanciful erection of a new standard of merit under the name of the *Composite* or *Gothic* order of poetry. Into this class have been assorted a whole host of anomalous productions; and it would seem to have been deemed sufficient to excuse every extravagance of design, sentiment, or language, to say that the work was *not* of the classical school, but was constructed on a more irregular model;—that it "parted from vulgar rules with a brave disorder,"

"And snatched a grace beyond the reach of art."

The name of *Gothic*, in a word, instead of continuing to imply, as it once properly did, every species of rudeness and imperfection, has been gradually changed into an excuse for those very faults, and at length has challenged applause instead of dreading reprobation. We are well aware of the storm of opposing criticism which these remarks are calculated to arouse; and we can hear the denunciations against insensibility to profound and new dissections of the passions, and to fresh and vigorous figures of speech. We plead *Not guilty* to any such charges, and have no fear of our acquittal on a fair trial by our peers.

Waiving the discussion for the present, however, we may be allowed, with our avowed classical predilections, to congratulate the German drama on such an addition to its dazzling but not always valuable treasures as the tragedy of 'Sappho;' and be it ob-

served that this tragedy is classical not only in story but in spirit and conduct. It is marked by one well sustained interest throughout; and, although the main character stands prominent as it should do, yet is it happily relieved by two, at least, subordinate personages. The language, also, as far as we can judge from a translation, is simple and correct; and we recognize a clearness, an intelligibility, an unaffected force, and a touching natural pathos, in the play, which we have welcomed with true delight. That the audience at Vienna so welcomed it, for nearly a hundred successive nights, is sufficient proof that, if wholesome food be laid before the public, well dressed, and attractively set out, they have still as hearty an appetite for it as for the unhealthy *kickshaws* on which they may have fed for many seasons. The fact before us should encourage authors on the one hand, to return to the pure and only legitimate models of composition; and on the other, should deter them from sacrificing future fame to an unnecessary solicitude for present support, by acting as panders to a degraded taste which they have it in their power to improve.

Phaon's description of his first sight of Sappho is very animated:

'*Pha.* When my father sent me to the games
Of famed Olympia, how some inward voice,
In whispers, told me Sappho should bear off
Th' immortal wreath of music and of song!
How my heart burned within me with desire
To see her lovely form! My courser sank
Exhausted ere Olympia rose before me.
I came:—but not the rapid coursing cars,
The wrestler's art, nor the disk's joyous game
Could entrance find into my prisoned soul.
I cared not who might bear away the prize:
I was to gain the loveliest and the best
In seeing her who was the crown of women.
And when the great and awful day arrived
Destined to view the rivalry of song,
Alcæus and Anacreon stood forth,
But sung in vain; they could not loose the spell
That bound my senses up. But, hark! the voice
Of mingled murmur rises from the throng,
Who fall respectful back on either hand.
She comes, she comes! and in her hand a lyre
Of polished gold; above the multitude,
Mute with astonishment, she stood; her robe
Of white, that flowed down to her delicate feet,
Show'd like a streamlet o'er a bed of lilies.
Green palm and laurel interwoven, formed
The border of her robe and imaged glory.
Happy device! that thus at once expressed
The poet's object and his recompense.

And, like the crimson-coloured clouds of morn
That veil the bright pavilion of the sun,
A purple mantle flowed adown her shoulders;
While thro' the raven tresses of her forehead
Shone her white brow, whose arch of majesty
Proclaimed superiority and triumph.
Something within me whispered it was she;—
It was thyself!—How the rejoicing throng
Confirmed my fond imaginings, and raised
The name of Sappho to the clouds of heaven!
Then came thy song, and with it victory;—
And, in the moment of ecstatic rapture,
When from thy hand the lyre dropped down, I rushed
Through the close multitude and caught thine eye:—
Then shrunk abashed, and covered with confusion.'

Certainly, some of the speeches are too long; and a want of adroit artifice is betrayed in the scene before us, where Sappho and Phaon interchange too many personal *narratives*. Lovers, it should seem, might find some *present* subject for their tongues, quite as natural as recording at so much length all that they did and said on a former occasion. On this point, however, different opinions may be entertained.

When Phaon has transferred his fickle love to Melitta, the interest in the fate of poor Sappho becomes very strong:—but we must advance to the well known catastrophe, which, we think, is here very nobly executed. Our readers shall judge.

'Act V. Scene VI.—Sappho *richly attired, with a purple mantle on her shoulders, the laurel on her head, and a golden lyre in her hands, appears on the steps of the colonnade, surrounded by her female attendants, and advances with a solemn and mysterious air. A long pause.*

'*Melitta.* Oh Sappho! oh my mistress!
'*Sap.* (*with composure.*) What wouldst thou?
'*Mel.* The veil has fallen from my deluded eyes;
O let me once again become thy slave:
O take what is thine own, and pardon me!
'*Sap.* (*as before.*) Dost thou think Sappho has a mind so mean
As to accept an offering at thy hands?
What is her own, she doth possess already!
'*Phaon.* Oh, do but hear me, Sappho!—
'*Sap.* Touch me not!
The gods have consecrated me as theirs!
'*Pha.* O deign to cast but one kind look upon me—
'*Sap.* Thou speak'st of feelings that are now no more.
I sought for thee, and I have found myself.
Thou canst make no impression on my heart!

My hopes henceforth must have a firmer stay.
'*Pha.* What dost thou hate me, then?
'*Sap.* To love, to hate;—
And dost thou think there is no middle space?
I love thee; yes, thou still art dear to me,
And ever wilt; but as a fellow-traveller
With whom the chance of fortune may unite us
For a short journey in the self-same vessel;
But that completed, each departs his way;
And yet we sometimes recollect with fondness
The pleasing, kind associate of our way—
(*Her voice falters.*)
'*Pha.* (*with emotion.*) Sappho!
'*Sap.* Be tranquil! let us part in peace;
(*Turning to the others.*)
And you the witnesses of Sappho's tears,
O pardon me; I will restrain the weakness.
The bow can only show its force when bent!
(*She points to the altar in the back-ground,*)
Light on the altar of immortal Venus
The sacred fire, that it may brighten up
And glow in union with the flames of morn.
(*The altar is lighted.*)
And now retire, and leave me for a time;
Here with my maidens I'd consult awhile.
'*Rhamnes.* You hear her pleasure; come, let us obey her!
[*They retire.*
'*Sap.* (*advancing.*)
Ye high and holy denizens of Heaven!
Who have endowed me with such numerous blessings,
The gift of song, and all its inspiration,
A heart to feel, a mind to think, and power
To mould these thoughts in no unworthy verse.
Ye have endowed me with these noble gifts;
And for these blessings I return thee thanks.
Ye have enwreathed my brow with victory;
And sown my poetry in distant realms,
To bud and blossom to eternity.
My golden songs are on the lips of strangers;
And but with earth shall Sappho's name decay.
Ye have my thanks! 'Tis given your poetess
To sip, but drink not of life's flower-crown'd cup.
Lo, here I stand obedient to your mandates,
And dash the flower-wreathed goblet from my lips!
I have e'er done as ye commanded me;
Deny me not life's final recompense.
Those who are marked as yours know not disease,
Know not the weaknesses of mortal sickness;

In the full prime and blossom of existence,
Ye summon them to your celestial mansions:—
Grant that my destiny be like to theirs!
O suffer not your votary to become
The scorn and outcast of her enemies;
Of fools, who in their own conceit are wise.
Ye have destroyed the flower—break now the stem.
O, let me finish life as I began it!
Preserve me from the terrors of this conflict;
I feel myself too weak to wrestle longer.
Give me the crown, acquit me in the field,
(*With an air of inspiration.*)
The flame of yondar altar burns more bright;
Aurora bursts from the unfolding east.
Yes, yes, my prayer is heard! Ye gods, I thank ye!
Phaon—Melitta—here, approach! A friend
[*Kissing Phaon on the brow.*
From a far country kisses thee; thy mother
[*Embracing Melitta.*
From the tomb sends this kiss to thee. And here—
Here at the altar of immortal Venus
Let the dark fate of love be now fulfilled.
[*Hurries to the altar.*

'*Rha.* What is she doing? Her whole air and manner
Breathe inspiration; and such light as beams
From the Immortals plays around her brow.
[*Sappho retires to an elevation on the shore, stretches her hands over the pair, and blesses them.*

'*Sap.* Love be for man; be reverence for the gods!
Enjoy your bliss—but oh, forget not Sappho!
Thus do I pay the final debt of life.
Bless them, ye gods! and take me to yourselves,
[*She precipitates herself from the rock into the deep below.*'

ART. IX.—Mr. Hughes's *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania.*
[*Concluded from p.* 247.]

OF the learning illustrative of the ancient Delphi, Mr. Dodwell has been by no means sparing in his recent valuable work: but on the whole, we prefer the delineations of this stupendous scene with which Mr. Hughes has favoured us. The exact site of the Pythian temple seems never to have been satisfactorily ascertained. Wheeler imagined that it stood on the spot now occupied by a Greek chapel, inclosed within the peribolus of an ancient temple, but his supposition is in defiance of all historical induction. Dodwell conjectured rightly that it was to be traced somewhere in the wretched village of Castri: but Mr. Hughes appears entitl-

ed to the merit of its actual discovery, and his hypothesis is confirmed by a learned dissertation on the site of the Delphic temple by Dr. Butler, which he has inserted in the Appendix.

'From hence we passed through the wretched lanes of Castri to the palace of Apollo. Having gained admittance into the shed, we found it so dark and filthy, so full of a corrupted atmosphere from old olive husks and the lees of wine, that we made a hasty retreat until a light could be procured, and the place ventilated by admission of the external air: after a considerable lapse of time our messenger returned with a small wax taper, which he had probably abstracted from some picture of the Panagia, for the only lights burned by the poor inhabitants are the dades, or slips of dry wood from the fir called pinus picea. By the faint glimmering of this taper we began to explore the recesses of a building which appears actually to have been part of the great Pythian temple, though it be now degraded to so mean an appropriation. The wall which forms the northern side of the present shed, composed of large blocks of hewn stone, is nearly covered with antique inscriptions, those charms which our clerical guide attributed to the work of Genii. These, from the porous nature of the stone, the corrosion of time, and accidental defacement, appear to defy the ingenuity of man to decypher; at least he who attempts the work ought to have a better day, better health, and longer time than fell to my lot at this period. After much consideration I at length fixed upon one block which seemed to offer the best chance of success, after which I was obliged to sit upon a heap of filth in a very painful posture to copy it, whilst Mr. Parker with great good-nature and patience held the wax-taper close to the stone. The characters were so uncouth, so many were effaced, and the stone so much decayed, that the document did not prove so satisfactory as I could have wished: but I was unable either to re-copy it or to attempt another, since the operation had cost me already near three hours of painful labour: still it was a pleasure to discover in it the name of the Pythian Apollo, which certainly tends to strengthen the conjecture, that the wall on which it is inscribed formed one side of the Pythian cella.—

'It would be imprudent to attempt a literal translation of this inscription, the lacunæ are too numerous, and the inaccuracies too great; yet when I consider the nature of the inscribed tablet, and all the inconveniences attending the operation of transcribing it, I am rather surprised that so much sense can be elicited.

'In the first line the month Pokius is mentioned, and the archonship of Strategus.

'In the second we find the month Heracleius, when a lady named Dicæa, with the consent of her two sons Dorotheus and Aristomachus sold to the temple of the Pythian Apollo what from the letters of certain disjointed words appear to be one or more slaves, for the sum of three minæ of silver, and that the bargain

was made according to law: in witness whereof the names of Nauxeinus, Callistratus, Dexitheus, and Damosenus, citizens of Amphissa, are subscribed.'

It is with reluctance that we pass over the learned and elaborate history of the successive Pythian temples, which follows, and hasten to that part of Mr. Hughes's expedition which brought him into a close and familiar contact with Ali Pasha, the extraordinary chieftain who sways the fortunes of so large a portion of Greece. Mr. Hobhouse and Dr. Holland have furnished us with many interesting particulars both of Albania and its ruler: but, as the long residence of Mr. Hughes in Ioannina, the capital of his dominions, gave him more immediate opportunities of studying the policy and delineating the character of that powerful barbarian, he has been enabled to impart much interesting information which is not to be found in those authors.

From Salona, (the ancient Amphissa,) our travellers determined to proceed by sea to Prevesa on the gulf of Actium, whence a journey of two or three days would bring them to the capital of Epirus. They anchored at the island of Santa Maura, which has obtained considerable importance since the occupation of Prevesa and the other ex-Venetian towns on the Albanian coast by Ali Pasha. It contains 12,000 inhabitants: but the quarantine-laws, which now extend through all the Ionian islands, prevented Mr. H. from visiting the site of the temple of Apollo, or the famous promontory whence Sappho and other despairing lovers took their last leap, the "*Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina montis.*" From Santa Maura they sailed in a small boat, and in a few hours saw the towers and forts of Prevesa dimly peering above the waves. The city itself presented a prospect truly oriental, with its gorgeously painted seraglios, forts, and minarets, surrounding that fine inlet of the Ambracian gulf where Octavius and Antony contended for the empire of the world; while the dark mountains of Suli, and the snow-capt summits of Pindus, form the most magnificent back ground that can be pictured to the imagination.

Prevesa is a deplorable monument of the curses inflicted by despotism on mankind. It was once a flourishing town, blessed with an incomparable soil and a delicious climate: it carried on the finest fishery in the Ionian sea; in short, says our traveller, it combined every advantage both of agriculture and commerce, and there, if any where, the visions of the golden age might be realized. Since Ali Pasha overthrew it, having defeated the French garrison under General Salsette, a melancholy change has taken place; and it is reduced to a population of 3000, who, worn down by famine and disease, stalk like spectres through the deserted streets. 'The tears trickled down the cheeks of our venerable host while he recounted to us his misfortunes. He had been obliged to pay annually an exaction of 3000 piastres, though he had

no means (the last remnant of his olive-trees having been taken from him and given to an Albanian officer) of paying it. A lingering death by famine, as hundreds of his fellow-citizens had perished, seemed to await the poor man and his aged wife.' Prevesa is, however, a favourite residence of the Pasha, and contains both his great naval depot and the finest of his palaces.—Nicopolis, the city of victory, founded by Augustus in memory of the battle of Actium, was diligently explored by Mr. Hughes; to whose perspicuous narrative, and excellent notes, we must refer for a more particular elucidation of its remains. It is lamentable to reflect on the vicissitudes of flourishing cities. The Pasha is now making excavations among the splendid ruins of Nicopolis, and magnificent shafts and highly-wrought entablatures are carried of to be worked up in his forts and serai at Prevesa;—the proudest memorials of the glory of Augustus thus supplying decorations to the mansion of an Albanian robber! Those who are addicted to antiquarian research will be gratified by Mr. H.'s minute description of the ruins of the vast theatre, a Roman building on a Grecian plan. (Vol. i. p. 418.) The proscenium is 116 feet in breadth; in depth only 28 from the hyposcenium to the spot on which the actors entered. Here is the great difference between the ancient and our modern theatres. The former seem to have allowed too little room for stage-effect; and the circumstance shows very pointedly that the ancient audiences were not so much affected by pomp and spectacle, as we might be inclined to infer from the sarcasm of Horace on the theatrical taste of his day.

For a considerable distance, the road to Arta (the ancient Ambracia), which nearly equalled an English turnpike-road, follows the bending of the gulf: but nothing now remains of the former splendor of Ambracia, except its Cyclopean citadel. From Arta, the travellers proceeded by a gradual descent into the plains of Ioannina; and a gentle eminence brought the city to their view, glittering with mosques and palaces! stretched along the shore of its magnificent lake. In a large open space occupied by vast cemeteries, they had a fine prospect of the grand serai of Litaritza, belonging to Ali Pasha, and those of Mouchtar and Vely, his sons. The interior of the city was like others in Turky, that part of the houses which faces the street being only a bare wall; and their windows, galleries, and doors communicating with the interior court. Still a degree of neatness and stability was observable in the habitations of Ioannina, that is not often seen in Grecian towns. The vizir had ordered for Mr. H.'s reception the house of Signore Nicolo Argyri, the son of a Greek gentleman, who had amassed vast wealth by successful commerce: but his beneficence was unbounded, and Ioannina, when she lost Anastasio Argyri Bretto, lost her best benefactor. His funeral obsequies were attended by half the city, and every person was anxious to impress

a parting kiss on his hand. He was the bosom-friend of the Pasha, who rarely passed a day out of his society.

The first trait of Ali's character, mentioned by Mr. Hughes, is a specimen of the basest ingratitude:

'A few days after the interment of old Anastasi, the pasha called Nicolo into his presence to condole with him upon the loss they had mutually sustained. At the conclusion of the conference, however, he took occasion to introduce the subject of his father's will, expressing his entire satisfaction that his old friend had remembered him in it, since he understood that he had bequeathed him all his fine lands, gardens, and orange-groves in the vicinity of Arta, a legacy which he had indeed always promised him during his lifetime. Poor Nicolo was struck with consternation, being deprived at one blow of the best part of his inheritance: he just ventured to observe that he had not remarked any such item in his father's testament, although he certainly had bequeathed to his Highness a diamond ring of great value. At these words the vizir's countenance changed suddenly from that serenity in which he had studiously clothed it, and he declared vehemently that a son who thus violated the respect due to so excellent a father, in neglecting to fulfil his last promises, was not fit to live: Nicolo began now to tremble for his head; a possession upon which he set a still greater value than his land; he was therefore glad to appease the tyrant's wrath by a speedy compromise, and humbly besought him to accept both of the Arta estates and the ring, since the intention of his father was perfectly *clear*, although most *unaccountably* no document respecting it had been discovered.—Nicolo's extravagancies and debaucheries soon gave the vizir opportunities to strip him of his remaining property, and reduce him to the miserable state in which we found him, inhabiting a large mansion, with a revenue scarcely able to keep up the establishment of a cottage.'

The first interview with Ali Pasha is thus described:

'Having passed through the other gates of the great court (of the serai of Litaritza) we found it crowded with a numerous retinue of guards, loitering about or seated on the ground and smoking pipes; intermingled with these, agas and beys might be distinguished by jackets embroidered till they were as stiff as coats of mail, tatars by the lofty bonnet, dervishes by the sugar-loaf cap, chaoushes by their golden-knobbed sticks, and here and there a poor petitioner by his supplicating looks and dejected air. At the second gate, which leads into an inner area, is a small room, where the pasha now sat listening to petitions and deciding causes, in the gate. Indeed he very much simplifies judicial proceedings, seting archons, muftis, cadis, and every other officer at defiance; his will is the only statute-book: in criminal matters, that admirable maxim of British jurisprudence, which tends to prevent the

execution of one innocent man, though nine guilty should escape, is here totally reversed,—hang ten provided you secure the offender. We entered the palace through a mean kind of hall, which is turned into a coach-house. From this place we ascended a flight of narrow slippery stone steps, into the habitable part of the seraglio, which is upon the first floor. Passing through a large room, which is appropriated to the retinue of the court, we were ushered into a very fine saloon, well furnished and adorned with gilding and carved wood: the floor was covered with a rich Persian carpet of immense size, the sofas of the divan were of the best Cyprus velvet fringed with gold, and the windows, formed of the largest plate-glass, brought into view the fine expanse of the lake with its magnificent mountain-scenery.—We waited in this room about half an hour, during which time we were subjected to the inspection of nearly all the officers, slaves, and eunuchs of the palace.—

'At length a chaoush came to announce that his Highness was ready to receive us; and we descended down the great staircase, impatient to view this extraordinary character. As we approached the audience-chamber, I felt my heart palpitate at the thought of entering into the presence of a being whose steps in his dark career were marked indelibly by the stain of blood! At the entrance of his apartment stood several Albanian guards, one of whom opened the door, and we marched into the room saluting the vizir as we entered, who sat upon a lion's skin at an angle of the divan, handsomely dressed;—a houka stood near him, which he is rather fond of exhibiting, as the use of it shows a considerable strength of lungs. As soon as we were seated upon the divan he returned our salutation by placing his right hand upon his breast with a gentle inclination of his head, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing us in his capital. He then asked if we spoke Romaic. Colonel Church, though an excellent linguist, for political reasons pretended total ignorance of the language; Mr. Cockerell, from his intimate acquaintance with the manners of the Turks who admire reserve in youth, dissembled his true knowledge; whilst Mr. Parker and myself confessed an ignorance which our short residence in Greece had not yet enabled us to overcome.—In the present instance Mr. Foresti acted as interpreter-general. At a first introduction it could not be expected that we should acquire much insight into the character of this pasha: my own attention was directed chiefly to the contemplation of his countenance, and this is in general no index of his mind. Here it is very difficult to find any traces of that blood-thirsty disposition, that ferocious appetite for revenge, that restless and inordinate ambition, that inexplicable cunning, which has marked his eventful career; the mien of his face on the contrary has an air of mildness in it, his front is open, his venerable white beard descending over his breast gives him a kind of patriarchal

appearance, whilst the silvery tones of his voice, and the familiar simplicity with which he addresses his attendants, strongly aid the deception.—

'Still after very attentive consideration I thought I could perceive certain indications of cruelty and perfidy beneath his gray eyebrows, with marks of deep craftiness and policy in the lineaments of his forehead; there was something sarcastic in his smile, and even terrible in his laugh. His address was engaging, his figure very corpulent: his stature is rather below the middle size, and his waist long in proportion; he appears to greatest advantage as we now saw him seated on the divan, or on horseback.—

'Soon after our entrance, some young boys dressed in rich garments, with their fine hair flowing over their shoulders, presented us with pipes, whose amber heads were ornamented with jewels: others brought us coffee in small china cups with golden soucups. Our conversation was very desultory. The vizir paid many handsome compliments to our country, assuring us that he should always feel happy whilst his territories afforded objects of curiosity and interest to his English friends. We assured him in return, that the theatre of *his exploits* would long continue to attract the regards not only of the English but all other nations. He seemed pleased at the compliment, inquired with much apparent interest respecting Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, asked us how long we had left Athens, and whether any discoveries had been made there lately by excavations.—Observing that I was incommoded by sitting close to an immense fire piled up with logs of wood upon the hearth, he directed an Albanian attendant to place a large metal pan before me in lieu of a screen, saying, "Young men require no fire at all; when I was young, I lived upon the mountains in the midst of snows and exposed to storms, with my toupheki on my shoulder and my Albanian capote, but I never cared for the cold." He then turned to Colonel Church with an air of the greatest affability, for whatever displeasure he may feel he can mask it by the most complete veil of hypocrisy, and expressed his hopes that he would stay at least a month with him in Ioannina: this invitation was politely declined under plea of military orders, which obliged the Colonel to leave Albania next day. upon this the vizir requested another conference with him in the morning before his departure, and addressing himself to us said he hoped he should see us frequently, adding in the true style of oriental hyperbole, that his palace and all he possessed must be considered as our own. The conference was now broken up and we departed.'

It was impossible to have visited Ioannina at any time more favourable to the views of the author, as Ali Pasha was then entertaining strong hopes of advantage from a political connection with Great Britain. Having rendered considerable services dur-

ing the war to his British allies, he confidently expected the cession of some insular dependancy at its conclusion; for he had long anxiously desired a footing in the Ionian isles, as well for the establishment of a more powerful marine and commercial depot, as for a place of security against any unfortunate reverses. He therefore cultivated the acquaintance and conciliated the regard of every Englishman; and this favourable disposition, aided by the influence of Mr. Foresti, the British resident, induced this stern chieftain to treat Mr. Hughes and his party with an attention which he never showed before to travellers of any nation.

Ioannina having been described by Dr. Holland and Mr. Hobhouse, we omit the present traveller's account of it. Between the bazar and the castron is a short street, in which is the city guard-house; the scene of the most cruel executions, when the vizir wishes to make a striking example. Here (Mr. Hughes states the fact from unquestionable authority, and we repeat it with horror,) criminals have been roasted alive before a slow fire, impaled, and skinned alive, others have had their extremities chopped off, and been left to perish with the skin of the face stripped over their necks.—As Ioannina is comparatively a modern city in Greece, it derives no interest from architectural remains.

Mr. Hughes visited the beautiful kiosk, or pavilion, belonging to Ali Pasha, at the northern extremity of the suburbs. It is situated in the midst of extensive gardens, laid out with exquisite taste, and is the favourite place of his relaxations. Here, in a small room in the garden, he frequently administers justice and transacts military business: but there are not less than thirty of these retirements in and about Ioannina; and, as the vizir selects a different one every day, it is never known exactly where he is to be found. This management by no means proceeds from terror, for he constantly rides on horseback attended only by a single guard. His very confidence seems to be his protection, and the multitude fancy that he bears a charmed life.

Several anecdotes of the Pasha's cruelty are recorded by Mr. Hughes, and some of them prompted us, as we read them, to exclaim with the benevolent humorist in Tristram Shandy, when he heard poor Lefevre's story from Trim, "Would to God, that we were asleep." It is nothing, however, to be told that, in many instances, the misfortunes of this unhappy people have been mitigated by the kindness and sometimes averted by the exertions of Mr. Foresti. From innumerable examples, the author has selected one, which strongly illustrates the character of the vizir, and the influence which the amiable consul had acquired over him.—It is not an unfrequent policy of the tyrant to keep up a spirit of fear and subjection; by occasionally throwing down to the lowest misery some person who has arrived at great prosperity, especially if he has risen by the Pasha's own assistance. Michael Michelachi, whose father had been one of the vizir's oldest and most

faithful friends, was left by that person with all his fortune under the guardianship of his sovereign Ali did justice to the trust, educated the youth with the utmost care, at his maturity delivered him the whole of his fortune, betrothed him to a rich heiress, and made him primate of the city:—But it suited the policy of the tyrant that the young man should fall. A set of witnesses were therefore suborned, who swore that Michelachi was in possession of the treasures which the Kalou Pasha's (Ali's predecessor) widow had secreted at her husband's death; and Michelachi, being confronted with these wretches, was ordered to deliver up the treasure or pain of death. Conscious innocence, and disdain of so base an accusation, probably dictated an answer too high for the haughty spirit of Ali: who, in a tremendous tone, and with a countenance of the most horrid malignity, ordered the prisoner to the buldrun, a dark and damp dungeon, where he was heavily chained to the ground. Terror and despair took possession of Ioannina. Persons of all ranks and conditions went to the serai to intercede with the vizir, but he was too indignant to be approached, and saw nobody during the day. Mr. Foresti had returned from a journey late that evening, and found a deputation of the chief Greeks at his house, to inform him of what had befallen poor Michelachi. It was impossible for him to see the vizir that night, but on the next morning he arose with the sun, and made his appearance at the seraglio as soon as Ali had performed his morning ablutions.

'Mr. Foresti, having sent in his name, was admitted to the presence of the Pasha, and entered upon a conversation in the ordinary routine of business, in order that he might not appear to come for the purpose of counteracting his designs. At last he casually observed, "I see a vast number of people about the serai this morning, and the city also is quite in an uproar: I inquired the cause, but no one would explain it to me till my cook informed me that you have put to death my friend Michelachi. As I knew him to be an excellent man, I have to thank your Highness, for not committing this act whilst the dragoman was here, who might have spread very disgraceful intelligence about us at Constantinople. (V.) in a quick tone, "Ah! but I have not killed him, he is alive at present." (F.) "Then God be praised, I am heartly glad of it.' (V.) "But he has treated me shamefully; παιδί μου *, my very heart burns within me at this conduct; how could a man whom I have brought up from his infancy in my own bosom make me this return!" (F.) "Indeed if he has treated you so, I shall be the first to condemn him; but has any opportunity been given him to prove his innocence? and who are his accusers?"

'* "My son," a familiar expression, which he uses to an intimate acquaintance."

(V.) "Oh! a great many persons, both men and women, came here, and before the archbishop took solemn oaths, after kissing the Christian crucifixes, to the truth of their accusation." (F.) "That may be; but are these accusers people of credit? and can you even believe their oaths against the word of such a man as you know Michelachi to be? Consider what people will say at the Porte, and what my government will think, when they hear that you have put to death or ruined one of your best friends upon such evidence!" (V.) "But *κακὸν μου*, what can I now do, implicated as I am in this affair?" (F.) "Why order instantly an examination concerning it." (V.) "Will *you* then take it into your hands and examine it?" (F.) "To be sure I will do so, for your sake, even more than that of Michelachi; but you must release him on security, for he is at this time in chains, and may perish before his innocence can be proved." (V.) "Take him then to the chamber over the treasury, station there a guard to prevent escape, and God prosper you in the business."

'Mr. Foresti had little more to do. Taking with him the two primates of the city and the archbishop, they released the prisoner, and proceeded to his mansion, where they found his young and beautiful wife surrounded by her children and some friends in the greatest agony: they comforted her with the assurance that her husband was safe, and for form's sake searched every part of the house for a treasure which they well knew had no existence. They then interrogated Michelachi and his accusers, which last were of course unable to substantiate their charge; upon this they returned to the vizir, and reported the prisoner guiltless. The tyrant then pretended to fall into a terrible rage against the wretches whom he had himself suborned, and declared that they should suffer the cruelest of deaths; and it was only at the entreaties of Michelachi, who threw himself at the vizir's feet, joined by those of Mr. Foresti, that this sentence was not executed immediately. By a compromise, made to save the vizir's credit, they were thrown into prison for a few months, and then released. Ali restored Michelachi again to favour, and has since more than once expressed his thanks to Mr. Foresti for saving him the disgrace and pain of putting an innocent person to death.'

The second volume opens with some curious historical details respecting Ioannina, which are wholly original; and we owe many obligations to the industry and ingenuity of Mr. Hughes for having collected them. We cannot follow him into his learned view of the different nations who have inhabited Epirus, nor pursue the history of Ioannina through the middle ages to its present condition. The experienced eye of Ali Pasha saw the advantages of its strong central situation; he made it the focus of his extended dominion; and it has under him risen to its present splendor and magnitude. Its population is 40,000; and it contains two schools,

in which the ancient languages are taught, and to both of which are attached libraries. The chief commerce of the place is with Constantinople, Russia, Venice, and Malta. In return for shawls, turbans, amber from the former; velvets and hardware from Venice; from Russia, oxen and skins; from Malta, English manufactures and colonial produce; Ioannina exports cotton from Livadia, raw silk from Thessaly and Salona, and sometimes grain. The imports are distributed over Epirus, and the merchants of Ioannina derive great profits from the trade. The climate is variable; the heat being oppressive in summer, and the cold intense in the winter. Fevers of all kinds are common, arising from various causes; such as habits of uncleanliness, and insalubrious dwellings, but above all from the great number of Albanese troops who are quartered by the vizir on the citizens. All domestic comfort vanishes from a family on which sometimes forty of these abandoned soldiers are quartered. An old Turkish gentleman, whom Mr. Hughes knew, had been obliged for months to support fifty of them, and all for some imaginary offence which he had given to the Pasha.

Mr. H. had the good fortune to be invited to a Greek marriage-feast; and the coincidences of the modern ceremonies with those that were observed, on similar occasions, by the ancient Greeks, are striking. A nocturnal procession always accompanies the bridegroom, when he leads his spouse from the paternal mansion; and the bride walks with slow and apparently reluctant steps, led by a matron on each side. Commentators have misunderstood St. Paul's expression γυναῖκα περίαγειν, (1 Cor. c. ix, v. 6.) but this part of the ceremony seems to elucidate it.—On the following day, the archbishop placed the tinsel crowns on the new couple, lighted the tapers and put the ring on the fingers. The loosening of the marriage-zone and the consummation are deferred till the third day, when the grand entertainment is given; but it seems that the marriage-feast is exclusively confined to the male guests, the sexes being separated at all convivial festivities. Copious libations to the rosy god succeed, with hymeneal songs to the discordant harmony of fiddles and guitars. Before supper, a fool or zany entertains the company by acting with a clown a kind of pantomime, the humour of which consists in practical jokes, such as hard raps on the clown's pate, which delighted the spectators. The Albanitico dance succeeded, of which Mr. Hughes gives a pleasing and a learned discription. He is inclined to think that it is a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic dance: but we always understood the Pyrrhic to have been a military dance πυρρίχιος ὄρχησις: see the note, vol. ii. p. 31. The rest of the entertainment we relate in Mr. Hughes's own words:

'When supper was announced we all sat down, except the bridegroom, whose presence was excused, at a long table plenti-

fully supplied. In token of extreme civility, every person near us heaped food upon our plates, which sometimes presented such an heterogeneous mixture of fish, flesh, and fowl, that if we had been obliged to eat it this probably would have been our last meal. I observed a beautiful boy about six years old who sat next me cramming himself till he could scarcely breathe; the little urchin seemed so determined that I should follow his example that he generally put half his mess upon my plate. Mr. Parker happening to sneeze at this entertainment, he was quite electrified by the boisterous congratulatory *vivas* of the guests. This custom is very general in the south of Europe, and seems to be a remnant of a very ancient superstition.* In the mean time the guests poured down copious draughts of wine, toasting the bride and bridegroom, the English Milordi, Signore Alessio, and others: and now it was that I fancied I could discover the meaning of old Anacreon in some of his Bacchanalian expressions from the manner in which these Grecian topers drank, (ἀμυστί) many of whom filled two and others even three goblets with wine; then taking up one with the right hand they applied it to their lips pouring the contents of the other two into it with the left, and never moving the cup from the mouth till the whole of the liquor was despatched: these triplets were received by the rest of the company with unbounded applause. Possibly the celebrated Thracian Amystis may have been a similar trial of Bacchanalian skill, and not a goblet, as it is generally rendered.

Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat AMYSTIDE.

The feast was kept up with great merriment and noise till Signore Melas came in to pay us the highest compliment in his power, by introducing us into the gynæconitis, where the ladies were assembled. In passing through the gallery or portico we observed a great quantity of rich bed-furniture, consisting of purple velvet embroidered with gold, which is always sent with the bride and displayed for public admiration upon these occasions. We had heard that Ioannina was celebrated for the beauty and fine complexion of its females; and certainly we were not disappointed

* The custom of "adoring the sneeze" is alluded to by many authors. Athenæus mentions it by the phrase πταρμους προσκυνειν, referring the origin of the custom to that general idea of sanctity which was attached to the head: ὁτι ἱερὸν ἐνομιζον τὴν κεφαλὴν, lib. ii. c. 25. Xenophon in his Expedition of Cyrus (lib iii.) relates the curious effect which an accidental sneeze had upon the whole Grecian army, who all with one accord adored it as a deity--μιαν ὁρμὴν ως θεον. By many however the sneeze was considered rather in the light of a disease, or at least as the indication of one, and thence arose the ancient form of civility from the by standers in the words ΖΕΥ ΖΩΣΟΝ, from which the Italian Viva is derived, and the English expression of "God bless you."'

when we entered into the apartment where a party of the most charming women in this capital were collected together. They sat in a large circle round the room, superbly attired, but the liquid lustre of their eyes put to shame the jewels that sparkled in their raven tresses. The reflection came forcibly across the mind, what brutes the men must be who could desert the society of such masterpieces of excelling nature, to indulge in the low gratifications of riotous intemperance! By the smiles and whispers that went round the circle, we soon perceived that our appearance excited much curiosity, and that our persons and every article of our dress became subjected to the minutest scrutiny. We were seated on each side the little bride, who was scarcely twelve years of age, and was comparatively so girlish that it required a great stretch of imagination to consider her in the character of a matron. She was magnificently dressed, the value of the jewels with which she was adorned being estimated at about 2000l.; an ancient family appendage (that πηλικὸν κτῆμα of the Greek tragedians) in the shape of an old nurse, stood near her, and this Argus was actively employed in guarding her charge and repelling the advances of Signore Melas, who was anxious to impress the marks of his affection upon the lips of his betrothed. One of the Albanian guards having brought in coffee, the young lady arose and with a very pretty air handed it to Mr. Parker and myself, who were obliged to suffer this inversion of the right order of things and accommodate ourselves to the custom of the place. We observed that her manners and deportment were accompanied with a great share of mildness and affability; but her features had not sufficiently expanded to judge of their expression: it appeared to us that her countenance might become interesting but by no means handsome. She was a daughter of the chief primate of Ioannina, and her dowry was said to be very considerable. After remaining about an hour in the gynæconitis we took our leave; but in quitting the room we remarked a number of faces peeping out of an opposite latticed window and found that a large party of young unmarried girls had been keeping the feast in a different appartment, separated both from men and women. The band of music accompanied us back to our lodging, where we arrived about midnight.'

As we do not pretend to give an exact analysis of Mr. Hughes's voluminous work, we must pass over much of the interesting information which his residence at Ioannina enabled him to collect: but the most valuable portion of his narrative is that which contains his minute biographical and political portraiture of Ali Pasha, and which is as correctly and vividly before our eye as if the barbarian had himself been sitting for it. The subsequent anecdote of him we must not withhold from our readers:

'This afternoon we thought proper to call and pay our respects

to the vizir. We found him at his serai of Litaritza, in his favourite little Albanian room, the only one in which we ever saw him more than once. His prime minister was with him, named Mahomet Effendi, a silly old man who studies astrology and occult sciences till he thinks himself gifted with inspiration, and will pore for many hours together over an old globe, though he knows not whether the earth move round the sun, or the contrary: but he is withal a violent bigot, fierce and implacable against heretics or unbelievers, and ready to excute the most horrid commands of his despotic ruler.

'The dress of the vizir both now and at other times appeared costly but never gaudy; his magnificence shone rather in the brilliants that actually covered the walls of this apartment. He is extremely fond of thus concentrating his wealth into a small compass; certainly it is useful to guard against the possible effects of a reverse of fortune. A little before our arrival in his dominions he had purchased six pearls, said to be the largest in Europe, and since our departure he has bought a diamond from the ex-King of Sweden at the price of 13,000l. which, with a number of others, he has had formed into a star, in imitation of one which he saw upon the coat of Sir Frederic Adam: this he now wears upon his breast, and calls it "his order."

'He was in such good humour this day that he would not suffer us to depart when we had finished our first pipe, but ordered a second and a third: he spoke freely upon the reverses of Bonaparte, informed us of the defection of Murat from the French cause, and called for a very fine Turkish map of Europe that we might point out to him the geographical situation of the armies at this time contending about the liberties of the world. He appeared very ignorant, like all the Turks, in geography, not knowing where to look for Malta, or even for Ancona, which it behoved him much to know as an important seaport opposite his own coasts. Mr. Pouqueville indeed assured me, that Ali once questioned him upon the expediency of sending a ship of war to be coppered and rigged at Paris, and at another time wished the French army a fair wind to carry them to Vienna. Constantinople being a seaport, the Turks presume to think that every other capital city must necessarily be so too. Our conversation turned chiefly upon the great military events at this time pending: he spoke of his own wars as petty actions in comparison with the extensive operations of the great continental armies; though, subsequently, when I was better able to converse with him in Romaic, he related some of his adventures with great apparent satisfaction. He asked us how we liked his Albanian room; and upon our expressing approbation of its comfortable appearance, he said, with some degree of vanity, that in this he was his own architect. At our leaving the

palace he requested us to call frequently upon him, and as usual made us an offer of all his possessions.'

Ali's court is supported with considerable splendor and expense. In addition to his proper officers, his palaces are crowded with a multitude of dependents, skilled in all the arts of adulation. While Mr. Hughes was at Ioannina, a Turkish dervish and a Greek artizan had cheated him of large sums under the pretence of making a panacea, or elixir, which was to render him immortal.

This barbarian is peculiarly ingenious in extorting money from his subjects. At the dawn of day, the travellers were alarmed by the cries of their old hostess, Nicolo's mother, who ran up howling and crossing herself, entreating them to interfere in her behalf with the Pasha. The cause of all this affliction was, that his Highness had that morning sent her a present of ten kiloes of wheat. Astonished that so handsome a gift should have raised this storm of emotion, Mr. H. and his friend were inclined to think that she was out of her senses, until the by-standers informed them that this present must be remunerated at double the market-price, and that the messenger was in the house waiting for the money. Once, however, this execrable tyrant had nearly gone too far. In 1812, having taken advantage of a deficient season to establish a monopoly of corn, the wretched populace, reduced to the bitterest extremity, assembled in vast crowds round his serai, demanding bread or death. The Albanian guards were about to fire, but Ali ordered them to forbear, and told the people that, if they would disperse, they should be satisfied. Mr. Hughes enumerates a variety of other tricks practised by this unfeeling despot to raise money:—but his grand system is that of the chiffliks. His aim is to be the greatest landed proprietor in his dominions, and with this view he contrives to buy the portion of some indigent owner; or, if he is unable to effect a purchase, he sends troops successively to make a long sojourn in the devoted villa; when the accumulated miseries of this military visitation drive the inhabitants to despair: and, throwing up the land into the tyrant's hands they are contented to remain on it as tenants at will, receiving a small portion of the produce for the labour of cultivation. Thus the free villa becomes a chifflick: that is, the vizir first takes his usual tithe of the produce, and the remainder is divided into three portions, of which he receives two. When we peruse these details, we blush for the patience of mankind. The country thus governed is little better than a dreary dungeon to its population: escape or emigration is impossible; no man can travel without a special licence; the frontiers and passes are strictly guarded; and, if any person should go beyond the barriers, his property would be confiscated, and his family cast into prison.

Of these volumes a large space is devoted to the biography of

this savage, of whom our readers must by this time have read more than enough. It is a more regular and detailed account of his adventurous life than we have before seen, and the causes of his elevation are more accurately traced in it: the whole reflecting the highest credit on the author. In this valuable document, the fortunes of Ali are followed from their beginning; tracing his singular progress from the captainship of a band of robbers to his acquisition of the pashalick; with his enterprize against the Suliotes, and their heroic and persevering resistance, down to the unfortunate events which destroyed the independence and happiness of Parga (that indelible stain on the British councils):—a series of events illustrating the teachery, cruelty, and talents of an individual, whom for wise but mysterious purposes Providence seems to have permitted to exist as the scourge and terror of his species. This part of the work concludes with an admirable summary of his character:—but we must take our leave of Mr. Hughes, with a reflection or two which the perusal of his volumes has strongly forced on our minds.

The condition of the modern Greeks is well calculated to move the sympathies of every generous bosom in their behalf. If the remark of Madame de Stael be just, that Italy is as interesting a subject of contemplation on account of what it is capable of being hereafter, as it is when we consider what it has been in former ages, with how much force does the observation apply to Greece? Appearances have of late been perceptible in this beautiful country, which inspire us with an undefined and mysterious hope that she may start up from her lethargy, and assert once more a name among nations. Whether these indications are the opening beams of freedom and happiness to that oppressed race, or the deceitful gleams of a vaporous atmosphere, is for the present hidden within the secret destinations of Him who metes out to empires and states the periods of rise, decay, and renovation: but much is previously to be done, before the moral soil will be fit for culture. Superstition has so debased and emasculated the universal mind of the country, that the gift of freedom would for the present be little more than nominal, and it is only from a more advanced state of public knowlege that so sublime a vision can be realized:

> "*Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebrasque necesse est,*
> *Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei*
> *Discutiant, sed naturæ species ratioque.*"
>
> LUCRET. l. i. v. 147.

We rejoice, therefore, to find from the testimony of Mr. Hughes, as well as from other travellers in Greece, that literature is rapidly awakening in that country, at Athens, at Ioannina, and at Zante, institutions liberally endowed and judiciously framed have for some time subsisted, from which the most flattering omens may be derived of an ameliorated education, and of the general and

diffusive ardour with which the ancient writers are cultivated by the rising generation. It is from these beginnings that we anticipate an auspicious change in the moral and political condition of Greece: for a familiarity with those high models must by degrees animate them into warm and inextinguishable aspirations after that freedom to which they owed their greatness:—that ψυχη αβατος, that untrodden soul, without which a nation can never arrive at real and durable glory.

ART. X.—*The Journey in Quest of a Wife.*—From the German of Schreiber.

DINNER was over—my mother had taken up her knitting apparatus, and I was picking my teeth and amusing myself with building castles in the air, when my attention was roused by the unusual number of the good lady's hems, which seemed to be a prelude to some extraordinary communication. At length, out it came. "My dear Tom," said she, "yesterday was your birthday; you are now twenty-three; and it is high time you should be looking about for a good match: a man must marry some time or other, but he should take care he does so ere it be too late, for that is as bad as too soon."—"Why, mother," answered I, laughing, "I am not much disinclined to 'change my situation,' as the phrase goes, but I have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with the girl who could induce me to become a Benedict."

While I was speaking, my mamma had opened her china snuff-box, and with a knowing look, held a pinch betwixt her finger and her thumb—"What would you think now," said she, after a pause, and eyeing me through her spectacles, "what would you think of little Doris, the Upper Forrester's daughter?"

I shook my head—"She is well enough to pass away an hour or so with occasionally, for she is a good-humoured, lively thing; but she is like the lillies of the valley, *which toil not, neither do they spin.*"

"Son, she has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and they can set the looms agoing. You know our estate is burthened with debt; and, as you now think of keeping house for yourself, and wont make use of your friends' influence to procure a place under government for you——" "My good mother," interrupted I, "once for all, *that* is out of the question; one who has any pretensions to the character of an honest man, cuts but a sorry figure now-a-days as a man in office. For my own part, I can only go straight forwards, and it would not be easy to avoid every now and then treading on the kibe of some placeman or other, or giving him a jerk with my elbow; and I should gain nothing but vexation for my pains. No, no; I will travel, and endeavour to suit myself to my mind."

"But do you know what the expression 'getting suited' means?

I took her hand—"Mother," cried I, "most fully do I appreciate the force of the expression, for I have seen it so completely exemplified in my own family; during my father's life, he and yourself had but one heart—one will."

This was touching the right string, and decided the question at once. My mother wiped her spectacles, gave me her blessing, and desired me to travel.

My portmanteau was soon packed; and almost before I could bestow a serious thought on the object of my journey, I found myself seated in the coach for B—. I was ashamed, however, to turn back, and determined to give myself up to the guidance of my lucky star. I had several acquaintances in B—, and loitered away some weeks with them, and among what is called the *good society* of the place. Here there was no lack of pretty maidens, all ready and willing to get married; but their forward manners, and total want of feminine delicacy, soon convinced me that this was not the place "to be suited." For the most part, their ideas of life were gathered from the shelves of the circulating library; and of gentility, from the miserable flounderings of a set of strolling players who sometimes visited the town. In short, their *small accomplishments* sat on them with about as much grace and propriety as the glass beads and tinsel of the Europeans do on the necks of savages. One young creature, however, attracted my attention by her naivete and engaging disposition. I determined to make her acquaintance, and found no difficulty in procuring an introduction to her father's house. She was the only child of a rich contractor, who had amassed a considerable fortune during the war, and now lived very comfortably on his income. Wilhelmine played the harpsicord a little, sung a little, drew a little, and had a smattering of French and Italian; but it was easy to perceive that she laid claims to excellence in all these acquirements. Throughout the house there was great splendour, without the slightest particle of taste. Miss was the idol of her parents, over whom she exercised unlimited sway; and the surest and shortest road to the old people's hearts, was by praising their darling.

It would have been no very difficult matter for me to have won this damsel's hand, had I been so inclined, for besides that she showed some sort of *penchant* for me, the *Von* before my name was a powerful recommendation with old square-toes; but I felt that she was not at all calculated to make a wife for a domestic man like myself, and a letter which I soon afterwards received from my mother, wherein she expressed the same opinion, determined me to look elsewhere for a sposa.

I left B—, in company with a fellow-collegian who was going to S— on business, and, as I wished to see that town, we agreed to travel together. In the inn at Lunan, where we stopt for the night, we fell in with some strangers, a gentleman from S—, with

his son, and a young lady, his ward. We met together at supper, and the conversation soon took an easy and lively turn. It is true, the elder of the two men spoke seldom, but he smiled often, and, as they say, at the right place, and looked as if he could say a great deal on every subject, if he would. He made up for his silence, however, by keeping the bottle continually on the move. The son was completely the reverse of his father; his tongue never lay still, although his ideas were not of the most brilliant order. The young lady remained silent, and apparently absorbed in her own thoughts; she had a tall, elegant person, handsome features, with a mild and somewhat melancholy expression, and she appeared to have recently shed tears. I gathered, from what passed at table, and afterwards from the landlord, that she was called Adeline; that her father, Major Lindenow, had fallen in battle, leaving her to the protection of his friend Colonel Sternbach, who now lived on his estate, near Lunan: that Colonel Sternbach had sent her to be educated at S—, where she resided with his brother-in-law, the Senator Seldorf, with whom I had just supped: that the Colonel now lay dangerously ill, and that Seldorf, who expected to inherit his estates, was on his return from visiting him.

Although Adeline had never once deigned to look at me, yet there was a something about her that interested me exceedingly in her favour. Old Seldorf, on learning my intention of remaining a few days in S—, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him and his family. His son drank to our better acquaintance, and swore that one's time might be spent at S—in the most delightful way in the world, and that even a University life did not surpass it. He offered, as my travelling friend quitted me here, to fill the vacant place in my carriage, to save me, as he said, from the blue devils.

On any other occasion I could willingly have dispensed with the youngster's good intentions, for there is nothing in which I take greater delight, than, when seated snugly in a corner of the vehicle, I can give myself up undisturbed to every fancy, and luxuriate in all the delights of castle-building. Now, however, I determined for once to forego my favourite gratification, and acceeded to his proposal, as I thought it might afford me an opportunity of learning something more of Adeline, into whose good opinion I felt a strong inclination to ingratiate myself.

Early on the following morning we set out from Lunan, and for several miles, my new companion troubled me but little with his remarks, as he almost immediately began to snore; but he soon awoke, and then talked all in a breath about his college adventures, his connections in S—, his two sisters, Adeline, and his prospects of getting a place. "I shall then," added he, rubbing his hands, "marry Adeline; for you know a wife is a necessary appendage to a man, when he becomes of consequence in the state."

This piece of intelligence was not of the most pleasant description—"So," said I, doubtless with a sheepish enough look, "you have confessed that Adeline is perfectly indifferent to you, and yet you mean to marry her; how can you expect happiness from such an union?"—"Pooh, pooh," said he; "my dear fellow, your ideas of marriage are quite out of date: the husband has only to take care that his wife keeps within proper bounds—that she attends to her family, and kitchen concerns—receives the guests —and so forth. The Orientals have far better notions of matrimony than we in the north; among them the wife is neither more nor less than the principal slave; and that, according to my view of the matters, is what she ought to be, and not a whit more."

"But Adeline—" said I, impatiently.

"Adeline," answered he, "has ridiculous whims, like all other girls who have not yet reached a certain age. She has nothing to boast of but her pretty face, and has hitherto lived in complete dependence. My uncle, indeed, lets her want for nothing; but then he is daily expected to set out on his journey for the other world, in which case, she must be glad to get a comfortable settlement. During the last two years she has taken the charge of our domestic concerns, for my sisters do not trouble their heads much about such matters.

I was now enabled to form a tolerably good guess of Adeline's situation, and her misfortunes imparted an additional interest to her in my eyes.

On the second day after my arrival at S—, I received an invitation from the elder Seldorf, which I readily accepted. The sisters were a pair of dolls, who displayed their accomplishments exactly as if they wished to let them out to hire. The youngest of the two played a few musty waltzes on the piano, and the other sung a bravura, in a style that made my very flesh creep. Adeline busied herself about the house, and it was easy to see that the management of every thing was in her hands. She seemed a little more cheerful than when I saw her at Lunan; still her countenance bore evident traces of dejection. Whilst the sisters were acting their parts, she sat down to her needle, from which she seldom looked up: her future lord and master showed her very little attention, and I could almost imagine she treated him with contempt.

I felt completely out of humour, and had risen to go away, when it came into the old gentleman's head to ask his daughters to declaim: neither of the misses, however, was *i' the vein;* and he then applied to me, to favour them with a specimen of my rhetorical powers.

I was vain enough to accede to this request, for I flattered myself that I should now be enabled to make some impression on Adeline. They gave me the Cassandra of Schiller. I had often read aloud, and understood at least accentuation, and modulation

of tone. When I finished, all were lavish of their applause, but I was attentive only to Adeline, whose expressive eye now seemed to regard me somewhat more attentively.

From henceforward I continued to visit the Senator almost daily, but never found an opportunity of seeing Adeline alone. She was ever engaged in her domestic occupations, and when she sometimes came for a few minutes into the room, the sisters had always some pretext or other to prevent my addressing a word to her.

As the family were one evening assembled as usual, the conversation happened to turn on women and marriage. The father gave it as his opinion, that the principal point to be attended to, was, whether or not the bride had a weighty purse.—Young Seldorf was of an opposite way of thinking. "Money," said he, "gives the wife a claim to lord it over her husband, which she is always sure to avail herself of, and it is therefore dangerous to marry for that alone." The two girls coincided with their father, and supported the contest with a deal of stuff, in favour of rich daughters, or, in other words, of themselves.

This annoyed me, for Adeline's sake, although she did not appear to notice any thing that had passed.—I now took up the cudgels, and said, "According to my notions, a woman's value is not to be estimated by what she *has*, but by what she *is*. Women have, for the most part, juster views of the value of things than men, and none but such as are of a coarse and common nature will ever wish to make their dowry a pretext for exercising undue control." While I was talking in this ridiculous strain, with more than ordinary warmth, Adeline continued quietly at her work, and the sisters winked and made faces to each other. I got vexed, and took my leave.—When I reached home, I reproached myself for my folly. My observations had pointed too strongly at Adeline, of whom, as she was totally without fortune, it was impossible for me to think seriously; and uncomfortable as her situation in the family was, this conduct of mine had been calculated only to render it more so. I now therefore determined to be more sparing of my visits, and actually staid away two whole days. On the evening of the third, however, I met Adeline by chance at a friend's house, and, as it was already late, civility obliged me to offer to see her home.

"If you are going that way at any rate," said she, somewhat reservedly. Mr. Seldorf lived at some distance, but I don't know how it happened, we did not choose the nearest road to his house. I had persuaded her to take my arm, and we fell into a conversation, which soon became interesting. I declared, in the most unreserved manner my opinion of the Misses S. and touched, by the way, on Adeline's own situation. She seemed affected, and said, "Though education and circumstances may produce in us faults for which we are not to blame, they often, at the same time, put

it in our power to do much good, for which, probably, we do not deserve praise. If I have obtained juster views of life than I should otherwise have possessed, I am indebted for them to the excellent clergyman who brought me up; and if I am not easily disquieted or ruffled, it is doubtless owing to my natural frame of mind. One person is differently constituted from another; and besides, I have passed through a severe school." She said this with so much sweetness and unaffected modesty, that at this moment I could have pressed her to my heart—I could have offered her my hand.

I thought of my mother, and what a treasure I should present her with in this maiden; and the blow would perhaps have been struck on the instant, had not, luckily or unluckily, young Seldorf just at this juncture made his appearance, and most unmercifully set all my fine emotions to flight with his rapid raillery. On reaching the house, I mechanically followed him up stairs, where I found the family in confusion, owing to some disagreeable piece of news which they had just received. The Senator took his son aside, and whispered something in his ear. I heard the words "*Sternbach*" and "*Will*" frequently repeated. As the matter did not concern me, I paid no further attention to it, but I merely wished to remain until Adeline (who had gone to change her dress) should return. As I saw, however, that my presence was irksome to the party, I departed, without being able to wish her a good-night.

The following day, some friends of mine persuaded me to join them in an excursion to Lunan, where there was a fair, at which all the gay folks of the neighbourhood were expected to be present. In the inn where we alighted, there was a sort of ball; the dancing had already begun, and my companions soon joined in the throng, and continued till late in the evening, when, as we were preparing to return, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of young Seldorf. He came from the seat of his uncle, who had expired a few hours before. The young man was in the highest spirits, and talked incessantly of his good luck that Colonel Sternbach had not had time to make a will. He called for champaigne and claret, and gave loose to his satisfaction in the most extravagant manner. I was extremely disgusted with this conduct, but, as I did not wish to break up the party, I made no objection to remain. The joviality of Seldorf, however, appeared to have something singular and unnatural about it. He drank beyond all moderation. My companions faithfully followed his example, and I found it impossible to avoid exceeding a little. Seldorf filled a bumper *to the health of his Bride*, as he termed Adeline.

I laid hold of my glass mechanically, but for my life I could not swallow a single drop.

"Then it is all settled?" I asked. "Why not?" hiccupped he;

"my uncle is dead without a will—we are his sole heirs. I shall invest my money in the funds—purchase a title—become a great man—live merrily—Aha, my boy! you shall pass many a jolly day with me yet."

I became melancholy, and lost in thought. It was midnight before the party broke up. My companions slept till the carriage stopt at the gates of S—, but I had not the smallest inclination to sleep; my feelings had been too much excited, and many an adventurous scheme came into my head. I continued to pace my chamber restlessly up and down; a strange undefined something pervaded my mind, and stirred up my blood to a perfect fever, though to say the truth, I suspect the punch and champaigne had not the least share in these extraordinary sensations.

By chance I put my hand into the pocket of my great-coat, which I had not puiled off, and was surprised to find papers in it.—It was a packet tied round with tape, and on the envelope were written the words "Last Will and Testament of Colonel von Sternbach."

I now first perceived that Seldorf and I had, in the confusion at leaving Lunan, exchanged great-coats. The will was open, and I hastily ran my eye over it. It was written in the Colonel's own hand, and, with the exception of a legacy to his brother-in-law, Seldorf, Adeline was constituted the sole heiress of all his property.

The object of young Seldorf's journey, and his strange behaviour at the inn, were now fully explained. I congratulated myself on the lucky chance which had put it in my power to render an essential service to Adeline; but after some reflection, I could not but be sensible that the matter might involve me in an awkward predicament, for when Seldorf should miss the will, his first suspicion would naturally fall on me. I thought of every expedient, till at length I convinced myself that in this, as in every thing else, a straight forward course was the only one that a man of honour could follow. At an early hour on the following morning, therefore, I bent my course to the Senator's house, for the purpose of returning the coat, and, if possible, of seeing Adeline above.—I found, as I expected, that the family were still a-bed, and that Adeline and a servant only were stirring.—While the latter was fetching my great-coat, I said to Adeline, that it was absolutely necessary I should see her that morning, as I had something of the last importance to communicate. She looked at me with surprise. "Miss Lindenow," said I, "it is on a subject which concerns you nearly; there is an infamous plot on foot to rob you in the most shameful manner; but Providence has enabled me to counteract the wicked scheme; tell me where, and at what hour, I can see you without danger of interruption?" After a moment's pause—"Come with me," said she, "into the garden; all in the house are still asleep." We accordingly went thither,

and I related to her the whole occurrence, giving her, at the same time, the Will itself. She was greatly agitated, and could not utter a word, but raised her streaming eyes to heaven.

I reminded her that quick decision was above all things indispensable—"What shall I," said the trembling girl, "what can I do?"—"Will you confide in me?" asked I.—"Willingly, most willingly," she answered, in a tone that penetrated my heart. It was then concerted between us, that she should meet me the same evening at the friend's house where we had been the preceding day, and I then hastened home, to consider of the measures which it would be most advisable to adopt. I had scarcely reached my own door, when young Seldorf overtook me; he was in the greatest trepidation, and said, "My friend, we exchanged great-coats yesterday by mistake, and I am now come for mine. There are papers in it of the utmost consequence, which I trust have not dropt out—have you by chance seen them?"—I quickly collected myself—"Mr. Seldorf," said I, taking his hand, "I think you are too much of an honest man to commit a knavish action;—the papers which you are so anxious about are in safety."—"Where, where?" cried he hurriedly, and looking at me with an air of suspicion.—"Where they ought to be," returned I; "Adeline is the heiress of Colonel Sternbach."

He threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with both hands.—I exhorted him to take courage, and to thank Heaven, which had prevented his committing a heavy crime.

"Ah!" said he, striking his forehead, "Adeline is lost to me, as soon as she knows that she is independent, and may chuse for herself."

"Why, what a pitiful fellow you must be, to wish to tread in the dust a noble heart in so base a manner!" I spoke this loud and angrily, and was instantly sorry that I had suffered the words to escape me. The scene continued sometime longer, till I set the poor devil somewhat at ease, by promising that the whole transaction should be confined to ourselves.—"But is Adeline acquainted with it?"—"She is, but you must know her well enough to be satisfied, that she will not abuse the confidence which I have placed in her."

"Yes, yes," muttered he between his teeth; "she is much better than I—than my sisters—or than all the young women whom I know;—she deserves a better lot than I can offer her."

I now really pitied him. His natural roughness might have been softened by better education. With all his faults, his heart was not bad, and what was wrong about him arose more from perverted notions of things than from vicious inclinations. I now attempted to rouse him on the score of pride—"You wished," said I, "not to be under any obligation to your wife, and would rather take her fortune from her by fraud, than receive it at her own hand: but it would be impossible for you ever to overcome

the sense of the injustice which you had thus been guilty of, and you would in fact have become more dependent on her than if she had brought you a million as a portion, for you could never have again looked in her face as an honest man, even if she were to reciprocate your affection.

He stared at me earnestly: never having been accustomed to reflect on his actions, or to weigh the motives of his conduct, he knew nothing of life except what he had learnt in taverns. An idea seemed suddenly to have occurred to him, and with the words, "You shall not at least assert that I am vicious," he hastily quitted the apartment.

I was puzzling myself to find out what his meaning might be, when a boy came into the room with a message "to meet him instantly without the town gates." This sounded very like a challenge. Still I could not think him mad enough to expose himself to a disclosure of circumstances which touched his character so nearly, and which would naturally be the consequence of a meeting between us. I did not delay attending his summons, however, but repaired instantly to the place appointed, which was a promenade that was little frequented. At the moment of my approach I perceived him walking under the trees with Adeline in his arm. Adeline appeared much perplexed:—"My dear friend," said Seldorf, smiling, "I have assured Adeline that you have something to say to her, and I will swear ten oaths that my *ci-devant* bride has also a word for you in private, that would not be so conveniently spoken before my sisters: I have therefore brought you together here; so make the most of your time, for I shall return for Adeline in a quarter of an hour." Saying this, he walked away, leaving us both not a little disconcerted. Adeline could not compose herself, and my presence of mind seemed to have forsaken me altogether. At last, however, I found my voice, and said, "A singular accident, dear Adeline, has brought us together. I seek for a companion for life—could I but hope—"

A deep blush, which came direct from the heart, overspread her lovely face, and drawing from her work-bag a paper, she handed it to me, saying softly, "This letter has doubtless fallen by accident into the Will—my name is mentioned in it." It was a letter from my mother, which had got amongst the folds of the Will: I had written to her much about Adeline, and the good lady had, in her answer, said, that "this would indeed be a daughter after her own heart."—"And will you too call her mother, my Adeline?" "Take me to her," whispered she; and the warm kiss which I impressed on her cheek was the seal of our union.

In a few weeks I carried Adeline home as my wife, and my mother is quite convinced that I have succeeded to a wish in "getting myself suited."

Art. XI.—*Literary Intelligence.*

We beg leave to invite the attention of the female portion of our readers, particularly, to the proposals of Mr. Waldie, of Montrose, in this state, for publishing a small volume of Poems, (price one dollar) by a Lady who is one of the emigrants whom the recent distresses in England have driven to our shores. We are entirely ignorant of the literary merit of these effusions; but if our country be, as we boast, "the asylum of oppressed humanity," we hope it will be exemplified, in the present instance, by a liberal patronage of a foreigner and a female, in a strange land;—encompassed by difficulties which neither habit nor education had prepared her to encounter. *Subscriptions are received at the Port Folio Office, No. 16 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; and by the respective agents of this Journal.*

The Editor of the *Columbian Observer*, No. 1. of which has just appeared, returns his "unfeigned acknowledgments for the very polite and friendly manner, in which his infant work was recommended to public attention and patronage," in the Port Folio. By way of manifesting the gratitude which is thus professed, he has indulged himself in a strain of impudent insinuation against us, in which it is not easy to discern whether vulgarity, or malignity, or mendacity, be the predominant quality. That we should feel any envy in regard to a magazine which had not seen the light, and whose Editor was entirely unknown, is so absurd a proposition that it requires no reply. Now that we have a specimen of this unambitious journal, which modestly undertakes "either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by the manner of adorning them," we must assure the anonymous Editor that we perceive nothing in his pages calculated to excite those feelings which he has imputed to us. We can smile when we behold a writer, flourishing his pen, in defiance of the rules of orthography and punctuation; but our indignation is vehemently moved when we read, in a paper published in the city of Philadelphia, a calumny upon the fair and gentle portion of its inhabitants, as atrocious as any that has defiled the pages of the most unprincipled British tourist:—This very Editor, too, who presumes to talk of "the immodesty of our young women;" who finds in "*their* eternal promenade up and down Chesnut St." "a total absence of modesty;"—who represents our young ladies "at home, in company, at their houses, at parties, or in the street," as always employed in "ogling and gazing,"—has not scrupled to insert, in another part of his paper, an article which could only be endured by minds from which all taste or delicacy had been banished. It is too gross for the atmosphere of the lowest beer-house in Southwark; and can only be compared with such compositions as that which brought the ears of the infamous Curl to the pillory. The man who permits such pestilent publications as these to pollute his dwelling, is not the protector of

woman, and is unworthy of the endearing relations of lover or husband. We know that these animadversions will bring upon us a torrent of that kind of eloquence, which the vulgar and the profligate so well understand; but, in the cause which we advocate, we have contended against perils of a more appalling nature. We call upon all who value the reputation of our city to vindicate its honour and resent these foul aspersions upon our fair. If the Attorney-General may not deem it his duty to call the attention of the Grand Inquest to the "*Picture of Venus,*" which is displayed by this "*Columbian Observer,*" let the journal in question not boast of the patronage of those whom it has so scandalously libelled. That which is a nuisance in a moral community, ought to be abated by public execration, if the law be not adequate. But it is undoubtedly the law in our Commonwealth that any offence which, in its nature and by its example, tends to the corruption of morals, is indictable; and such is the character of this profligate publication. We trust that it will be put down by the good sense and virtuous feeling of the people, and therefore shall abstain from any comments upon the shallowness of its pretensions as a literary and political Journal.

Mr. Flower has published "Letters from Lexington and the Illinois, containing a brief account of the English Settlement in the latter territory." The author is said to be ardently attached to the cause of civil and religious liberty, a good practical farmer, and an upright and intelligent man. He appears to be well satisfied with our institutions and general character; but he speaks in becoming terms of the existence of slavery, which is very odious here, in the eyes of Englishmen, though harmless and innocent in the West Indies. "As to the general character of the Americans," says Mr. Flower, "it is sober, industrious, and hospitable; although drunkenness, idleness, and gambling, are vices in existence, they are kept in the back ground, and are by no means so conspicuous as among what are called the lower classes in England."

M'Carty & Davis have in the press a complete edition of the writings of the Rev. Charles Buck. These consist of Sermons on Select Subjects—A Treatise on Religious Experience—The Practical Expositor, or Scripture Illustrated by Facts—Anecdotes, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining. To the whole is prefixed, Memoirs of the Author, by John Styles, D. D. The sale of two editions of these works sufficiently evinces the high estimation in which they are held. They are all excellent in their kind. The serious part is remarkable for a vein of good sense and pious observation; while the anecdotes offer a copious fund of amusement, which is at once harmless, rational, and instructive.

Art. XII.—*Poetry.*

A SUBLIME AND PATHETIC ODE TO HONOUR.

Tell me, proud Honour! what art thou,
That patriot breasts for thee should glow,
And gallant warriors toil?
And lovely maids forget their bloom,
Wading through danger to the tomb,
If Glory be the spoil?

Did'st thou exist before the flood?
Or first with Nimrod feast on blood—
That warrior of renown?
Sat'st thou with Saul on Judah's throne,
Or gav'st to David's hand the stone
That brought the giant down?

Kings thou hast turn'd from royal cares,
To plunge them in unholy wars,
Of peace and health the grave;
And when they steep'd their hands in blood,
Triumphant near them thou hast stood;—
Then Honour thou'rt a knave!

And like enough 'twas thou fill'd up,
For Socrates the fatal cup,—
A bumper to the brim!
Fell fiend! destruction is thy trade!
And yet our wisest bard has said,
Thou can'st not set a limb!

A pretty Jack'napes of a God!
That humbleth millions with a nod,
And nations can undo!
Thou can'st break bones, but cannot mend!
Go ask some honest leech to lend
His aid to show thee how!

To Egypt dids't thou send great Boney,
That land of—all but milk and honey,
To conquer honest Bull?
Or did'st thou take him there to see,
That fools of great antiquity,
Had own'd thy magic rule?

Or did he go of his own mind,
Thy place of residence to find,
To beg some mighty boon?
Truly he made as good a guess,
As Hotspur, who thy throne would place
Up in "the pale fac'd moon!"

Italia! land of light and gloom!
Bright Honour's cradle and his tomb,
His sepulchre and throne!
There's not a miscreant of Glory's *cast*,
From Romulus to Pope the last,
That has not made *thee* groan!

Honour hath done to thee no wrong,
Land of the soul seducing song!
To make thee weep or moan;
Though millions of thy sons were slain,
Who would not barter *mortal* men,
For regiments of *stone*?

At Parliament let's take a peep,—
There, some who talk, and some who sleep
Would gladly hear thy call;
But whatsoever thou do'st, Fame,
I charge thee, by thy mighty name,
Go not to Congress Hall!

Let Freedom in her groves recline,
Beneath her fig-tree, and her vine,
Nor lure her from the shade;
The apple of thy discord fling
To Pope and Bey, Bashaw and King,
For whom the toy was made.

Thy feats are all a puppet show—
Draw but a wire and off they go;
Thou'rt all caprice and whim;
Thou cans't exalt and thou destroy,
But mark me—thou art but a toy—
Thou can'st not set a limb!

Dec. 1821. ORLANDO

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To a Lady.

Repeat the strain—too lovely maid—
The last that hope shall hear!
Already has the vow been paid
That binds thee to despair.

Sing, careless maid! still sweetly sing
The joys that lovers know;
Then go—receive the fatal ring
That binds thy fire to snow!

Unthinking maid! to seek a fate
So like the songster's pang,

Who leaves a tender constant mate,
To dare the serpent's fang!
——1820. ORLANDO.

THE FOUNTAIN.

The following lines are from the Persian of the *Prince of Esquilache.* We mention his name because it is not often that we are favoured with such exquisite gems from royal authors.

Sweet lyre of birds, bright mirror of Aurora,
The life of April, and the soul of Flora,
For whom blue violets breathe, and jessamine blows,
While at each step you scatter pearls around,
And with soft verdure feed the enamell'd ground,
I love the candour thy clear bosom shows;
And count thy pebbly gems, as thro' a glass!
While soft thou murmurest, "Pristine Truth, alas!
From town is fled!—but still the country knows."

THE STREAM.

The beauties in this sonnet from *Montalvan* are equal, if not superior, to those with which our page has just been enriched.

The brook, with feet of sounding silver bright,
Flies from itself; and, scattering in its flight,
Through the green turf, the flowers with crystal knits:
On jessamines treads, and looks like showering snow;
Kisses the clove, and wondering seems to glow;
And paints to life each sylvan charm it meets.
So, when my Fair dissolves in starry tears,
Through the perspicuous deluge fresh appears
The red and milk-white rose, with blended sweets.

SONG.

From the Spanish.

Ye blooming maids,
Of flowery glades,
Whose charms the dance discloses:
Frisk about,
In heedless rout,
And trust not beds of roses!

Soft and sweet, they lull to sleep;
But snakes among their leaves may creep.
Heigh, ho!
How so?
Cupid (who's a naughty boy)
Entangles us by beauty;
And mildness uses to decoy,
While he aims to shoot you.
Haste, run, and fly,
Beware his bow!
Haste, run, and fly,
From deadly blow!
Haste, run, and fly,
In ring or row!

SONG.

In the following lines the reader will recognize much of the manner of Matthew Prior.

I.

To advocate pity, Matilda! 'tis true,
Becomes a divinity, lovely as you.
But your words and your actions unhappily jar:
Your language pacific, your eyes still at war.

II.

Your compassion for anguish omits not to wound:
But you'll miss of your aim, when the secret is found;
For who can hold out in his amorous faith,
If as life he must love you; yet dread you as death?

WARNINGS FOR BEAUTY.

The fleeting nature of all sublunary things is a trite subject, but there are some new illustrations of that melancholy truth in the ensuing "Warnings" to those lovely beings whom, the poet says, *man was born to please.* The versification is spirited and soft,—and the idea, respecting Time, in the last stanza, is singularly new, striking, and happy.

I.

The sun declines in curtain'd shade:
How soon does Morn to Evening fade!
That bubbling Fountain, which o'erflows
So prodigal of molten snows,
To-morrow will ignobly creep,
And hardly have a drop to weep.
That stately Lily, by its streams,
Which Flora's ivory sceptre seems,

Even while upon it's pomp you gaze,
It's virgin whiteness visibly decays!

II.

The Goldfinch, on yon willow's bough
His lively trill abandons now:
That willow waves, with lightest air
And, weeping, droops like wan Despair.
Yon proud Corinthian Colonnade,
Where fluted jasper shone display'd,
By creeping ivy now upborne,
Swings, like a culprit wretch, high hung in chains of scorn.

III.

That bark, so proud with silken vanes,
Anon a helpless wreck remains;
Those waves, that thunder'd on the strand,
Now gently lick the glistening sand.
Thus Time (our foe, and even his own,)
To universal change is prone;
He flies: nor boots it to pursue.
Quick! seize him, Phillis! ere he seize on you.

SOMFREDEVI.

How hard the lot of an ill fated nation,
Unblest with Bible-lore and education,
Where reading is a part of the Belles Letters,
And writing only practised by folk's betters,
Where spelling, or by custom, or by rule,
Is rarely taught, more rarely learnt, at school.
In that brown office, where the crowded clerk,
Sorts out his million letters in the dark,
Sighing for comfort, and the promised land,
That spacious Canaan in St. Martin's Grand,
Many a lover's tender scrawl is read,
And the soft intercourse is onward sped;
But one there came, with such obscure address,
For whom intended, not a clerk could guess;
With many a flourish, one long word began,
And thus the dubious superscription ran:

"SOMFREDEVI."

At length one scribe, more sapient than his cronies,
Declared the letter must be old Belzoni's,
And that the hidden term, they might infer
Egyptian was for Resurrectioner.
In vain Belzoni for a fortnight conn'd it,
So sent it to a friend, a learned Pundit,
Who, finding he could make Sanscrit of it,

Gave it a true believer in the Prophet:
He, a devout, religious sort of man,
Found no such sentence in the whole Koran;
But, dreaming of Rebellion's work
(Being a most aristocratic Turk,)
Sent it to Sidmouth's Office for inspection,
Who saw in every syllable defection,
And doubted not (of course with ample reason,)
Being illegible, it must be treason.
The seal was broken, and the contents were
In pure Italian:—spoke of factious air—
Of strong affinities—of combination—
Fusion—explosion—and precipitation.
A council sat on't—Eldon, press'd to speak,
Said he would give his judgment Monday week:
Sidmouth, alarm'd, exclaim'd, "Rebellion here I see,
Perhaps a second Cato-street conspiracy:
Oh cruel fate! in this ungrateful nation,
The post of safety is a private station.
I will, before the Radicals begin a stir,
Retire in time—become a half-pay Minister—
Grow my own cabbages—enclose my common—
And settle down into a mere old woman."
The deed was done! but Sidmouth cried peccavi;
The word was read at length—Sir Humphry Davy.

A.

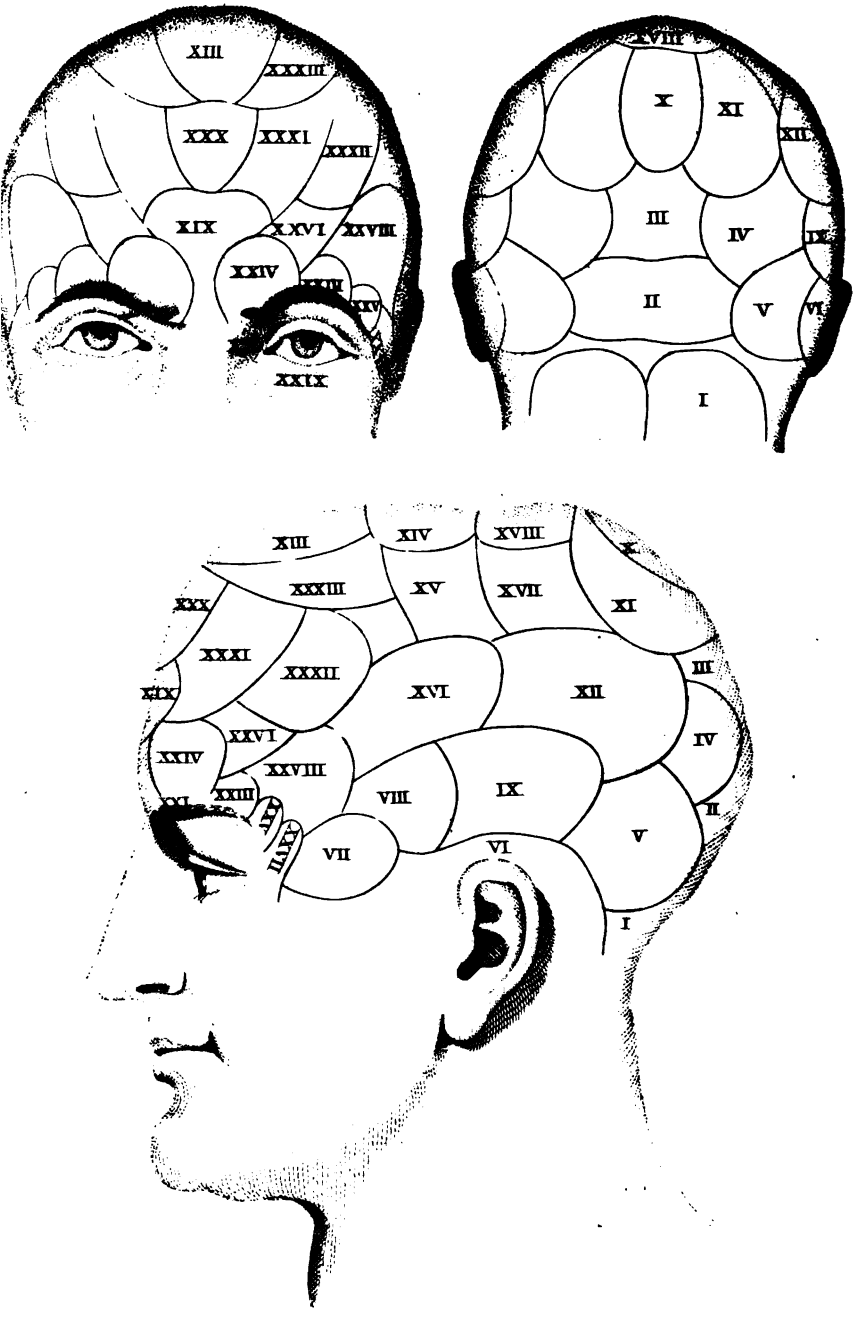
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many of the Readers of the Port Folio who feel the want of a connected view of political affairs, at home and abroad, have expressed a wish that we would introduce such an article in our Journal. We shall endeavour to gratify them, by devoting a few pages of each number, hereafter, to this interesting subject. The history of Modern Europe has been brought down to the treaty of Paris of 1815 by Dr. Coote. Our sketch of foreign affairs, which our narrow limits will confine chiefly to England, will commence at that period. The first chapter of the American History will form, perhaps, a part of our next number.

We should be glad to publish the lines on the Capuchin Chapel, but we fear that the manner in which certain religious ceremonies are treated would wound the feelings of those who practise them.

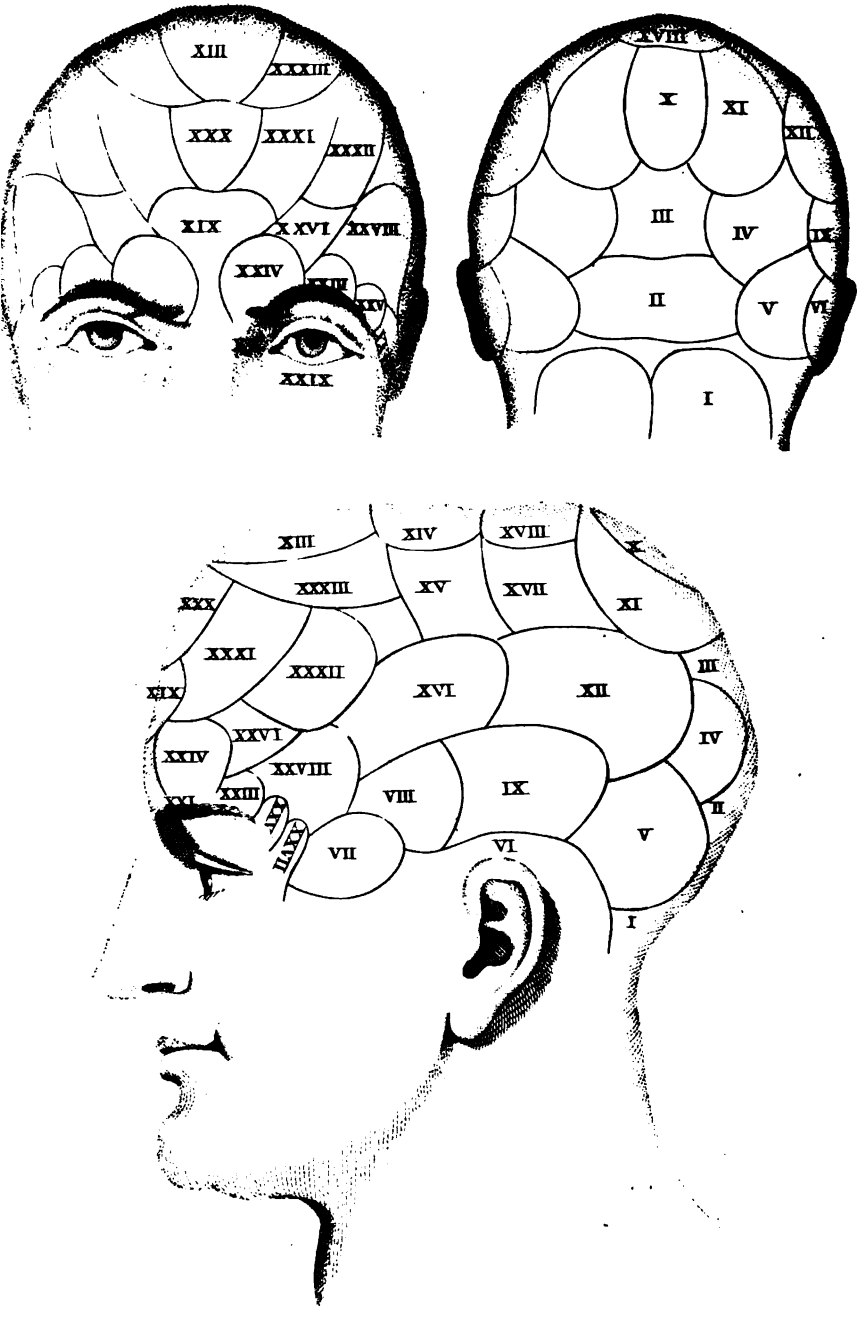
The lines by a young lady are not sufficiently correct for publication. Mere rhymes, however prettily they may jingle, cannot be endured. We must have something of the vivifying spirit of poetry.

Wanted—A few sensible correspondents who will condescend to clothe their ideas in plain prose.



Engraved for the Port Folio

	NAMES OF THE ORGANS.	SITUATION OF THE ORGANS.	REMARKS.
FEELINGS. 1. *Genus. Propensities.* Having the organs of	1. AMATIVENESS, or physical love.	The cerebellum. At the base of the back part of the head, immediately above the middle of the neck.	Generally most developed in man and male animals; and not considerable till puberty.
	2. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS, or love of offspring.	The posterior part of the head, immediately above the former organ.	Most remarkable in women, and the females of other animals.
	3. INHABITIVENESS—in animals the disposition to determine the place of dwelling—in man, love of country.	Probably seated above the centre of the preceding.	This is most conspicuous in certain animals that are fond of elevated situations.
	4. ADHESIVENESS, or disposition to form attachments.	Outward and upward on each side of the second organ.	Society results from this disposition, which is found in some of the lower animals. In man it disposes to friendship, and it is generally large in women.
	5. COMBATIVENESS, or disposition to quarrel and fight.	About the posterior lower angle of the parietal bone; or, in adults, about an inch and a half behind the ear.	Conspicuous in the courageous animals. In man it produces courage, and the tendency to attack.
	6. DESTRUCTIVENESS, or disposition to destroy.	On the side of the head, immediately above, and somewhat around the ear.	Very discernible in the carnivorous animals; also found in the human species. When this and the preceding organ are large, they give the tendency to rage and ferocity.
	7. CONSTRUCTIVENESS, or disposition to build, &c.	At the temples, above the cheek bones; when large, it gives a kind of square appearance to that part of the face.	Remarkable in those animals which build, and in men noted for mechanical invention.
	8. ACQUISITIVENESS, or disposition to obtain or acquire.	At the upper part of the temples, upward and backward a little from the preceding organ.	In excess, this leads to avarice; and, when conscientiousness is small, to theft, dishonesty, &c.
	9. SECRETIVENESS, or disposition to conceal.	In the middle of the side of the head, immediately above the middle of the superior part of the forehead, between 19 and 13.	Cunning, dissimulation, hypocrisy, &c. are its results.
2. *Gen. Reflect. F.* Having the organs	[illegible] of making resemblances, using examples, &c.		Does not determine the kinds of comparison. Gives a fondness for analogies, and an acuteness of discrimination.
	31. CAUSALITY, faculty of examining causes and relations; metaphysical genius.	The superior part of the forehead, on each side of 30.	The general relation of cause and effect is its object. This and the preceding are essential requisites in a philosophic understanding.
	32. WIT, faculty of the ludicrous in general; gaiety.	The upper and outward parts of the forehead, on the side of 31.	Gives the perception of the ludicrous.
	33. IMITATION, faculty of copying or mimicking the actions, manners, &c. of others.	The superior part of the forehead, on the sides of the organ of benevolence.	Very discernible in children, actors, mimics, &c.
	ADDENDA—WONDER, or feeling of the marvellous.	Betwixt ideality and imitation. (Probable.)	Gives the feeling of surprise, and of pleasure from novelty. In excess, produces astonishment and a tendency to the marvellous.



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NAMES OF THE ORGANS.	SITUATION OF THE ORGANS.	REMARKS.
1. AMATIVENESS, or physical love.	The cerebellum. At the base of the back part of the head, immediately above the middle of the neck.	Generally most developed in man and male animals; and not considerable till puberty.
2. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS, or love of offspring.	The posterior part of the head, immediately above the former organ.	Most remarkable in women, and the females of other animals.
3. INHABITIVENESS—in animals the disposition to determine the place of dwelling—in man, love of country.	Probably seated above the centre of the preceding.	This is most conspicuous in certain animals that are fond of elevated situations.
4. ADHESIVENESS, or disposition to form attachments.	Outward and upward on each side of the second organ.	Society results from this disposition, which is found in some of the lower animals. In man it disposes to friendship, and it is generally large in women.
5. COMBATIVENESS, or disposition to quarrel and fight.	About the posterior lower angle of the parietal bone; or, in adults, about an inch and a half behind the ear.	Conspicuous in the courageous animals. In man it produces courage, and the tendency to attack.
6. DESTRUCTIVENESS, or disposition to destroy.	On the side of the head, immediately above, and somewhat around the ear.	Very discernible in the carnivorous animals; also found in the human species. When this and the preceding organ are large, they give the tendency to rage and ferocity.
7. CONSTRUCTIVENESS, or disposition to build, &c.	At the temples, above the cheek bones; when large, it gives a kind of square appearance to that part of the face.	Remarkable in those animals which build, and in men noted for mechanical invention.
8. ACQUISITIVENESS, or disposition to obtain or acquire.	At the upper part of the temples, upward and backward a little from the preceding organ.	In excess, this leads to avarice; and, when conscientiousness is small, to theft, dishonesty, &c.
9. SECRETIVENESS, or disposition to conceal,	In the middle of the side of the head, immc-	Cunning, dissimulation, hypocrisy, &c. are its results.
[illegible] blances, using examples, &c.	the middle of the superior part of the fore- head, between 19 and 13.	Does not determine the kinds of comparison. Gives a fondness for analogies, and an acuteness of discrimination.

2. *Gen. Reflect. F.* Having the organs

31. CAUSALITY, faculty of examining causes and relations; metaphysical genius.	The superior part of the forehead, on each side of 30.	The general relation of cause and effect is its object. This and the preceding are essential requisites in a philosophic understanding.
32. WIT, faculty of the ludicrous in general; gaiety.	The upper and outward parts of the forehead, on the side of 31.	Gives the perception of the ludicrous.
33. IMITATION, faculty of copying or mimicking the actions, manners, &c. of others.	The superior part of the forehead, on the sides of the organ of benevolence.	Very discernible in children, actors, mimics, &c.
ADDENDA—WONDER, or feeling of the marvellous.	Betwixt ideality and imitation. (Probable.)	Gives the feeling of surprise, and of pleasure from novelty. In excess, produces astonishment and a tendency to the marvellous.

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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EMBELLISHMENT.—*Illustration of Cranioscopy*

ART. I.—*Essays on Phrenology*, or an Inquiry into the Principles and Utility of the System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, and into the Objections made against it. [By George Combe.] 8vo. 12s. Boards. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh. Longman and Co., London.

Illustrations of Phrenology, with Engravings. By Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart. F. R. S. &c. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. Hurst and Co. London. 1820.

An Inquiry into Dr. Gall's System concerning Innate Dispositions, &c. By J. P. Tupper, M. D. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Longman and Co.

THE singular doctrine to which these publications relate has encountered much of the ridicule, which is the common lot o speculations that are either entirely novel, or contrary to the prevalent opinions of the philosophical or of the vulgar world: but it seems to be gradually forcing its way into greater notice. Many persons, who had been accustomed to regard its authors as visionary enthusiasts or artful impostors, have been in a manner

compelled to make it the object of a more serious examination, by finding it zealously espoused by men of talents and acuteness, who may be in error, but are certainly far above contempt. Its disciples also have now formed themselves into something like a sect; and they are beginning to display, in the promulgation of their tenets, no small portion of that zeal which usually distinguishes new converts in supporting a doctrine that is either paradoxical or threatening to overthrow popular systems, especially when its leading features are such that they expose it to ridicule or misrepresentation. If we are to rely on their account of it, we must prepare to see our theories of mental philosophy quite overthrown, and the names of Gall and Spurzheim shortly occupying the places of Locke and Hartley, Reid and Stewart. As we deem this a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated, and as the hypothesis proposed by these writers appears to us inconsistent with a great variety of well ascertained facts in the philosophy of mind, we shall take the opportunity, afforded by the appearance of the publications of which the titles are prefixed to this article, to enter into an examination of the leading points in dispute between the advocates and the opponents of this new hypothesis.

In the course of this inquiry, a great variety of new terms and phrases will offer themselves to our notice; and in fact, the first subject of discussion is of a verbal nature, suggested by the title given to their doctrine by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, and adopted in two of the works now before us. This appears to us to be either singularly ill chosen or singularly presumptuous. When the appropriateness of an entirely new term is in question, etymology is the only criterion which we can apply; and, when tried by this standard, it is evident that the word 'phrenology' is a *generic* term, denoting the science of mind in general, and not any particular doctrine or hypothesis on the subject. Again, the term physiognomy, which is assumed by them to denote the application of their system to enable us to pronounce on the character of an individual by observing *the conformation of the skull*, has already received from the ordinary custom of language a sense altogether distinct; namely, the art of judging of character from *the features and expression of the countenance*. In devising an appropriate name for any new doctrine, it is obvious that we ought to select not those circumstances in which it agrees with many others, already familiar to us, but those characteristic marks or peculiarities which serve to distinguish it from them; and in this point of view we conceive that the terms *Craniology*, or *Cranioscopy*, to which these writers so much object, are in truth perfectly unexceptionable. What is the characteristic difference of this doctrine? That the brain consists of a congeries of distinct organs, which are the appropriate seats of the several affections and passions, and of the intellectual faculties;—and that the development of these organs influences the form of the skull to

such a degree, that the intellectual and moral character of the individual may be determined by the examination of its external surface. The term *Cranioscopy* is therefore much more appropriate, since it is founded on the leading distinctive character of the doctrine which it is employed to designate: and of which it is thus, as every scientific term ought to be, if possible, a species of abridged definition. Mr. Combe, however, finds great fault with Dr. Roget, the author of an article thus intitled in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* as if, by employing this term, it were meant to insinuate that the patrons of this doctrine represented the powers of the mind to reside in the skull.

We have stated it as one distinguishing character of cranioscopy, that the brain consists of a collection of distinct organs, adapted to the separate and exclusive performance of different mental functions. In the relative proportions or development of these organs, we are told, original differences exist, corresponding to the original diversities which prevail or are supposed to prevail in the intellectual and moral character of various individuals. We are not, however, to suppose that the mind itself partakes of this complexity of structure; for, though exhibiting such a diversity of characters, and liable to such various and opposite affections, we are to regard the mind itself as an unit, or *monad;* and, though there exists such a multiplicity of organs in the brain, adapted to take cognizance of form, colour, time, order, number, &c., or to feel the sentiments of veneration, benevolence, fear, &c., we are to understand that it is always one and the same indivisible intellectual principle which acts by means of these various instruments. We cannot help feeling some surprise at the pertinacity with which the advocates of the new system contend for this simplicity of the mind; since it appears to us that the natural conclusion from their own principles is strongly in favour of the opposite notion; and that the same arguments, which are brought to prove the compound nature of the organs, would also prove the complexity of the mind itself:—but this, it is presumed, would be supposed to savour of materialism; so tremendous a doctrine that it must at all events be excluded, even though it should seem to be the legitimate inference from principles which are admitted. For our part, the decision of this question appears a matter of indifference; and we do not perceive that the admission of a complex structure in the mind, which should suppose it to consist of various parts exercising different functions, would necessarily lead to the conclusion that it is composed of a mass of organized matter. Accordingly, we are far from charging the new system with any leaning towards this doctrine, from which we think that it is successfully vindicated by Mr. Combe. Yet in one sense it is in some degree liable to the allegation, by confounding the modes of investigation in the two branches of science, and directing us to study the philosophy of mind through the medium of the physio-

logy of the brain. Whatever may be the real nature of mind, we have always been accustomed to consider intellectual and physical researches as essentially distinct. Extension, figure, and motion, which are the properties of matter, are altogether different from perception, thought, volition, &c., which are the attributes of mind; —although the principles and rules of philosophizing are doubtless the same in both, and in both we have the means of attaining a competent knowledge of those phenomena which it is the business of philosophy to generalize and arrange. These means are, with respect to the properties of matter, our bodily senses, which inform us of the appearances presented by the objects around us; —with respect to the phenomena of mind, the power of consciousness, or, as Mr. Locke appears to have denominated it, *Reflection*, by which the mind is enabled to observe and attend to its own operations. This latter we had always been accustomed to regard as furnishing us with evidence of the operations and affections of mind, at least equally satisfactory with that which we obtain from the senses of the phenomena of external nature. Thus, that, when two ideas have been often presented together, they acquire a tendency mutually to suggest each other, is a fact, as Mr. Stewart justly observes, of which we can no more doubt than of any thing for which we have the testimony of our senses.

We are, however, assured by the present writers, that we have throughout been deceived in our notions on this subject. Consciousness, it is said, can give us no information with respect to the constitution of our minds; because 'consciousness partakes of the unity of the mind, and not of the plurality of the instruments of thought, and because reflection on the subjects of our own consciousness can give us no information with regard to the faculties which other individuals either possess or do not possess. This is an argument on which the advocates of the new system appear to lay considerable stress; since it is brought forwards very confidently by Dr. Spurzheim himself, and frequently repeated in nearly the same words by his two zealous disciples, whose works are now before us. To us, however it appears altogether inconclusive. By observing the phenomena of our own minds, it is said, we cannot learn any thing of the faculties possessed by others;—but we can observe external indications in others, analogous to those which we know to be the expressions or results of such faculties as we are conscious of possessing in our own minds; and the general principle of philosophy, that like effects are to be ascribed to like causes, affords sufficient evidence of the existence of such faculties in other individuals. The remaining part of the argument evidently involves a *petitio principii;* because it assumes that this plurality of organs really exists, which is the very point in debate. Besides, when it is affirmed that consciousness is single, are we not entitled to demand a more distinct explanation of this vague and not very intelligible phrase? In what sense is

consciousness single? By this term, we mean either a particular act of the mind, or that peculiar constitution in consequence of which it is capable of performing such acts, and taking cognizance of its own affections and operations. If the former be intended, it is not easy to perceive how a series of exertions of this power, employed in observing a succession of ideas or states of mind, can be regarded as single:—if the latter, as we know nothing of the inward constitution of the mind, so it is impossible for us to say whether the principle of conciousness be single, or the result of a complicated constitution. The simplicity or the complexity of the principle, however, is a matter of no sort of importance, provided that we can rely on the accuracy of the information which we obtain by means of it.

The questions, then, which we should be disposed to ask on this subject, are:—Have we, or have we not, sufficient reason to believe that certain affections of mind do really take place, of which we are conscious, and to which we give the name of ideas? Have we good reason to believe that these ideas are capable of being variously combined and associated together, so as to form other more complex states of mind? Do these ideas, or mental affections, in consequence of frequent repetition, follow one another in a certain regular order, depending on the manner in which they have been formerly presented? Can we not, by the application of this principle, account for the origin of many if not of all those peculiarities which this new system teaches us to refer to original propensities and innate faculties. If in *any* instance we can do this satisfactorily, is it not unphilosophical to seek for a new cause, in order to account for phenomena which those already known to exist are sufficient to explain? If we can explain the phenomena on this principle, not in *all* instances but in *many*, is it not more reasonable to conclude from analogy that similar effects are to be referred to similar causes, though from particular circumstances we cannot so distinctly trace the connection, than to assign another cause of a nature entirely different, and purely hypothetical, for the existence of which we have no better evidence than the explanation that it gives or is supposed to give of the appearances? For our own part, we do not hesitate to state it as our opinion, not taken up lightly or hastily, that the propensities, sentiments, and mental processes, ascribed by the new sect to separate innate faculties provided for that express and sole purpose, are in almost every instance susceptible of a satisfactory analysis on this single principle. To enter into a minute examination of the subject in all its bearings would lead us into a most interesting and curious field of speculation, which, we think, has not been so fully explored as we might have expected: but it is much too extensive for our limits. The outlines of the inquiry have already been traced by several eminent and valuable writers; and we cannot quit the subject, for the present, without inviting

to it the attention of all those enlightened students of human nature, who are desirous of seeing this most important branch of practical philosophy placed on its right footing, and rescued from the hands of visionary theorists.

Before we proceed to examine the catalogue of mental organs, or faculties, another discussion of a verbal nature must be shortly noticed. When it is said that the mind manifests a plurality of innate *faculties*, and that different parts of the brain are appropriated to the functions of these faculties, we must not understand this term in the sense in which it is generally received. It had long ago been conjectured that one part of the brain might be the seat of judgment, another of memory, another of imagination, &c.: but this is very different from the doctrine of MM. Gall and Spurzheim. Perception, memory, judgment, in the language of the new system, are not themselves distinct faculties, but only different modifications of the faculties. One part of the brain is exclusively conversant with ideas of form; another, with those of number; another, with those of musical sounds, and so on. These mental organs are entirely distinct, as much as the senses of sight and hearing;—so that we are not to suppose that the same intellectual power remembers indiscriminately forms, colours, numbers, &c. but that each organ is separately susceptible of this among other modifications of its action, with respect to those ideas which it is peculiarly fitted to receive. How it happens that complex states of mind are formed by various combinations of those ideas which the system refers to different organs, we are nowhere distinctly informed, and indeed it is not very easy to conceive.

When we find the faculties, as they are called, of which we are told the mind is originally susceptible, so entirely different in their nature from those affections or operations which have always hitherto passed under that name; and when we are presented with such a numerous list of 'propensities, sentiments, habits, knowing faculties, and reflecting faculties,' drawn up, as we might at first be apt to suppose, almost at random, and arbitrarily selected without any apparent ground of preference, out of the almost infinite variety of highly complex sentiments and feelings of which the principle of association is alone capable of furnishing any thing like a satisfactory analysis;—it is natural to inquire what are the characteristics of distinct faculty?—what guide or criterion have these authors adopted to direct them in the selection of the thirty-three or thirty-five states of mind which they have dignified by this name? We are informed by Mr. Combe (p. 132.) that

'In order to determine what faculties are primitive, Dr. Spurzheim proceeds according to the following rules. He admits such a faculty as primitive, only as he finds, as follows;

'1. To exist in one kind of animals, and not in another:

'2. Which varies in the two sexes of the same species:

'3. Which is not proportionate to the other faculties of the same individual:

'4. Which does not manifest itself simultaneously with the other faculties; that is, which appears or disappears earlier or later in life than other faculties:

'5. Which may act or rest singly:

'6. Which is propagated in a distinct manner from parents to children: And,

'7. Which may singly preserve its proper state of health or disease.'

As the result of the application of these rules, we are presented with a formidable catalogue of distinct original faculties of which we shall content ourselves with the simple enumeration, without attempting to specify the localities. They are divided into two orders, *Feelings* and *Intellects*. The first order is subdivided into three genera, 1. *Propensities*. 2. *Sentiments* common to brutes and men. 3. *Sentiments* peculiar to men. The second order is also subdivided into 1. *Knowing* Faculties. 2. *Reflecting* Faculties. Under propensities are enumerated, 1, *Amativeness*, or sensual love: 9. *Philo-progenitiveness*, or parental affection.* 3. *Inhabitiveness*, 4. *Adhesiveness*, or a disposition to attach ourselves to other persons or things. 5. *Combativeness*, or the propensity to fight; otherwise named the organ of courage. 6. *Destructiveness*. 7. *Constructiveness;* or a propensity to build. 8. *Covetiveness;* or the desire of gain. 9. *Secretiveness*, or the desire of concealment; the propensity to manœuvre indicates a great development of this organ.—The first class of *Sentiments* comprehends, 10. *Self-esteem*, or the organ of Pride. 'Many,' says Mr. Combe, 'attribute pride to want of sense, but though want of sense may permit outward manifestations of pride which sense, if possessed, would suppress, yet the *want* of a reflecting faculty or sense can never confer a positive endowment of a *feeling* such as self-esteem undoubtedly is.' What, then, are we to make of *humility*, the opposite to self-esteem? Is not this 'the positive endowment of a feeling?'; yet 'Phrenology' furnishes us with no organ of humility. 11. *Love of Approbation*. 12. *Cautiousness*, 13. *Benevolence*.—The sentiments peculiar to

* We may observe, by the way, that no organ is assigned to *filial* affection; for which, we should think, a provision was required fully as much as the other. If it be replied that we may account for the origin and growth of the sentiment by the pleasing association established from the earliest period in the infant mind, between the ideas of the parents and the many pleasures of which they are the authors,—by the sense of weakness and dependence, gratitude for their protection, fear of incurring their displeasure, &c.—we readily admit that we may thus account for it: but we contend that, in the same manner, we may dispense with the innate *faculty* of philo-progenitiveness.

man are, 14. *Veneration.* This is usually considered as a sort of compound of love and fear. Now, if a dog be allowed to be affected by both these sentiments, we can see no good reason why he should not have at least as much of veneration as he has of benevolence. 15. *Hope.* If a dog be influenced by the fear of chastisement, it is rather hard that he should not have the *hope* by fawning attentions to secure his master's favour. 16. *Ideality;* or the organ of poetry. This, we readily allow is not a faculty of the brutes. 18. *Concientiousness.* 18. *Firmness.*—The knowing faculties are, 19. *Individuality.* 20. *Form.* 21. *Size.* 22. *Weight* and *Momenta.* 23. *Colouring.* 24. *Locality.* 25. *Order.* 26. *Time.* 27. *Number.* 28. *Tune.* 29. *Language.*—The reflecting faculties are, 30. *Comparison.* 31. *Causality.* 32. *Wit.* 33. *Imitation.*

To enter into a detailed examination of this multifarious catalogue, by the tests above enumerated, would be to make a demand on the patience and attention of our readers very disproportionate, we fear, to the interest and importance of the subject:—but we think that it wouldnot be difficult to show that some of these tests are altogether visionary; that others are not applicable to many propensities and affections which have a place among the innate faculties; and that those, which fact and observation authorize us to ascribe to any mental affections, would require us to enlarge prodigiously even the copious list which we have already transcribed. What ground, for instance, have we for affirming that there is any *sexual* distinction with respect to many of these states of mind? Do not females as well as males occasionally excel in music or painting? Again, those are said to be innate faculties which are found to be not proportioned to the other faculties of the same individual;—to be very strong when others are weak;—to be remarkably deficient when others are much developed. Is not this equally the case with many mental affections and operations, which are not included in this catalogue? One man has a peculiar facility in the *modern* and another in the *ancient* languages;—one becomes a skilful performer on the violin, another on the organ;—one is slow in conveying his thoughts on paper, but has a peculiar fluency of extemporaneous expression;—while another composes with great ease and rapidity, but cannot pronounce three sentences of an unpremeditated harangue without the most painful hesitation. It would be easy to enumerate a thousand such instances of diversities, at least as remarkable as any of those that are adduced by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim: and these varieties are in general such as we find it equally difficult to refer to the influence of any known peculiarity of external circumstances or education. Two boys may be educated, as far as we can ascertain, in exactly the same manner, and one shall devote himself to the law, while the other has an equally decided turn for medicine;—shall we say, then, that these are innate propensities, or particular organs

directing to these professions? In short, it appears to us almost self-evident that, if we insist on including in the catalogue of innate faculties all those which exhibit the characters here pointed out, we shall soon find it necessary to adopt one of much greater extent than that which we have exhibited.

It happens, however, somewhat unfortunately, that the system does not admit of enlargements of this nature; for the ground is fully occupied already; and we can no more find room for new organs in the brain than for new continents on the globe. Nevertheless, the same arguments, which call on us to admit thirty-three faculties, would certainly require us to make room for a thousand more; and, conversely, the same arguments, which would probably be brought forwards by the phrenologist to account for these latter apparently original propensities, are as fairly applicable to those which he considers as innate, of which they will furnish, if we mistake not, an equally satisfactory explanation. A habit which we are capable of acquiring by continual practice, of accurately observing such minute differences in the objects which we have frequent occasion to examine as are likely to escape the attention of others, will account for much more of the diversity that is perceptible in the talents of different individuals than these theorists would have us believe; and the effect of this habit is very remarkable in modifying or improving the powers even of the external senses, where we should perhaps expect *a priori* to find its influence the least considerable. A seaman, on descrying a minute speak in the distant horizon, will have ascertained not only that it is a ship just becoming visible, but will have determined very nearly its distance, its magnitude, its course, or perhaps even the nation to which it belongs, before the landsman who stands by him, and who with eyes equally quick-sighted by nature is examining the same quarter, has observed any thing but sea and sky. This superiority on the part of the seaman no one hesitates to ascribe to its true cause, *experience*. A shepherd, also, is often able to distinguish from each other all the sheep of a numerous flock, as we know our human acquaintance, by peculiarities of feature. To us, one sheep seems like another:—but we ascribe this difference, as before, to the habit which the shepherd has acquired by long continued practice, urged by necessity, of attending to those minute varieties which escape the unpractised observer.

Our readers will have already perceived that the whole of this speculation is closely connected with the old interminable dispute concerning original genius; which is, of course, maintained with great zeal by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim and their disciples, and is branched out into a much greater variety of minute ramifications than its most decided advocates ever before imagined. We have called this an *interminable* dispute, because it is impossible for either party to bring it to a close by advancing an *instantia*

crucis which admits of explanation only on one of contending theories. It is impossible for either party to say what can or what cannot be ascribed to the influence of minute and unheeded circumstances in very early life, which may and doubtless often do produce effects that continue long after their original causes are forgotten. That original differences, however, do exist in the constitution of different minds, we are not prepared absolutely to *deny*, because we do not know how to estimate the full effect even of that education which is the result of direct and positive instruction, and still less of such as arises from the circumstances in which every individual is placed from his birth, and which it is evident can in no two cases be *perfectly* the same:—but, for precisely the same reason, we think that no person is intitled positively and without hesitation to *affirm* it. In short, the whole dispute seems to turn on a mere *argumentum ad ignorantiam* on both sides. At any rate we think, it appears indisputable that many theorists have ascribed to this cause a much greater proportion of the varieties actually observed to prevail in human characters than is really due to it; and that, when we come to particulars, scarcely an instance will be found with respect to which it can be satisfactorily shown that it is *certainly* not to be ascribed to the influence of such slight and apparently trivial incidents as often pass unnoticed in childhood and early youth, but which a multitude of facts, incomparably better attested than many of the marvellous stories related with grave and unsuspecting credulity by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, clearly show to have a most powerful and permanent influence both on the intellectual and the moral character.

It is now time that we should take notice of some of the *facts* which are adduced in support of this system:—for it should be observed that its advocates indignantly reject the character of theorists, and assure us that every principle which they have laid down is deduced from a most extensive induction of particular instances. In this respect, if we are to credit common report, and the account which they give of themselves, Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim merit at least the praise of the most unwearied assiduity. They seem, indeed, to have devoted their whole lives to this single object; and to have neglected no opportunity of examining the heads of those who had evinced, in their conduct, any remarkable peculiarities of character, or were either eminent or uncommonly deficient in any particular intellectual accomplishment. They have also subjected the brain to the most diligent anatomical investigation; and we believe it is admitted by the most experienced anatomists that they have thrown some light on this very obscure branch of the physiology of the human frame. In particular, they are said to have demonstrated the existence in certain parts of the brain of a *fibrous* structure, which had often been suspected but never satisfactorily proved. These discoveries

may be extremely interesting to anatomists, but they appear to have very little connection with 'phrenology;'—for, whether the structure of the brain be fibrous a medullary, its instrumentality to the various functions of the mind equally remains an inexplicable mystery. Consequently, after all the pains which they have taken on this subject, the whole doctrine still rests merely (to use their own phraseology) on the accuracy of their comparison of *manifestations* and *devolopment*;---that is on their success in judging of the character of individuals as indicated by their conduct in life, and their observations on the external form of the skull. The prominences observed on the outer surface of the skull are *presumed* to be connected with the peculiar development of certain parts of the brain beneath, which, again, are asserted to be the organs of some particular faculty; and, lastly, the aptitude of these organs to the performance of their respective functions is inferred without evidence, and even contrary to many analogies, to depend on their *size*.

If we should allow all these gratuitous assumptions, and suppose that the way is thus cleared for the commencement of our inquiries, it is needless to point out the obvious and multiplied difficulties which must attend an experimental investigation like this; difficulties which appear to us absolutely insurmountable. In the first place with respect to the form of the skull itself; we shall admit that the objection drawn from the existence of the frontal sinus in some subjects is of little force: but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that we can never presume with confidence that the two tables of the skull are perfectly parallel to each other; nay, we are rather intitled to assume the reverse. For evidence of this fact, if it were necessary to offer proof to any one who ever saw a skull, it would be enough to appeal to Sir. G. Mackenzie's own drawings. If this be the case, then, it is clear that a prominence on the outside *may* indicate, not a corresponding internal cavity occasioned by an unusual development of that part of the brain, but merely a greater thickness of the skull. A great cavity may exist within, and only a small external protuberance; or a cavity within and even an apparent depression on the outside. We will not affirm, that, from this circumstance alone, the proposed investigation is absolutely impracticable; though we may remark that, by rendering the external indications dubious, it must increase tenfold the difficulties attending our progress:---but, when taken in connection with the obstacles to the other part of the inquiry, into the intellectual and moral character of the individuals subjected to examination, the sources of error must be multiplied to such a degree as to render all the results utterly uncertain. We do not pretend to say, that it is *impossible* to form an accurate estimate of a man's character from his conduct: but we do maintain that this purpose requires

such an extensive acquaintance with that conduct, and the motives which led to it, as may be obtained by any one person only in a comparatively very small number of cases, and will furnish an induction much too limited to serve as the basis of any general rules; especially when the inquiry is to be made under the complication of disadvantages which we have already pointed out. Nothing, we apprehend, but an intimate and long-continued personal acquaintance, would be adequate to give that thorough knowlege of the mental character, which could alone justify us in inferring any thing with regard to the original propensities or peculiarities by which it may have been distinguished. As for the multitude of facts which Drs. Gall and Spurzheim profess to have examined, and their observations on criminals, on the insane, on persons whose characters they inferred from a single action, (often without any knowledge of the circumstances,) or others on whose propensities we have no evidence but their own account of themselves, we scruple not to say that such a mode of conducting the inquiry is altogether nugatory, and can never lead to any result that can be received with confidence. It is sufficiently obvious that we are to judge of a man's character not by the external action, but by the motive which impelled him to it; and that, even supposing that we have ascertained the real motive of any *one* action of a man's life,—as for instance, of a crime for which he suffers punishment,—this action may have been a single exception to the prevalent influence of principles entirely opposite to the crime in their nature.

It must be remarked that we are not furnished, in either of the publications before us, or indeed in any work on the subject which has fallen in our way, with a detailed account of these observations;—but, from the imperfect statements which are given, we are led to suspect that Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim have been very precipitate in their estimate of character. We are told that they have examined the skulls of twenty-nine women who had been executed for child-murder, and in twenty-five the organ of philo-progenitiveness appeared to be unusually small; but when we consider the very peculiar circumstances in which those unfortunate women are placed who are impelled to the commission of this horrid crime, by the overwhelming urgency of the most powerful passion which can agitate the human breast and goad it on to madness,—by fear, shame, and remorse,—can we reasonably infer any thing with respect to the strength or the weakness of that attachment, in nearly all ordinary cases rising to rapturous fondness, which mothers cherish towards their offspring? —This organ is situated at the back of the head. On comparing the skulls in his collection, Dr. Gall was struck with the remarkable elevation of this part in the skulls of women, and also in those of monkeys; and it was necessary, therefore, to ascertain in what respect a woman was like a monkey. This research ec-

cupied him for five years. At last, it was suggested that monkeys had a strong attachment to their progeny; and on this hint the Doctor assigned the prominence in question to the organ of philo-progenitiveness. Dr. Gall was led to the position which he has allotted to the organ of pride or self-esteem, by observing it very prominent in a beggar who told him that his pride was the cause of his present state; since he had considered himself as too important to follow any business. We cannot say that we see any mark of pride in this reply of the beggar: but if he had turned disdainfully on his heel, and demanded of the Doctor how he dared to insult *him* with a cross-examination about his propensities, there might have been some foundation for the inference. The organ of *wit* is placed in a particular part of the forehead; accordingly, we are told that the portraits of Sterne commonly represent him with his finger placed on that very part: and this is gravely enumerated among the *facts* which favour the system!

In other cases, it is evident that physiognomy, in the ordinary sense of that word, has lent a helping hand to the phrenologist; as examples of which we appeal confidently to the portraits which Sir G. M. has given of Watt, Playfair, and Louvel. In the frontispiece to this book, he has presented us with the effigy of Dr. Spurzheim himself. We will not hazard a judgment as to the peculiar development of the organs: but we think that most practical physiognomists would immediately pronounce the eye and the upper lip to be those of an empiric or an impostor. For ourselves, we acknowledge with equal readiness and pleasure our belief that he is neither the one nor the other: but we mention the circumstance as a suitable illustration of the futility of all these methods of appreciating the character of the mind from the mere outward appearance.

It is curious to observe the variety of ingenious loop-holes which the system provides, by way of escape from any apparent exception to its rules: though, indeed, Mr. Combe assures us (p. 213.) that 'they (*i. e.* Gall and Spurzheim) have no motive for providing means of escape, for they have nothing to escape from:' they are quite unbiassed observers of nature: they merely state matters of fact as they find them; and they have never so far identified themselves with any particular theory, as to be anxious to reconcile to it any stubborn fact which at first view seems to be inconsistent with it. We are not quite so confiding as this respectable writer; and we are not inclined to consider it as a recommendation of a doctrine, that, by the help of a little management, it may be made to adapt itself to almost any set of phænomena. Thus, if we should find the organ of *covetiveness* very strong in a person who was remarkably generous, and even profusely liberal of his money, we are told that we must not hastily set this down as a fact inconsistent with the system.

'The character of a miser,' (says Sir G. S. Mackenzie) 'is more

general than is commonly imagined. A man may be a spendthrift in money matters, and yet be a perfect miser in other things. No. 8. does not apply itself to money alone, but to many other things. A man may be benevolent and yet be a miser; he may be strictly virtuous and conscientious, and give every thing with pleasure but some one thing of which he is covetous. What we usually call the hobbies of persons, arise out of a large development of No. 8., connected with that of some other organ. One is a miser in pictures, another in books, a third in collections of curiosities, a fourth in jewels; a fifth shows his propensity in a desire to have the sole management of affairs; a sixth desires to possess every thing, for no other object but to have it in his power to bestow liberally. It is astonishing how variously the faculty of acquisitiveness, as well as others, operates; and nothing can possibly exhibit the wisdom of the Creator in a more striking manner, than the variety of direction which is given to the faculties. Without this variety, society would be vapid, the progress of knowledge would be retarded, and the whole world would be at a stand.

At this rate, scarcely any man living may not be expected to have *No.* 8. very strongly developed.

"'"The usual test of the system," says a correspondent of Mr. Combe, who appears to be a zealous believer and able defender of its doctrine, "is, in my opinion, very unfair and inconclusive,—that of taking any single organ as a test of its truth. We do not judge of a character by one feature in particular, but by those general features which result from the assemblage of all those talents, and sentiments, and dispositions, and actions, and manners, which form the characteristics of man, and of that class, in particular, in which the individual, the object of one scrutiny, happens to move; so, in the same manner, this system must be proved by trying whether the character agrees in reality with that which you form *à priori* from the combined comparison of the whole head. Not but I conceive that when one organ is relatively more prominent than any other, then we may safely peril our belief in the system, by trusting to it as the sure indication of a certain prominent feature in the character. But what I mean is, that we should never infer this, without an examination of the whole head: for, without such an examination, we can neither judge how far this organ is in reality more prominent than the rest, or how far there may not exist a fulness in one or more organs besides, and a fulness indicating both activity and power, and an activity and power of a nature and form which will infallibly prevent the unrestrained operation and exhibition of the one we hastily pronounced upon."'

We readily admit that there is some foundation for these remarks: but we find it difficult to conceive how we can act on them without throwing the whole inquiry into inextricable confusion

and rendering it absolutely impossible to arrive at any definite or certain result. By the help of this principle, and a little dexterous metaphysical analysis, we know not any character whatever which might not be reconciled to the tenement in which it is lodged, conformably to the rules of the system. Thus, if we observe an open expanded forehead, presenting the organs of the intellectual faculties very fully developed, we must not be surprized to find the owner of this enviable apparatus deficient in intellectual improvement, if at the same time the principles of action at the back of the head, such as self-esteem, the love of approbation, &c., are comparatively weak. A man may have the organ of destructiveness very strong: but, if that of benevolence or veneration be also powerful, its influence will be counteracted. A distinguished professor of this new science was lately examining a head in our presence, and discovered a great deficiency in the organ of veneration: but this was compensated, he said, by the organs of benevolence and firmness, which were both very fully developed. Such is the strange reasoning which is to be dignified with the title of *Phrenology*, and in comparison with which all the speculations of the most eminent philosophers of ancient and modern times are "emptiness!"

We give some extracts from another letter, which Mr. Combe inserts as a specimen of the mode of making observations to illustrate the system:

"'You are right in believing, that truth is most likely to be obtained from one, who was formerly a thorough despiser of Dr. Spurzheim's doctrine; but who, from self-examination, and a patient investigation of facts, was led not only to believe that the Doctor was right, but that all that had been previously taught of the philosophy of the human mind was emptiness. No apology was necessary for the request you have made, to be possessed of the history of my conversion, which I shall proceed to detail; and I am glad of the opportunity you have given me, not only to serve the cause of science by describing my own case, but of communicating the result of some observations on the indication of one faculty, that of language and verbal memory, inattention to which has led to some mistakes.'"

"'Having some peculiarities of character, and some propensities sufficiently remarkable to have roused my exertions to overcome them, long before Dr. Spurzheim had been heard of, I considered my own case as fully sufficient to determine whether the Doctor was a true philosopher or a quack. I had not forgotten some symptoms of destructiveness that had manifested themselves in my conduct, and the recollection of which always made me shudder. On examination, I found the organ of that propensity fully developed; and I think it is a remark of Dr. Spurzheim's, that this organ is most active in childhood, the higher faculties which afterwards control it not arriving at maturity till later in life.

I never could learn to repeat either prose or verse; and at school, I always experienced the greatest difficulty in getting my tasks by heart. In concommitance with this fact, I found the external indication of the organ of verbal memory or the organ of language small. This defect is particularly distressing to me on many occasions; for I cannot speak in public, though my imagination is lively enough; nor can I recollect long what I read, nor write down readily any thing I have designed. I feel this defect, together with a deficiency in the organ of number, in another respect. Having the organ of music pretty well developed, I can, with the greatest facility, compose music, but I lose it almost instantly, from my inability to remember the notes. I have forgotten the name of a friend; but I never forgot a face, nor a picture, nor scenes of nature; and in coincidence with this latter fact, form and locality are well developed. I may mention likewise, that the propensity to construct is strong, and the organ well marked; and I can exhibit on my hands numerous scars, the consequences of my youthful exertions with sharp tools. I am still very fond of designing and constructing. These, and many other peculiarities, I found most distinctly indicated on my head. If, then, any man will appeal to his own conscience, and examine his head in private, according to the rules laid down by Dr. Spurzheim, and after having compared several heads or skulls, he connot fail to be convinced."—

'"You ask me respecting a child whom Dr. Spurzheim selected, at sight, from among several other children who were very fond of music, as having the musical faculty in a superior degree, and of whom the Doctor prophesied that he would not only be remarkably fond of music, but that he would be most partial to the music of Mozart. The boy is not yet arrived at a time of life to show any thing decided as to his taste; but I can say that some one or more of Mozart's airs is sure to be heard from him every day, and sung with a precision of intonation of which a child's voice is seldom capable. Dr. Spurzheim mentioned, that as Mozart's music had more philosophical combination than Beethoven's, which is more under the influence of imagination, he considered that the former would be the favourite with the boy, as he saw the indication of those powers which are necessary for that combination, in his head. I have observed, that the boy referred to seems particularly pleased with such airs as have an expression of mildness and benevolence, such as that beginning. 'Batti, Batti, O bel Masetto;' and these dispositions are not only most evident in the configuration of his head, but in his behaviour and manner.

'"I am not yet prepared to state particular cases: but as far as my observation has gone, I think it very evident, that *the peculiar taste in music* of each individual, will be found to indicate certain peculiarities of his feeling and character, and which will be seeu also in the form of the head."'

Mr. Combe is incessant in his exhortations to his readers to lose no opportunity of comparing manifestations and developments for themselves; and he maintains that, since the doctrine professes to be founded on an extensive induction of facts, there is no way of proving the validity of its pretensions but by comparing its principles with observations of our own. We are scarcely disposed to admit that its patrons have made out such a *primâ facie* case, as to warrant them to urge this demand on our time and patience; and we feel the less encouragement to undertake this sort of inquiry, because we are aware of the replies that would immediately be made, if we should have the presumption to draw from such observations any inferences unfavourable to the system. It would probably be alleged that we were not accurately acquainted with the exact locality of the organs, or had not acquired by practice the art of handling the skull so as to detect the minute inequalities in its surface. Or, if the difficulty could not be obviated in this way, it might still be said that the only conclusions which we could deduce from one or two apparent anomalies, in opposition to the thousands and thousands of observations that have been made by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, would be that the general rule admitted of some few exceptions, or that we had not sufficiently considered the effects arising from the combination and mutual influence of the faculties; or that the propensity or talent corresponding to the observed development certainly exists, but the circumstances favourable to its indulgence or cultivation have not yet occurred; or that it originally existed, but accidental circumstances, or subsequent education or philosophy, have counteracted its influence. It is not easy to imagine any set of untoward phenomena which would not admit, in one or another of these ways, of an apparently plausible solution.

We are therefore apprehensive that it would be to little purpose to allege (as we can) that we have occasionally amused ourselves in this way; and that, though we certainly met with several sufficiently remarkable coincidences, the exceptions appeared at least equally numerous. Under these circumstances, dependent as we are for the great mass of evidence on the unsupported testimony of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim themselves, it seems that we have no resource but to examine how far that testimony is to be received;—whether they were competent to make the observations;—whether the *data* necessary to a judgment of individual character were always or frequently accessible to them;—and whether, in those cases of which they have given us the particulars, they have been sufficiently careful and judicious in examining and comparing these *data*, so as to deduce the correct inference from them. Mr. Combe, however, indignantly protests against any inquiries of this nature, and asks (p. 72.) what we should think if M. Gay Lussac, on hearing of a new discovery in chemistry by Sir H. Davy, instead of repeating the experiment, began to inquire

into Sir H. Davy's talents and qualifications as a chemist, and his capacity to make the discovery in question?—The cases are by no means parallel. When we are told of any new chemical fact, such is our confidence in the uniformity of the laws of nature, that a single well authenticated and accurate experiment is sufficient to furnish us with all the evidence that this mode of inquiry is capable of supplying: and if we judge it to be desirable to make a fresh trial, it is not for the purpose of obtaining additional proof by ascertaining the same fact with respect to another specimen of the same substance, but merely to convince ourselves of the accuracy of the first experiment. If we have the means of obtaining this kind of satisfaction, we are certainly not entitled to seek for any other. Let us suppose, however, that a chemist in a distant country publishes an analysis of some newly discovered mineral, of which the only known specimens are in his possession; or professes to have observed certain extraordinary phenomena by the use of a peculiar or expensive apparatus, accessible to no person but himself;—we have, then, no other means of *checking* him but by inquiring into his reputation for abilities and integrity, in order to ascertain his competency to make the pretended observations and the degree of reliance that we may place on his testimony. Now this is exactly the predicament in which we stand with respect to almost the whole of Dr. Gall's and Dr. Spurzheim's observations. It is true that we can apply their rules to the examination of our own heads, or those of our acquaintance, but we should be told that such a scanty collection of facts did not entitle us to contradict the results of the more extensive and varied experience of these craniologists.

Before we conclude this long article, it is necessary that we should say something more immediately referring to the particular merits of the publications which have given rise to it. Of the two treatises in defence of Phrenology, that of Mr. Combe appears to us by much the most valuable. It first appeared, we are informed, in the shape of essays in a periodical journal, which have been collected, enlarged, and arranged in their present form by the author. He is a zealous partizan, and seems to be well acquainted with the doctrines which he has undertaken to defend; but we suspect that the range of his metaphysical reading is very limited;—and his account of the mode of investigation in vogue among modern philosophers, on the subject of mind, certainly betrays either a great want of candour, or a very imperfect knowlege of the present state of the science. He has heard of the association of ideas, because the term now and then occurs in his book; but he has evidently no conception of the extent and variety of its applications in explaining the phenomena of mind, and more especially the origin and history of all those affections and sentiments which he has referred to so many distinct innate faculties.

Sir G. Mackenzie's 'Illustrations' display at least equal zeal,

but by no means equal ability or judgment; and we think that they afford abundant proofs that his acquaintance with the works of the most distinguished writers on the philosophy of mind is extremely superficial. Indeed, when we consider our obligations to the illustrious philosophers who have contributed to extend our knowledge on these subjects, and the various ways in which they have applied it to the improvement of ethics, of practical education, and of the art of reasoning, as also to the formation of just and enlarged views of the frame, the duties, and the expectations of man, we cannot express our astonishment at the bold and decisive language which Sir George employs in depreciating the value of their researches.

'The legitimate objects of phrenological seience,' (says he,)' after it has unfolded the true philosophy of the human mind, are improvements in criminal legislation, in education, and the treatment of insanity. These are noble objects, and ought not to be pursued with levity; nor ought the studies which are requisite for attaining them to be treated with ridicule. The benefits which phrenology is likely, ere long, to confer on the human race, appear to be incalculably great. We may be considered as too sanguine in our hopes, and we are willing that this should be our apology for attempting to assist in multiplying the numbers of those who can observe and judge for themselves. Natural philosophy and chemistry have added largely to the comforts of mankind, and, by rousing industry, have rendered nations wealthy. Phrenology will yet procure for man more splendid and more solid benefits: it will teach him to know himself; to reform the criminal; to relieve the unfortunate insane; to live in charity with all mankind; and to direct that great moral engine, Education, so as to make it produce its most beneficial effects. *Of the innumerable systems of the philosophy of mind, which of them has attempted these great objects, or even put us in the way to discover the means of attempting them?*'

It is difficult to say whether the presumption or the ignorance of this passage is most remarkable. The following remarks are added in a note:

'Silence is, on some occasions, dignified; but when philosophers do not defend their systems, when attacked at their very roots; when they do not answer questions that are put to them, and do not attempt to explain what their doctrines do not seem to reach, but which they are bound to explain,—their silence must be held as an acknowledgment of error. Universal admiration of their talents, universal gratitude, and reverence for the great labour they have bestowed in searching for truth, and in correcting errors, will ever be felt for the great characters who have devoted so much of their time, some of them their lives, to the illustration of the philosophy of mind. But deep as the homage is which the

world pays, it will not uphold the result of their labours against an assailant so powerful as Truth, when on the side even of humble individuals, whose names give no authority to their writings, and make no previous impression on the minds of youth, too impatient of labour, and too ready, for that reason, to subscribe at once to the dicta of those great men whom they have been taught to venerate. It is thus that error has been perpetuated, and inquiry, the only road to truth, almost completely obstructed.'

Whether philosophers 'are bound' to explain all that Sir G. Mackenzie does not understand, or to answer all the questions which he pleases to propose, on pain of being convicted of error which they have not the candour to acknowledge, we will not undertake to determine:—but we do agree with him in expressing our surprise at their silence, especially when such pretensions as these are brought forwards; though we certaintly do not think they *are bound* to pay any regard to any writer's imperious challenge. For the sake of that science, however, which they have contributed to extend and illustrate, we should be glad to see, from the pen of some of the eminent writers to whom Sir G. M. alludes, a more detailed and systematic examination of a system which assumes to itself the exclusive title of Phrenology. How far the system be intrinsically deserving of their labour is another question: but the discussion would not be without its use; since it would probably serve indirectly to throw new light on an important branch of science.

Dr. Tupper's 'Inquiry' is the only separate work which we have seen on his side of the question: and, though it certainly contains many ingenious remarks, and a forcible statement of some of the most obvious objections to the system, on the whole it has disappointed us. It is hastily and rather carelessly written, and seems to indicate only an imperfect possession of the leading doctrines of mental philosophy. In short, we conceive the field to be still in a great degree unoccupied; and we trust that some writer, competent to the task, will shortly take up the gauntlet so confidently thrown down by the phrenologists, and convince them that the philosophy of mind, properly so called, both has done and can do much more to instruct and benefit mankind than they appear to think and would have us believe.

Art. II.—*Clerical Anecdotes.*—From the Edinburgh Magazine.

About the middle of the last century, the Rev. John Bisset was a popular preacher, and publisher of sermons, in Aberdeen, which rendered him an object of dislike, if not of envy, to some of his more indolent brethren. On one occasion, he had published a sermon, which appeared from the press on the day previous to a

meeting of Presbytery. On his way to the ecclesiastical court, a waggish member called at a tobacconist's, bought a pennyworth of snuff, and took a private opportunity of wrapping it in the title page of Mr. Bisset's newly-published sermon.—Every one knows, that it is the custom of the reverend brethren to dine together, when the business of the day is despatched. After the removal of the cloth, some of the company began to talk of Mr. Bisset's sermon, complimenting him upon his indefatigable industry in publishing.—Vanity is, more or less, the besetting sin, or, to speak more gently, the foible of all authors, from the youthful poetaster, whose verses appear in an ephemeral newspaper, to the reverend divine, whose preface tells you that his sole motive for publishing is the instruction of the ignorant. It would therefore be exempting Mr. Bisset from the frailties of his species, to suppose that he was utterly unconscious of the dignity of authorship; it is even related, that he rather overstepped the modesty which should have attached to his cloth, affirming that his sermon was calculated to be eminently useful to the public. When the social glass had, by its circulation, produced hilarity and good humour, the facetious brother sent his snuff-box round the table. Upon being told that it was empty, "I have a supply in my pocket," said he; "send the box hither." Having shaken the contents from the portentous paper, he affected to give it a hasty glance, and tossing it across the table, exclaimed, "Ah! Johnny, man, look at that!—This is a hasty death indeed! Scarcely ever saw the light! Came from the press only yesterday, and in the snuff-shop this morning!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!* However, our reverend brother is right; you see that his publication is still useful." The mortification of the hapless author was such, that out of compassion, before parting, the jocose brother informed him that the whole had its origin in a stroke of humour.

Although a little out of place here, the writer of this begs to observe, that the first time he ever saw Roscoe's beautiful and inimitable elegy to the memory of Burns, was on a fragment of a newspaper which came from the tobacconist's shop; which copy he has still in his possession, pasted in a book of scraps.

Much about the same period as that of Mr. Bisset, the Rev. R. S. was minister of C——e: he used to relate the following adventure, in which he was engaged during his attendance at the University of St. Andrew's. It then happened, as perhaps it does still, that many of the students in divinity were the children of parents in the lower ranks of life; and instead of having money to expend in luxurious pleasures, their finances were barely sufficient to supply the necessaries of life; and many of them were of necessity obliged to live in the plainest and most frugal manner. A number of them were in the practice of employing a cobler in the city, in the way of his profession; he was an old bachelor, a droll sort of humorist, and fond of good living, both in eating and drinking. In the course

of their visits to the son of St. Crispin, it had been observed, that a large stock of hams hung in the chimney; and more than one of them declared that the sight made their mouths water. At last, one more artful than the rest, related to them, that he had dreamed of having descended the cobler's chimney, and made prize of some excellent hams, of which he was just about to make a meal when he awoke.

This, as he afterwards acknowledged, was a fiction, invented for the purpose of sounding their opinions upon a *de facto* exploit. One of the party observed, that there would be no great difficulty in performing the feat, as the cobler's tenement was only of one story, and himself the sole occupant of the premises; and concluded by saying, that were it not for the turpitude of the action, he should think it a good joke. The feigned dreamer now struck in, and undertook to prove logically, that so far from being criminal, it would be a virtuous action to deprive the cobler of his hams: "For," said he, "we have all observed, that this vamper of our *understandings* is much given to tippling in excess, even to beastly intoxication; whereby he debases the man, injures his health, squanders his hard-earned money, and neglects his business: now neither man nor beast drinks, except when thirsty; and thirst is promoted and increased by the injudicious and too-frequent use of salted and smoked meats. *Ergo*, take away the cause, and the effect will cease; hence you must all be convinced, that the cobler would be a gainer, by being deprived of a few of his superfluous hams." Thus, between jest and earnest, the measure was proposed, and ultimately arranged, that a marauding party of three should make the attempt; one to watch in front, another in the rear, and the third to make his descent by the chimney. Mr. S. was one of the *trio*, drawn by lot, and a night fixed for the expedition.

The nocturnal depredator descended with facility, and had succeed in stringing the plunder about his neck; but

> ——Facilis descensus Averni,
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hic labor, hoc opus est,

says the prince of Roman poets; and so it happened here; for the marauder, in re-ascending, lost his hold, either with hands or feet, and he suddenly "tumbling all precipitate, down dashed," with his prey, and "rattling around, loud thundering," lay sprawling on the cobler's floor.

The noise made by this sudden retrograde motion awaked the man of leather, who called out lustily who was there? Receiving no answer, and still hearing a rustling sound, he leapt from bed, to investigate the matter. Apprehensions of detection and disgrace now alarmed the intruder; but while the cobler was groping his way, and endeavouring to procure a light, his visitor, by rubbing his hands on the back of the chimney, had succeeded in blackening

his face completely; and judging that neither the cobler's physical nor mental vision would be the most penetrating, calculated upon effecting his retreat either by stratagem or effrontery. While Crispin was lighting his lamp, the other was conning his tale; and when the darkness was expelled, stood full upright, grinning, and turning up the whites of his eyes. His appearance, also, at such an hour, might have appalled men of more courage than the hero of the awl possessed, who, holding up the lamp, and standing at a respectful distance, in a faultering voice said, "Who or what are you?"—"I come from Pandæmonium," replied the student.—"I never heard of the place—what do you want here?" said the other. "Satan, my master, sent me to you, with a present of hams!"—"I defy the devil and all his works!—In the name of G— begone!" cried the cobler, while his teeth chattered with fear. His agitation was favourable to the escape of the plunderer, who now conceived the hope of still carrying off his booty, and, in reply, said, "Well, shall I blow the roof off your house? or will you light me to the door?" Glad to get rid of this unwelcome visiter, the poor man walked backwards, unbolted his door, from which the other made his egress, with all the silence and despatch possible. Next morning, the cobler discovered the depredation which had been committed on his property; but when he related the story of what had taken place, embellished by his terrified imagination, it appeared so ridiculous, that it obtained little credit, and was supposed to be some dream of his brain, when intoxicated with strong liquor. The fears of the depredators, and their dread of discovery, therefore, soon subsided; but when their finances were recruited, they collected a sum more than equivalent to the value of the hams, and contrived to send it privately for the cobler's reimbursement.

There are many still alive who had the pleasure of being acquainted with a dissenting Scots Clergyman, equally remarkable for his piety, guileless simplicity of heart, and eccentricity of manner. To relate all the anecdotes that are told of him, and to record all his *bon mots* that are still remembered, would fill half your Magazine. Take the following as specimens.

Living in a populous manufacturing town, he often beheld with regret the privations to which the labouring classes were exposed, from the depressions of trade, or the dearth of provisions. On an occasion of this kind, the poor had been relieved by a most abundant supply of herrings, of which the fishing had been more than usually successful. One Sunday forenoon, in public prayers, Mr. ——— expressed himself thus, "Oh Lord, we desire to offer our grateful thanks unto thee, for the seasonable relief which thou hast sent to the poor of this place, from thy inexhaustible store-house in the great deep, and which every day we hear called upon our streets—Fine fresh herrings—sax a penny, sax a penny!"

There is a *stream* as well as a *neap* tide, in the fluctuations of trade; and they who have been a-ground by the one, are ready and

willing to float with the other; so was the case with the weavers in Mr. ——— 's neighbourhood: trade had become uncommonly brisk; high wages were paid; and, on Saturday night, like sailors after a storm, those sons of toil forgot their former privations, amidst the joys, that "ale, or viler liquor," is capable of inspiring. They had kept it up till a *late*, or rather an *early* hour on Sunday morning; and at the breaking-up of the party, made so much noise on the streets, as gave great offence to the serious and sober inhabitants. In his prayer after sermon in the forenoon, Mr. ——— noticed their irregularity, thus, "Oh Lord, while we recommend to thy fatherly care and protection all ranks and conditions of men, we, in a particular manner, pray for the check-and-ticking weavers of ———. In thy wisdom and mercy, be pleased to send them either mair sense, or less siller!"

About the time when the volunteer system was introduced, a corps was raised in Mr. ———'s neighbourhood; their uniforms appeared so smart, that many considered them as the most genteel gala-dress; perhaps willing that their patriotism might be as conspicuous as possible. One Sunday, a youthful hero of this class entered Mr. ———'s kirk, and although he could have easily found a seat, seemed to prefer standing in the passage, right in front of the minister, and with much apparent complacency, often bending his looks to his white cassimere small-clothes. After reading out the text, Mr. ———, observing that the young man still kept his perpendicular position, pointed to him, and called out, "Tak' a seat amang the lave there, lad, an' we'll a' look at your braw breeks when the kirk skails!"

Being not only indifferent, but inattentive to dress in his own person, he had a great dislike to seeing the silly airs that a new coat or gown will sometimes inspire in a little mind; and his indignation was sure to be raised when he saw people dressing beyond their station. One Sunday afternoon, a girl who attended his kirk regularly, and who was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet, of greater magnitude, and more richly ornamented than he thought befitting the wearer. He soon observed it, and pausing in the middle of his sermon, said—"Look, ony o' you that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleeping; for I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine falderals about Jenny B—'s braw new bannet."

It happened one Sunday, either from the weather being warm, or the preacher being less animated than usual, that several of his auditors exhibited strong symptoms of drowsiness. After a pause, long enough to command attention, he called out, "Hold up your heads, my friends—and mind that neither saints nor sinners are sleeping in the other world!" This short, but energetic address, had its effect in general, but one man was so overpowered, that in a few minutes he gave audible demonstration of being sound asleep; again the preacher paused, and then in a loud voice called out,—

"John S——, this is the second time that I've stopped to waken you; but I give you fair warning, that if I need to stop a third time, I'll expose you by name to a' the congregation."

It has already been said, that he was inattentive to dress; this, with something peculiar in his appearance, caused him often to be noticed by strangers. One day, when in Edinburgh, he stood conversing with an acquaintance, in a fashionable part of the city, and soon discovered that he was an object of impertinent curiosity, and the subject of remark, to a group of fashionable belles on the opposite side of the street, the leader of whom was surveying him through a quizzing-glass. Seeming as if he had immediately recognized her, he walked up at a quick pace, and with the easy familiarity of an intimate acquaintance, grasped her hand, and bowing most respectfully, said, in the warmest and most affectionate manner, "My dear Maria! how do you do?—how left you your worthy father and venerable mother?—and when did you come to town?" All this was expressed with such energy and rapidity of utterance, that the astonished fair had it neither in her power to interrupt him, nor to withdraw her hand, which he continued to shake and press, with the apparent warmth of friendship, and the *nonchalance* of equality. At last, he paused, as if waiting a reply to his interrogations, still looking the lady full in the face, who, when she had a little recovered from her confusion, and struggling to withdraw her hand, in a tone of some alarm said, "You are mistaken, Sir."—"What!" replied he; "is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?"—"Indeed I do not, Sir."—"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good-morning, Madam!" and making a ceremonious bow, he walked deliberately away.

Being one time on a visit to a friend in Brechin, he had walked out, and leaning upon the parapet of the bridge, was indulging in a view of the romantic scenery around him, when two dashing bucks came up, riding at full speed; but, upon seeing him, checked their horses, and one of them addressed him, saying, "Well, Father Greybeard, how far have we to ride?"—"You are just midway, gentlemen," replied Mr. ———, with easy coolness.—"How the d—l do you know that?" said the other; "you neither know whence we came, nor whither we are going!"—"Oh! I know both very well," retorted the parson; "you galloped from the gibbet at Aberdeen, and are now riding post-haste to the gallows at Perth; I hope you will not be disappointed!"

One day, indulging in a solitary walk, he deviated from the high road, and entered the pleasure-grounds of a country gentleman, whose urbanity had often been severely tried, by the freedom taken, and the depredations committed, on his pleasure grounds, by idle and mischievous strollers. He had that morning seen several fine flowering shrubs torn down, and their branches strewed in the walks, a circumstance which every admirer of nature will acknowledge is very provoking. It was under this irritation of mind that the

proprietor, followed by a servant, met Mr. ——— sauntering carelessly along. The minister was not personally known to the gentleman, and his dress gave no indication of his rank or office. At this rencounter, the following dialogue is said to have taken place, which, if not related *verbatim*, is correct as to substance. (*The different interlocutors will easily be distinguished by the reader.*) "Where are you going, Sir?"—"I am just taking a walk."—"You must go back."—"Do you want any thing with me at home, Sir?"—"This is no road."—"I think you are very far mistaken; for to me it seems an uncommonly fine road."—"I tell you, Sir, this road was not made for idle strollers."—"There has been much labour lost then; for it is only such as you and I that have leisure to look at, and enjoy the beauties around us."—"You are a d—d impertinent fellow!—who the devil are you?"—"I'm the servant of a very different master from your's, if I may judge from the language you adopt; and as I consider swearing as affording neither argument nor entertainment, I bid you good-morning." When the parson had turned upon his heel and walked off, the gentleman inquired of his servant if he knew that strange fellow.—"Oh, Sir, it is Mr. ———, the minister," replied the menial. The squire was now struck with confusion, and ready to bite his tongue in vexation; he had often heard of Mr. ———, and wished for an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with him. Having thus committed himself, he now obeyed the impulse of a noble and generous mind, by following hard after the clergyman, and apologizing for his rudeness; concluding by saying, that the only way in which Mr. ——— could assure him of forgiveness, was, by naming a day on which he would dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and the parties became intimate friends ever after.

A clergyman, whose name and residence I have forgotten, was a great admirer of the beauties of nature, and a most enthusiastic florist, his garden exhibiting a richness and variety of beauty unequalled in the country round him. One Saturday evening, a wandering lunatic, well known in that quarter, solicited the minister for lodgings in his barn; but the pastor refused, and, unmoved by his entreaties, sternly ordered him away. The poor wretch found shelter in the neighbourhood, and arose on Sunday morning, with the recollection of the minister's unkindness rankling in his bosom, which brooded over schemes of revenge. The maniac had "method in his madness," and sufficient sense, or memory, to know the reverend gentleman's attachment to flowers. Watching near by till all the family had gone to the kirk, he entered the garden. A large bed of tulips were in full blow, and Flora had indulged her wanton freaks, in an infinity of shades and colours, the beauty and variety of which it was the parson's delight to contemplate. The lunatic plucked the whole, leaving not "a wreck behind," and, with great pains, decorated every button hole of his coat, and also garnished round his head with the beauteous plun-

der. In this costume he walked into the kirk, and stood conspicuously before the clergyman, who was at the moment engaged in prayers; he had just uttered the apostrophe, "O Lord," when glancing his eye on the madman, he exclaimed, "my tulips!"

A worthy clergyman of my acquaintance was assisting his servant in taking home the oxen from his glebe. John was loading the cart, the minister throwing up the sheaves with a pitch-fork; and the shock had all been put into the cart except one sheaf, which was beneath the cart-wheel. The minister pulled and tugged till breathless, in fruitless efforts to withdraw this sheaf. Fairly baffled, he called out, "John, you must come down from the cart and assist me; I cannot get this sheaf from below the wheel!"—"O, Sir," replied John, "there is no occasion for you or I taking that trouble; just drive forward the horse, and the wheel will soon be off the sheaf."—"That is indeed an easier way, John; but I would not have thought of it," said the minister.

Many instances have been recorded of clergymen making choice of texts on particular occasions, which, susceptible of a double meaning, have produced strange inferences, and ludicrous remarks. The following circumstance, which came within my own observation, not many years ago, I consider worthy of record, as it may serve for a beacon to clergymen to avoid subjects admitting of *mal-a-propos* applications.

A pious and zealous preacher, with whom I was intimately acquainted, had seen many years pass over his head without finding "a patron kind to bless him with a kirk;" his situation being that of assistant minister in a charge where his income was very scanty, and great part of it dependent upon the caprice of his hearers. In this office he continued many years; when at last, by the friendship of a nobleman, he received a presentation to a living at the foot of the Grampians. It was publicly announced when he was to preach his farewell-sermon; the kirk was crowded; I was an auditor, and must acknowledge, that when he read out the 121st psalm, beginning,

> "I to the *hills* will lift mine eyes,
> From whence doth come mine aid,"

I could not avoid noticing the *double entendre* of which these were susceptible, when applied to him who had just uttered them; and looking up, I observed a smile on all sides of me. I afterwards heard more than one of his auditors affirm, that the psalm had been chosen for the express purpose of alluding to the prosperous change in his situation. This, I am convinced, was not the case; the preacher was, and still is, a man of too much unaffected piety, to apply the language of inspiration in this manner; and I most thoroughly believe, it was one of those strange coincidences which sometimes happen; and that, could he have anticipated the interpretation which forced itself upon his best friends, the blunder would have been avoided.

The late Reverend J. Murray, of Newcastle, author of Sermons to Doctors of Divinity, &c., used to relate the following anecdote of an old woman, a member of his congregation. She had been in the practice of coming to him very often, under the pretence of wishing to hold religious conversation, or of seeking spiritual advice; but rather, in his opinion, for the purpose of having the unction of flattery applied to her spiritual pride. One day, she waited upon him with a graver face and more serious deportment than usual, and after much circumlocution, said, that she was in great distress of mind. "What is the matter, Janet?" said her pastor. —"Oh, Sir! I cannot be satisfied with myself! I am a barren tree —a dead branch, only fit to be hewn down." She then went on to enumerate, at great length, the various duties of faith and practice, which, like the young man in the gospel, she had endeavoured to perform from her youth up; and concluded by saying—"but still I fear there is something wrong, and that I am far from the kingdom of heaven!"—"With so much orthodox faith, adorned by such uniform purity of practice, what makes you think so?" replied Mr. M.—"Oh, Sir! I am afraid that I am only a hypocrite!" said she. —"Indeed, Janet, that is my fear too; for I have thought you that these seven years!" said the minister. Janet departed in great wrath, and never returned to seek either advice or consolation.

I have heard the Reverend John A—— relate the two following anecdotes. He died a few years ago, having been incumbent of the populous parish of St. V—— for about half a century.—There is a fishing village in the parish, the inhabitants of which, about the commencement of his incumbency, were very illiterate. In the course of his annual diets of examination, he was catechising a man whom he knew to be tolerably shrewd in worldly affairs; but who could not, or would not, answer one question put to him by the minister. This ignorance elicited a severe reprimand, and accusations of carelessness, as Mr. A. said, he was convinced it did not proceed from want of capacity. The fisherman heard him patiently, and when he had finished, said, "Now, Sir, you've speered mony questions at me, will ye let me speer ane at you?" —"O certainly, John."—"Weel, Sir, how mony hooks will it tak' to bait a fifteen score haddock line?"—"Really, John, I cannot answer you; that is quite out of my way."—"Weel, Sir, you should na be sae hard upo' poor fowk—you to your trade, an' me to mine!"

When Mr. A. was considerably advanced in life, being in Edinburgh at the General Assembly, he took the opportunity of consulting the late Dr. Cullen for an occasional deafness, which troubled him. The Doctor having made the necessary inquiries, and duly considered the case, wrote a prescription, which he gave to Mr. A., who, in return, tendered a fee. "I thank you, Sir," said Dr. C., "but I have long made it a rule, never to accept a fee for advice to a country clergyman—he cannot afford it, Sir."

—"Perhaps there are many who cannot," said Mr. A., "but I can; for my living is good, and I have no family."—"What! are you a bachelor?" cried Dr. C.—"I am," replied Mr. A.—"Now, why did you not tell me so at first?—it would have saved much trouble," said the facetious Doctor. "Destroy the prescription I have given you. Go home, and get married as fast as possible; and I hazard my reputation, that in a month after, you shall hear on the deafest side of your head!"

A clergyman, about to be translated to another charge, when making his valedictory visit among his parishioners, entered a farm-house, and was most courteously received by Margaret, in the absence of her husband. She expressed her most unfeigned regret at his departure, and paid him many compliments on his orthodoxy, or, as she expressed it, *his sound gospel*, and also for his zeal and unremitted diligence in feeding his flock; concluding her compliments by saying, that she had only one objection to him as a minister.

"And will you have the goodness to state that objection?" said the clergyman. "A'deed, Sir," said she, simpering, "there's mony ane in your parish, that's no sae weel beuk learned as me, and you make use of mony kittle words that they canna understand."—"I must say I am surprised at that charge, Margaret," replied the preacher, "for I have made it my study to preach in such language as any person of ordinary capacity might readily comprehend."—"Now, there's you at your crank language again, Sir!" cried Margaret: "*capacity* and *comprehend!* wha but scholars can ken words like thae?"

ART. III.—*An Essay on the History of Civil Society.* By Adam Ferguson, L. L. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1767. Philadelphia, republished by Anthony Finley, 1819. The eighth edition. 8vo. pp. 303.

WHOEVER has made man his study, and has attentively considered him in the various situations wherein he has been placed, under different forms of government, in different countries, and at different periods, will peruse this Essay with peculiar pleasure. The subject is highly interesting, opens a wide field for reflection, naturally leads to the consideration of many curious and important points, and is equally instructive and entertaining. To accompany man through the several steps of his progress, from his first rude efforts in policy and arts, to see the human mind advancing gradually from the perceptions of sense, to the general conclusions of science, from the first operations of sentiment and reason, to the heights of moral and political knowledge, to see barbarity refining into politeness, and the savage into the philosopher, must afford no small delight to every philosophical reader. So extensive a subject, indeed, can be but imperfectly treated within the

narrow compass of a moderate volume; it is but justice to our author, however, to acknowledge, that he has not only treated it with great ability, but with much greater extent too than could have been expected within such narrow limits, and has shown a manly and original turn of thought throughout the whole performance. He does not amuse his readers with fanciful conjectures, or idle refinements on useless and uninteresting topics; but directs their attention to those great and useful points, which have a tendency to enlarge the mind, and give it a liberal turn. His style is clear and nervous, and in many instances sprightly and animated, and his manner easy and unaffected. The generality of his readers will probably wish that he had illustrated many of his observations by historical facts; and this, it must be acknowledged, would have rendered his work more agreeable and entertaining, but would have swelled it to a much more considerable size, and the defect, if it be one, will be easily supplied by those who are conversant with history, who will have the pleasure of applying general principles to particular instances. In a work of this kind, the discerning reader, we apprehend, will expect to meet with something upon the subject of religion, which in almost every age, has had a considerable influence on civil society: this point, however, has been omitted. What were the reasons of the author we pretend not to know. The subject is indeed of a very delicate nature; but without entering on a particular and minute discussion, so able and judicious a writer might have given a general view of it, and illustrated his observations by some pertinent and striking examples.

ART. IV.—Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Institutions of the Romans. 12*mo. pp.* 347. *London.* 1821. [*Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.*]

This anonymous compiler, besides consulting D'Arnay, Kennet, Adam, and Potter, has made a very judicious use of Beckmann's valuable History of Inventions, and has altogether formed a work which we think is likely to afford much amusement, united with instruction, to the young or to the fair students of ancient manners and customs. The subjects chosen for illustration have been selected with much propriety, and the volume is written in a pleasing and familiar style.

ART. V.—*Navigation of the Ancients.*

CASE—Stated from Harvard University, 1814. In the interesting account of the voyage of Saint Paul from Palestine to Italy, recorded in the acts of the Apostles, chapters 27th and 28th, these words occur in the 12th and 13th verses of the latter of those chapters: "And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days: and from thence WE FETCHED A COMPASS, and came to Rhegium."

It has been questioned, whether this sentence does not contain an anachronism, inasmuch as the *Mariner's Compass* was not discovered until after the apostolic age. An opinion is requested as to the kind of compass, used by the ancients, and to which the historian of the Acts of the Apostles referred, as being brought from Syracuse to guide him through the Scylla and Charybdis, which intervened in his way to the then metropolis of the world.

OPINION.

It does not appear from history that the ancients, who navigated the Mediterranean Sea, possessed any such thing, as the Mariner's compass; and if they had that admirable invention, it is as plain as writing can make it, that the *compass fetched from Syracuse* was of a totally different kind.

After the shipwreck at Malta, and a consequent detention of three months, a new embarkation occurred, probably under a charter-party, or some other contract, in a vessel of Alexandria, called the Castor and Pollux. This vessel entered the harbours of Syracuse and Rhegium as she proceeded toward the strait of Messina, on her voyage to Puteoli, the port of her ultimate destination for that trip.

The original text contains not the most distant idea of a mariner's compass, nor of any similar instrument. It merely means, that after leaving Syracuse, coasting along, and probably beating to windward, she arrived at Rhegium. In the French translation, published at Berlin in 1751, it is simply and correctly rendered "thence coasting." &c. The Latin version of Beza, though not very just in this particular, nevertheless signifies, coasting by or along the shores, at least, as far as I can comprehend it. The English reading which you quote, is ambiguous and faulty.

It is an allowable conjecture, that there was an air a-head, or in other words, a northerly breeze, during the run from Syracuse to Rhegium, obliging her to tack, or stretch off and on, for the purpose of aiding her progress.—For as it is stated, immediately after, that the south wind blew, so fair and so strong, it may be inferred, that, the succeeding day, she reached Puteoli.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

ART. VI.—*Letters from the West.* LETTER VI.

IN passing down the River, and indeed in every part of America, the traveller is amused with the variety of tastes displayed in the names of places. It would seem that our worthy countrymen had but little regard for the tender sensibilities of future generations whose inheritance they have patched and spangled with the shreds and remnants of every age and country. We have been supplied

By saint, by savage, and by sage.

Europe, Asia, and Africa, have been ransacked; and we have culled all the fields of literature, sacred, classic, and profane. The tourist passes in a twinkling from Troy to Siberia, from Rome to Cal-

cutta, from Vienna to Carthage, or from Herculaneum to Petersburgh; and, in short, if he choose to continue his jaunt, he may visit every part of the globe almost as rapidly as the sun himself. But if he be a poet, or an antiquary, he must not be too sanguine in his expectations; for these places have no architypes in the old world. There is no Pantheon at the modern Rome, and no Pagoda in the new Hindostan. He will find no splendid ruins at Palmyra, nor hallowed sepulchres in Palestine. In Goshen he will see Yankees from "the land of steady habits," instead of captive Israelites; and where he might expect an extensive manufactory of bricks, he will find a land abounding in cheese and timber-clocks. He may freeze to death in the very centre of our Vesuvius, and perspire at every pore at the new Moscow.

I confess I am not pleased with the dearth of invention indicated by the adoption of these exotic appellations; and am the less so, when I observe the admirable taste displayed in those which are of domestic manufacture. These are fraught with meaning, and generally allude to some historical fact, or local peculiarity. If any of the early navigators of these rivers saw an otter, a fox, or a bear on the shore, they were sure to name the nearest creek or island after that animal. If an individual of the party sickened or died, the catastrophe was perpetuated in the same manner. The appellations thus casually given, are retained, when the *per quod* upon which they were founded, has failed, or is forgotten. Thus we now find a Pigeon-Creek, where there are no pigeons, and a Crow-Island, where there is no carrion. As to the taste displayed in them, you have only to imagine them ranged in the lines of some future poet, who may fancy to waft his heroine down this beautiful stream. How delightfully would such names as Horse-tail-ripple, Hog-Island, Dead-Man's-Island, Big-Seweekly, Loggstown, Crow's-Island, Big-Beaver, Raccoon-Creek, Custard-Island, Big-Yellow, Mingo-bottom-Island, White-Woman, and Oppossum-Creek, jingle in verse! How admirably they would set off the peculiar style of Sir Walter Scott!

St. Louis, says Mr. Breckenridge, "was formerly called *Pain Court*, from the privations of the first settlers." The French have left some curious names in Missouri, where we find *La Femme Osage*, (the Osage woman) *Misere*, (Misery) *Creve-coeur*, (broken heart) *Puide-poche*, (empty pocket) *Bon-Homme*, (Good-Man) *La Riviere des Peres*, (the River of Fathers) *La riviere a vase*, (the river of mud) **Bois Brule* bottom, (burnt wood) *Cote sans dessein*, which you may translate for yourself.—I should call it *accidental hill*—which is justified by the appearance of the place. It is an eminence on a plain, without a valley, and which looks as if it did not belong there—but had been dropped by accident. Some of these names are now discarded, and the people would be quite

*Pronounced by the Americans *Bob Ruly*.

scandalised at their revival—like the good citizens in a certain flourishing town in Pennsylvania, which was formerly called *Catfish Camp*, but where a man would now be almost *tarred and feathered* for mentioning a *cat fish*.

Many of the French names in this country have been corrupted. The upper part of the River Kaskaskia is called by a name which is spelt so variously that I can hardly undertake to write it. The literal pronunciation is *O-Kaw*, but it is written by travellers and others Occoa, Oka, Ocra, &c. As this stream is in fact the Kaskaskia, and was probably taken by the first French explorist for a *branch* of that River, it is probable that, contracting the name of the latter, they called it *Au kas*. This reading accords with the practice of that people, who in this country, frequently use abbreviations; thus Kaskaskia, is often called *Kas-kie*, and Cahokia, *Caho*. So if you ask a Frenchman where he is going, he will answer "*Au Post*"—to the post—meaning the post of Vincennes. This being for many years the principal fortress in this country, was for a long while called *The* Post, and afterwards the *Old Post*, by which name it is still known.

There is a small stream in Illinois called *Bonpas*. An author of a book of "Geographical Sketches" writes this *Bumpaw*, and his orthography is adopted by many persons. The original name must have been *Bonne passe*, (a good channel.)

The people of Illinois have called the metropolis of their state, Vandalia. As this designation was given by the commissioners who selected this spot for the seat of government, not a little surprise was excited, that they should have chosen so barbarous an appellation. It is said that while they were in solemn deliberation on this point, and in great perplexity to find a name for their infant city, a facetious gentleman who happened to be present, informed them that there had been a tribe of Indians who existed many centuries ago, among the forests and prairies, which now form the fairest portion of this state, who were called Vandals.—There was also a contemporary tribe called Goths. Whether these rival nations had fought like the two Kilkenny Cats, who devoured each other, until nothing was left of either but the *tips of the tails*, the learned gentleman did not state; but the name of *Vandalia* was adopted. This story, has probably more wit than truth in it. It is also said that this place was called after a Frenchman, one of the first whites who penetrated these forests, who resided for many years near this spot, and was famous as an expert hunter, and a daring foe to his Indian neighbours.

There is a branch of the Little Wabash River, in Illinois, called the *Skillett Fork*, which took its name from the following circumstance. During the late war, companies of Rangers (a kind of mounted militia,) were ordered out to protect the western frontiers from the Indians. A detachment of these troops, under the command of Colonel Willis Hargrave, now a Major General of

Militia in this State, having fallen upon the trace of some Indians, pursued them to the bank of this stream, where they lost the track —the Indians having taken to the water. It was necessary to cross over to continue the chace; but the stream swelled with rains, roared like a torrent, and the shores were so abrupt that it was impossible to plunge the horses in with their riders; and if they could even have reached the opposite bank it would have been impossible to ascend it. The men were therefore employed in preparing rafts to carry them over. One headstrong fellow, however, named Smith, dashed forward—reached the edge of the bank—plunged in—and horse and rider disappeared. In a moment Smith was seen swimming in one direction, and his horse in another—both dashing the waves aside "with hearts of controversy." Both reached the land in safety, but with the loss of the baggage. The party soon crossed, but a sad discovery awaited them. They were divided into *messes*, and one man was appointed each day in every *mess*, to cook the victuals, and carry the culinary utensils. This duty had that day been assigned to Smith; and when they encamped in the evening, they were not only without provisions, but they had lost what was of infinitely more importance, a *skillett*, which composed the whole apparatus of their kitchen. The "envious wave" had robbed him of skillett, bread, bear-meat, and all. Here was a dilemma! a woeful dilemma, which none but Indian-hunters can appreciate. Bread could not be procured in the woods, and game they dared not shoot, for fear of alarming the foe, whose footsteps they were silently tracing. But if Providence had showered *manna* in their path, or their own cunning ensnared the "dappled denizon of the forest," of what avail would it have been?—they had no skillett wherein to cook it! The vexation of this *mess*, and the jests of their comrades, kept the affair alive in their memories for a long time, and the stream which caused this dire mishap is still called the *Skillett Fork*.

Another creek in this state was named by the same party. They were lying on its banks, round a fire, at night, when some of the company undertook to practice a joke upon Smith. A sapling was bent to the ground, to which they tied his heels, as he slept; and on letting it go he was swung aloft. His cries roused the whole party, who imagining the Indians were at hand, flew to their posts; nor was the alarm dispelled until the unlucky cause of it was discovered dangling in the air. The stream was called *Smith's Fork*, and still retains the name.

Many of the old names in this country have been anglicised; though very seldom, I think, to advantage. A stream which the French called *la riviere a vase*, (of mud) is transformed into *Muddy*—but as there happens to be two of the same name, they are called Big, and Little Muddy. The practice of giving the same name to two streams, and distinguishing one of them by the classic word *big*, is very common. We have big and little Wa-

bash, big and little Hockhocking, big and little Miami, big and little Beaver, and I suppose a hundred others.

We have another *cognomen* peculiar to this country, which is conveyed in the beautiful word *Lick*. We have *Salt licks*, *Blue licks*, *Sulphur licks*, and *licks* of all sorts and sizes. The word is uncouth enough, but it is very descriptive, and designates those spots which had been frequented by wild grazing animals, for the purpose of *licking* the saline particles with which the earth was impregnated. Some of these places have been *licked* for centuries, until vast cavities have been formed in the surface of the ground. By these means, the early settlers were directed to many valuable minerals. But surely this barbarous appellation might be dropped now, when the aboriginal *lickers* have been expelled, and these places converted into valuable manufactories, and polite watering-places.

The name of the Town in which, for the present, I have fixed my "local habitation" has suffered a very disadvantageous change. The Indian word Sha-wa-noe was not inharmonious; but it has been corrupted into Shawneetown.

An extensive *genus* of names is derived from our patriotic ancestors. The Western people have displayed an honourable feeling in thus perpetuating the memories of distinguished men. In Ohio out of 50 counties (in 1819,) there are about 30 called after individuals, 10 have Indian names, and one is called *Licking*. In Kentucky of 55 counties (in 1819,) all are called after eminent men but five. In Illinois and Indiana all the counties are named in the same manner except two in each State. A large number of the Towns are also named after patriots and heroes. From this laudable custom a serious inconvenience arises in the frequent repetition of the same name; an evil which is aggravated by a foolish propensity which emigrants from other states have, of naming the spot at which they settle, after the one they have left. We now have in the United States about twenty Salems,—we have Fairfields, Clearfields, and Middletowns, without number. The Washingtons, Waynes, and Jeffersons, baffle all calculation.

The seat of Government of Missouri is to be removed to *Cote sans dessein*, which is to assume the name of *Missouriopolis*. Indiana has called her capital *Indianopolis;* and it is to be hoped that Arkansas will adopt *Arkopolis*—for such is the passion for imitation in this particular, that a name no sooner gets into genteel use, than it becomes the fashion, and goes the rounds.

Thus I have written you a long letter, on a very scientific subject, and which, if our country was a thousand years older, might make me a fellow of a philosophical society. But alas! we know our origin so well, that there is no chance of passing for an antiquary now-a-days unless we delve into Indian lore. The subject, however, is not without interest. Older nations know nothing of the origin or meaning of half the names that occur on their maps, and

many a solitary midnight lamp, has in vain lent its rays to develop the obscurity. A mysterious appellation, supposed to be fraught with meaning, has often been chased with unavailing assiduity, through labyrinths of parchment and black-letter, and finally lost among the mists of tradition—which, if discovered, might be found to be as frivolous in its application, as some of those I have mentioned. No other nation has had the opportunity which we enjoy of forming its own geographical vocabulary. They have been indebted to accident, or to the rude conceptions of nations who have preceded them, for that, which among us, is to be the fruit of our own taste. Nations are continually rising into power, or declining to imbecility, and their rise and fall is a perpetual lesson, fraught with instruction. In these changes every institution bears a part, and therefore should the progress of every institution, however trifling, which forms an integral part of national character or wealth, be observed. One of the Latin poets has said, "*stultus labor est ineptiarum*," and I am not disposed to controvert the maxim; for I do not consider that a trifle which may add a mite to the literature of my country, or the amusement of my friends. For them I shall always be proud to toil, though sober-sided gravity may shake its head, and the critic pronounce my exertions *labor ineptiarum*.

Art. VII.—*Homer.*

One great difference between Homer and Virgil is, that the former keeps close to his subject, draws no characters applicable to any persons besides those whom he names, and mentions no circumstances parallel to what happened posterior to the date of his poem. He shows no partiality for one state of Greece more than another; nor from his writings does it appear that he had the least intention to flatter the great men who were his cotemporaries. His fruitful genius could, from the subject he had chosen, create abundant materials to complete and grace his work. In short, he knew how to comprehend all the beauties of poetry within the limits of his subject. Virgil, on the other hand, has used a great deal of art to adorn his *Æneid*. He has had the address to interweave with his poem, the antiquities and most remarkable historical occurrences of Rome, at least such as were proper to flatter the vanity of Augustus and his courtiers, and some critics have contended that the principal,* if not all the characters in it, are copied from the great men his cotemporaries. Here was a large field to employ the poet's fancy; but a nice discernment, and much pains, were necessary, to apply the materials properly to his subject. Some, perhaps, may think Virgil's way of composing more difficult than that of Homer. In this respect, however, we beg

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**Exempli gratia.* Under the character of *Turnus*, he intended to represent Mark Antony, and *Cicero* is shadowed forth in that of *Drances*.

leave to differ from them, because no less penetration and strength of mind are necessary to make a right choice in things of mere invention, than in such as are copied from life.

Homer is above detraction. Whoever attempts to lessen his character, will only injure himself. It is a sufficient test of his merit, that he has pleased every understanding, in every country, for three thousand years. We do not know that we are so much indebted to any thing, as to the veneration of this Prince of the European poets, for the formation of the true classical taste, and for the recovery of it when lost, first in Roman luxury, and then in Gothic barbarity. Every age has its characteristic in composition and style. As knowledge, virtue, and liberty, have declined, all the species of false wit, favoured by several other circumstances, have prevailed in their turns; and the perverseness of fashion has drawn the greatest writers into faults, which are the reproaches of works admirable in all other respects. But when Homer's excellence was acknowledged, and authors of a true classical taste, formed by his example, and by the precepts and writings of those who understood and imitated him, arose from time to time to point out his beauties, a reformation never failed to take place. Puns, conceits, epigrammatic points, fustian and bombast, fell before the pure language of nature, of which he was the true standard, and perhaps contributed as much to accomplish the orator as the poet. The nature and extent of his poems, gave room for all the varieties of fine writing, of which he shows himself a perfect master. Art can do no more than trace the ways of nature. The poet pleases, instructs, warms, and even works up to a strong enthusiasm, every reader who has music in his soul. The work of the critic is only to explain the reason of what the unlearned feel, they do not know why.

We need not endeavour to exalt Homer higher by pretending to find in his works systems of theology and philosophy, which he never intended to form; or by supposing him possessed of knowledge which he had no opportunity to acquire, and to speak a language his country did not understand. His own perspicuity, propriety, elegance, absolute command of the passions, expressive harmony, and inimitable majesty, will always secure to him the first place in poetical fame.

Many causes, moral and physical, contribute to the forming of great men; climate, religion, government, the manners of the times, and education, in the most extensive sense of the word. No climate has been more distinguished for the production of great poets than that of the coast of Asia, and the adjacent isles; but, together with the influence of this climate, so favourable to poetry, every other circumstance concurred to form the prince of poets. While the Assyrian monarchy was still flourishing,—while the

Phenicians extended their commerce as far as the Streights of Gibraltar,—and Egypt, according to the testimony of the Scriptures, was the seat of wisdom and learning. Greece, yet uncultivated and uncivilized, could hardly support its own inhabitants, who therefore sought, upon the sea, that subsistence which the sterility of their country denied. Piracy among the Greeks, as well as among the Scandinavians, was a long time in repute; but those who had, by this means, acquired riches, became anxious to secure their property, and built places of strength. The laws of hospitality were then held in the most sacred light; the stranger was received and honoured, and commerce began to diffuse itself. Those tracts of land, however, which industry and cultivation had rendered valuable, were always an object of contention; and the weaker being driven from his possessions by the stronger, went to renew his fortunes in a distant country.

Such were the circumstances that characterised the age of Homer. The Greeks were neither altogether a savage people, nor yet perfectly civilized. Their minds were rendered active and vigorous by a desire of reputation and respect, by the limited simplicity of their wants, and by the uncertainty of that repose they enjoyed in a country recently established, which required the utmost vigilance to defend it from the inroads of its neighbours. In the place of laws, they were governed by such maxims of moral justice, as were the natural result of sentiment, and the excellence of which was proved by necessity. These maxims, by constantly exercising the hearts and the understandings of the people, kept them in a state of continual activity, while those laws which were afterwards substituted in their place, slept in idle inaction. Such then was the scene which Homer had before him. On one side towns taken by assault, and all the horrors of ferocious triumph; on another, new cities raised and enriched by peace and commerce. He beheld the spirit of liberty in the very bosom of monarchy; he saw the rising arts cultivated and soon brought to perfection by a people who were enthusiasts in every thing that affected the senses or the imagination; and amongst the rest of these interesting objects, he found religion employing the magic of the marvellous to fascinate and subdue the mind.

The religion of the Greeks in Homer's time had all the fervour of novelty. All nature, according to their system, appeared to be animated, and to assume a kind of intellectual existence. That savage people, who had till then been occupied only in rapine and murder, when their minds began to soften and sink down to ease, conceived a kind of natural attachment to the soil that supported them, the stream that quenched their thirst, and the sun that gave them light. Under the influence of this affection, they were easily induced to believe the existence of some benevolent superior beings, and to make themselves gods. Orpheus instructed them in the mysteries of the Egyptians; he amused them with the mu-

sic of his lyre, and spread over Greece the religion which he had brought from Egypt. The Greeks believed themselves surrounded by divinities, and all the phenomena of nature were deified before them. Jupiter assembled his clouds; Neptune restrained and roused his waves; Aurora led forth the rosy morn from the bosom of the sea; and Vulcan had the conduct of the fire. In the prevalence of this new enchantment, if a poet attempted to sing, it was his muse that suggested the lay; his audience believed it, and possibly he believed it himself, for vanity is much more persuasive than reason.

True philosophy is the inseparable associate of good poetry; and where is this union to be found in greater perfection than in the works of Homer?—that poet, who has entered so warmly and so well into the rights and duties of human nature; that poet, who, in the opinion of Horace, teaches the doctrines of morality better than Chrysippus or Crantor; who, in a barbarous, or, at most, half polished age, could propagate the great principles of natural justice, and unfold such refined sentiments of equity, as might have reflected honour on the most cultivated times? When Ulysses demanded poison of Ilus, for the purpose of staining his arrows, Ilus, who loved the king, refused his request, because, says the poet, he feared the gods. What admirable reflections has Homer made on fate and free-will, when he makes Jupiter say,—"men accuse us of being the authors of the evils they endure, when, exclusive of destiny, they are brought upon them by their own particular follies." How much does the poet show himself superior to superstition, when Hector, endeavouring to animate his soldiers, who had been disturbed by the flight of a bird, tells them that the best of omens is to fight for one's country. Yet this was the same Hector, who, obedient to the councils of Helenus, ordered a solemn procession of the Trojans to the temple of Minerva; so well did the poet know how to distinguish the enlightened religion of a good citizen from the fanatical absurdities of the vulgar.

Art. VIII.—*Eastern Mirages.*

Frequent mention is made in the Scriptures of wildernesses or deserts, by which we usually understand desolate places, equally void of cities and inhabitants. The deserts noticed in the Bible, however, are of a different description; as the Hebrews were accustomed to give the name of desert or wilderness to all places that were not cultivated, but which were chiefly appropriated to the feeding of cattle, and in many of them trees and shrubs grew wild. Hence this term is frequently applied to the commons which were contiguous to cities or villages, and on which the plough never came. The wildernesses or deserts of Palestine,

therefore, are twofold: some are mountainous and well watered, while others are sterile sandy plains, either destitute of water, or affording a very scanty supply from the few springs that are occasionally to be found in them; yet even these afford a grateful though meagre pasturage to camels, goats, and sheep. In this latter description of deserts it is that the weary traveller is mocked by the distant appearance of white vapours, which are not unlike those white mists we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer evening, after a hot day. When beheld at a distance, they resemble an expanded lake; but, upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perceives the deception. To this phenomenon, which is caused by the reverberation of the sun-beams, the prophet Isaiah alludes, (xxxv. 7.) where, predicting the blessings of the Redeemer's kingdom, he says, *the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty soil bubbling springs.* It is termed by the Hebrews שָׂרָב, *serab*, which word is used by the Arabs and Persians to this day, by an elegant metaphor, to express disappointed hope. Mr. Elphinstone, a recent traveller, who has made no inconsiderable addition to our stock of knowledge of the remoter Asiatic countries, speaks of a magnificent mirage, which looked like an extensive lake or a very wide river. The water, he says, seemed clear and beautiful, and "the figures of two gentlemen, who rode along it, were reflected as distinctly as in real water. These ground-mists are very common, but we never saw them reflect surrounding objects." In the classical tale of Alashtar, by Mr. Knight, the author has happily introduced this beautiful deception in illustration of one of his common places.

Oh! thou deceiver, Life, how brightly gay
Thy youthful scenes on youthful fancies rise,
Till cold experience draws the veil away,
And, drest in all its dread realities
Dark in our sight the blighted prospect lies:
So from afar the faithless deserts show
Ideal lakes to cheat the pilgrim's eyes;
Thirsting he toils across the plains that glow,
And finds a waste of sand, where waters seem'd to flow.

Art. IX.—*Woman.*

The affections of the female sex are far stronger and more ardent than our own; and, had it till then been disputable, the countless instances of their heroic conduct during the French Revolution, recorded on most unquestionable authority, have settled this fact for ever. No personal fatigue could overcome them; and no personal danger could for an instant deter them from seeking in the foulest dungeons the father or the child, the husband or the lover. Months after months were they known to secrete from revolutionary vengeance some object of their affection, when the

discovery of his concealment would have been his inevitable and immediate death. Were a friend arrested, their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in contrivance for his escape: were he naked, they clothed him: were he sick, they visited him: and when all efforts proved unavailing for his deliverance, often did they infuse into his sinking soul their own ability to meet death with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness. During infancy, they nourish us; during the periods of youth and manhood, they are the charm of our existence: in old age, they cherish and console us; and on the bed of sickness, the exquisite delicacy of their attentions, the tiresome watchings which they will undergo without a murmur, the fretfulness which they will bear with complacency, and the good offices (however repulsive,) which they are at all times ready to perform, demand from us more than every return of attachment, gratitude, kindness, and love, which it is in our power to make.

Art. X.—*Shakespere.*

The following animated panegyric on Shakespere is transcribed from Dr. Gregory's *Letters on Literature*.

His Dramas, after a lapse of two centuries, are still gazed at with unabated ardour by the populace, and still read with admiration by the scholar. They interest the old and the young; the gallery and the pit; the people and the critic. At their representation, appetite is never palled; expectation never disappointed. The changes of fashion have not cast him into shade; the variations of language have not rendered him obsolete. His plots are lively, and command attention; his characters are still new and striking, and his wit is fertile, even to exuberance.

Art. XI.—*Ancients and Moderns.*

In comparing the ancients and moderns together, the latter are in danger of not having justice done to them. The very remote period in which the former flourished, and our imperfect acquaintance with the language in which they wrote, increases our admiration for them, while it diminishes our capacity of judging of their merits. Every well educated Englishman can judge of the language of Milton with tolerable accuracy, and can perceive and feel his defects where they exist. But who can decide, with justice, respecting the defects of Homer's style? The diction of Milton is familiar to our ears; and words and phrases which occur in common conversation cannot but lose something of their dignity when applied to the purposes of the poet. But Homer's language is no longer spoken; and even the meanest and most common phrases have acquired a dignity from age, which they did not originally possess. These, and many other circumstances which

it is unnecessary to mention at present, ought to be taken into consideration when we compare the writings of the ancients with those of the moderns. Perhaps the time may come, long after the British empire has ceased to exist, when the English language, superior in precision, equal in energy, and not greatly inferior in harmony, either to that of the Romans or the Greeks, has ceased to be spoken;—perhaps the time may come, when Homer and Milton may with propriety be compared, and when full justice will be done to one of the greatest and most glorious of the British names, unalloyed with the dishonest illiberality of opposite politics, or the ignorant affectation of antiquarian pedantry. It has been said that the ancients have left us the best models of fine writing, of every description; and that a diligent study of these fine models on our part is absolutely necessary to ensure success. That they have left us excellent models in poetry and history is a truth which cannot be disputed: that these models contributed essentially to the rapid progress of the moderns in the same departments is undoubted. They constituted a standard of taste, to which works of a similar kind might be referred; they produced a more violent emulation than would otherwise have existed, and they furnished a copious fund of knowledge, which served both to inform and to invigorate the mind. But when the moderns had produced a great number of excellent models in every kind of writing, the importance of the ancient models sunk in proportion. An English author may form himself as successfully for writing history by studying the works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, as by the writings of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, or of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. And he who means to woo the tragic muse will find at least as exquisite models for imitation in the writings of Shakespere and of Otway, as in those of Æschinus, Sophocles, or Euripides. Thompson and Cowper will not yield the palm to Hesiod and Theocritus, nor will Milton shrink into insignificance when compared with Homer. The classic and scientific sublimity of Dryden and Gray rivals and excels the far-famed compositions of Pindar. Goldsmith has struck out a new channel, which had not been traversed by any of the ancients. But in a language like ours, where a hundred poets of eminence may be produced, it would be vain and endless to continue the comparison. If Pope might be contrasted with Horace, and Young with Juvenal, to whom could we compare Spencer, or Butler, or Dryden, or Gay? From what ancient did Swift, that champion of antiquity, and slanderer of his cotemporaries, who was always blaming and generally in the wrong, from what ancient did he draw the peculiarity of his manner? Or who served Cowper as a model in his poems? He had studied Homer, it is true, and even attempted to follow him; but the attempt, as every body knows, was attended with no great degree of success. To suppose it impossible for the moderns to equal the ancients in history and poetry, is the same thing

as to affirm that the human mind is inferior to what it was in ancient times, or that we employ at present an inferior vehicle of thought. The first of these suppositions is inconsistent with the superiority of our scientific acquisitions, with our improvements in the arts, and in our political establishments; the second can hardly be maintained by any one who will be at the trouble to study and compare the languages of ancient and modern Europe.

Art. XII.—*The Potatoe.*

Although Sir Walter Raleigh was, unexpectedly, prevented from accompanying Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Newfoundland, he eventually proved one of the greatest benefactors to that island, by the introduction of the potato on his return from America in the following year, viz. 1584. It is said that this root was first planted on Sir Walter's estate at Youghall, which he afterwards sold to the Earl of Cork: but that, not having given sufficient directions to the person who had the management of the land, the latter mistook the apples for the fruit and most valuable part of the plant, and, on tasting them, rejected them as a pernicious exotic. Some time afterwards, turning up the earth, he found the roots spread to a great distance, and in considerable quantities; and from this stock the whole kingdom was soon after supplied with this valuable plant, which gradually spread throughout all Europe and North America. Its name, *potatoe*, in Irish *paitey*, and in French *patate*, is said to be derived from the original language of Mexico, of which it is supposed to be a native. In Newfoundland, it is an essential article of subsistence: it generally supplies the place of bread at dinner, and frequently also at breakfast and supper: the people there can more easily reconcile themselves to a scarcity, or even a total privation of bread, than they could of potatoes. *Anspach's History of Newfoundland.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Art. XIII.—*Memoirs of Anacreon;* by J. E. Hall.

(Continued from vol. 12. p. 270.)

Alcæus, being informed of our intention, resolved to accompany us; and we accordingly left the port of Mytilene together, in a boat which Hipparchus had sent for the accommodation of Anacreon.

One evening when we were sailing on a calm wave and under a serene sky, Alcæus, the Poet, gratified us by narrating some of the incidents of his life.

He was born in the second year of the fifty-fifth Olympiad at Teos, a sea-port town in Ionia. His parents were of the first rank in that country; being ennobled not less by their own virtues than by the valour and magnanimity of their own ancestors. Anacreon

was descended in a regular line from Codrus, the last king of Athens, who by a noble act of martyrdom, in the heroick times of Greece, preserved his country from the revengeful incroachments of the Heraclidæ.

In that delightful region where no tempests rage, but where every breeze respires voluptuousness; where the most fragrant flowers enchant the eye and perfume the air, the genius of Anacreon imbibed that happy faculty of exhibiting the warmest emotions of nature, and that felicitous command over the passions of others, which so eminently distinguish his compositions. The youthful days of the poet were not spent in the rude rivalship of gymnastick games. He loved to resort to the seats of the learned where the words of wisdom were heard, or mingle in the festivities of Ionian maids, where the smiles of love were seen. Sometimes would he accompany troops of frolicksome maids to the shades of secluded groves, and enchant their ears with sounds so sweet, that the feathered inhabitants of the spot would suspend their flight to listen to the melody of his lyre.

But the soft tones of the instrument of love, were soon to be drowned in the hoarse clangor of the war-breathing clarion. The innocent amusements of peace were to be exchanged for the martial deeds of arms, and their tranquil retirements to be violated by the intrusions of Persian power.

Some years after the birth of Anacreon, Astyages, the last king of Media, being frightened by a prediction which foretold that he should be deprived of his crown by a grandson, bestowed his daughter in marriage upon Cambyses, a Persian of low rank. He hoped that the fruits of such an alliance would be ignoble children, whose spirit would never conceive the exalted ambition of gracing a throne. When Cyrus, who was the offspring of this union, was born, his grandfather committed him to the care of Harpagus, with strict injunctions to put him to death. But the humanity of the nobleman resisted the cruelty of the sovereign, and the innocent infant was placed with an obscure shepherdess.

The impulses of genius are too powerful to be restrained by peculiarities of situation. The voice of Nature will be heard, and the mind of the hero will declare itself as loudly under a rustic garb as if clothed with the ensigns of royalty. Like the torrent which pours its resistless course through the opening mountain and over the meanderings of the plain, the mind which is illumined by the rays of intuitive genius, dashes aside all impediments, and surmounts every opposition which wayward fortune has created.

For his superior qualities, the companions of Cyrus elected him to be their king in some boyish amusement; and so well did he exercise his dignity and justify their choice, that he ordered one of them to be severely chastised for an act of disobedience to his authority. The father of the youth complained to Astyages of the

indignant treatment which the son of a nobleman had received from the offspring of a shepherd. Cyrus was accordingly brought before the King, and his birth being discovered, he was retained at court, and the disobedience of Harpagus was punished by a sentence of death. To avoid the consequence of this cruel reward of his humanity, the unfortunate nobleman was obliged to fly, and his innocent son was made the victim of royal vindictiveness.

Cyrus, becoming disgusted by the austerity of his grandfather, fled from his tyranny, and immediately levied troops to resist and overturn his power. In this daring attempt to subvert a sovereignty, extensive in its influence, and venerable for its antiquity, he was powerfully aided by the revenge of Harpagus, which could only be gratified by the total extinction of the murderer of his child.

It has uniformly been observed that resistance to authority will always find adherents; such is the natural uneasiness of man under restraint. Besides, there is at all times a large portion of vicious and restless men in every community, who are ready to excite any confusion, because they know that their situation cannot be made worse than it has been. Such, generally, is the origin of pure Democracies; but they usually terminate in a miserable anarchy or oppressive despotism. In this instance, however, the event was different. The rebellion united the two powerful kingdoms of Media and Persia, and, in the person of Cyrus, the people acquired a sovereign, who was at once wise, magnanimous, and just. The youthful monarch, as it was his wish as well as his policy, reformed the various abuses that had crept into the administration of justice; he revived a system of discipline among the soldiery, inculcated morality among his people, and while their love was won by his liberality, his courage commanded their respect.

Among other countries which Cyrus, whose only fault was his inordinate ambition, visited, his victorious arms carried havock and confusion into the peaceful plains of Ionia. The Teians with that spirit of noble independence which so eminently characterizes our country, preferring banishment to slavery, and being unable to cope with the soldiers of Persia, abandoned their native vales and sought shelter from the hospitality of the inhabitants of Abdera, in Thrace.

Hither Anacreon, who was then scarcely twenty years of age, was conveyed. The Thracians, after some time, whether fearful of the power of Cyrus or jealous of the admixture of foreign principles and prejudices with their own, rendered their situation so uncomfortable, that the unfortunate fugitives were generally obliged to emigrate to more friendly climes.

"In the confusion of a second removal," continued Anacreon, "I lost my parents, and since that time I have wandered from Court to Court, enjoying pleasure wherever she could be found.

Let heroes pursue their conquests; I envy not their success, if they leave me undisturbed in the possession of my lyre and the juices of the grape. I have enrolled myself under the banners of Bacchus and Venus, and they have never been dismayed by the frowns of any conqueror."

"Truly," said Alcæus, "I almost admire that happy disposition of yours, which can fly at the incroachments of power and tamely submit to every oppression. For my part I always feel an impulse on such occasions which inspires me with unwonted courage. It is my pride that I have never yielded while resistance has afforded the slightest prospect of advantage. I have made tyrants tremble at the very summit of their power, and the praise of posterity shall reward me, though a cowardly people refuse to aid my exertions."

"I pray you, Alcæus," said I, "to distinguish between a proper opposition to unjust oppression and resistance to legal authority. The first has been and will be the evil of many governments, and by a judicious exertion of the latter, others have been firmly established upon the true principles of protection and allegiance."

"These are but slavish distinctions," replied Alcæus, "which are unworthy the mind that boasts of the flame of liberty. The holy right of insurrection is a right bestowed upon us by the laws of Nature. All men, by her benign influence, are created equal. Whenever the sway of a sovereign becomes oppressive, or even if the people are weary of him, they have the right to make a change, and a solemn duty to those who shall come after them demands that they should exercise this power. Our honest Captain here is as well entitled to the government of Athens as Hipparchus is. Liberty is the prerogative of man, and where he is restrained from the full enjoyment of his wonderful energies and obedience is compelled, there is an end to the very essence of civil government, which was invented for the happiness of the people."

"But let us reverse your proposition, Alcæus," I replied, "and say that government being absolutely necessary to the very existence of society, the term implies that there are rulers who must exact obedience somewhere in order to perform the duties of their station. Such is the depravity of our nature, that there will ever be a large portion of every community which will be affected by laws against vice; and such is our versatility, that another portion will be ever ready to listen to complaints of fictitious grievances, and uplift a factious hand to overturn the very authority they have erected."

"As to what you say, my friend, about the right of rebellion, I cannot suppose that you are serious in contending for principles so ruinous and doctrines so absurd. What, is every noxious gale that a pestilential atmosphere may exhale, to blow down lofty edifices and venerable temples? Will you allow the mob, which is always vicious, ignorant, and turbulent, to rise against civil institutions which are wise, salutary and temperate, and which are only

oppressive to those who vex the peace and disturb the repose of society? The infatuations of a meretricious liberty, which is as opposite to real liberty as corruption is to purity, have done serious injury to our country. The people, who are too often their own enemies, have for a long time been deceived by the delusions of democracy; they have scattered the whirlwind of sedition, and their own liberty has been dispersed by the tempest. Thus instead of bequeathing to posterity a solid and permanent liberty, they too often leave their descendants a prey to the wildness of anarchy or bound by the shackles of an imperious despotism."

"Suppose we change the subject," said Anacreon, interrupting our dispute; "Alcæus by this time has found democratical patriotism to be pretty much of a bauble to amuse the people with. The Mytilenians have been seduced from their allegiance by its gaudy colours, and now cry at finding how easily the plaything is soiled. Discontinue these vain pursuits I pray you. Let us weep for the misfortunes of others instead of increasing them."

"Shall I sing you an ode which I composed on the banks of an Ionian river, when our neighbours, the unfortunate Magnesians, were flying from havock and destruction?"

With these words he took his lyre, and we quickly forgot all complaints of tyranny and sedition.

TO DIANA.*

Haste thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer,
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they, must they pine?

As Anacreon concluded, one of the passengers who had been listening to our conversation, approached, and said he was so

* This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. l. as cited by Barnes). Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote, which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

charmed by the poetry which he had just heard that he solicited our acquaintance.

"Stranger!" said Anacreon, "we shall rejoice in your society. This is Alcæus of Mytilene, who, abjuring the haunts of the Muses, became infected with some silly notions of patriotism, and has therefore been banished from the court of Pittacus; but he is returning to his senses. This is my friend Critias of Athens, and I am Anacreon of Teos. We are going to Athens to pay our homage to the youthful Hipparchus."

"And I am going thither for the same purpose," returned the stranger. "I am Simonides, the poet and grammarian;—the same who sang the glorious victories of our country over the Persian power; who celebrated the greatness of the gods; and narrated the reigns of Cambyses and Darius in strains of flowing numbers."

"This is a most happy meeting," said Alcæus, "Let us have more wine, and Anacreon shall enliven it with music." The wine being produced we poured a libation to friendship, and Anacreon then gave us the following beautiful allegory, descriptive of the office of Love.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nurs'd desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honied dews;
And Love (alas the victim-heart!)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;*

---

*Thus Claudian:

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall:
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

——ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruenta."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? Eleg. 1. M.

Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smil'd
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
That though they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,
"It is not light—I die with pain!
Take, take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee!"

Knowing as I did, the history and character of Simonides, I was pleased by the acquisition of his society. He was born at Cos, that famous island where the women, fair and sportive, are always attired in white robes which are of such transparent texture that their limbs can be discerned through them.*

His wisdom was so great and his powers of entertainment so winning, that the greatest monarchs of our time had courted his friendship. The style of his poetry, simple, sweet, and harmonious, while it excited the admiration of the world, at the same time procured for him the protection of the Gods. For on a certain time when a jovial company, captivated by the melody of his lyre, and enlivened by the enjoyments of a banquet, were lavishing generous libations to Bacchus, the roof of the house in which they were feasting, fell in, and all perished except the poet, who was miraculously preserved. In return for this signal protection he exerted

*These transparent robes, *vitreæ togæ*, as they were called, by Varro, were invented by a Coan woman, named Pamphilea; for, as Pliny observes, we should not defraud her of the glory of finding this marvellous secret of showing women naked in their clothes. They cannot swear, says Seneca, that they are not naked when they are dressed in this manner. Publius Syrus, with greater boldness of expression, says,

Æquum est induere nuptam ventum texilem?
Palam prostrare nudam in nebula linea?

A woven wind shall wedded women wear
And naked in a linen cloud appear.

And Horace too, saucily writes

Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam.

Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye
The Coan fair——

all the energy of his genius to increase the splendour of the religious ceremonies of his native isle. He has the honour of having added an eighth string to the lyre, but his greatest praise arises from the prudent advice which he gave to monarchs; and especially to Hiero, of Syracuse, whom he restrained from mad projects which only served to disturb the tranquillity of his neighbours and interrupt the repose of his own people. But he was not the real poet in his disposition. He was too fond of amassing wealth, and he entertained the base maxims, that he would rather enrich his enemies by his death than be indebted to his friends during his life: that we were all vicious and he had never met with one perfect man: and, that it is right for a poet to sell his genius to that wealth which covets the meed of venal praise. Yet notwithstanding these just objections to his character, no man in Greece was ever more universally admired. Such is the seductive influence of splendid talents that we often forget they are accompanied by principles and vices which degrade them below ignorance.

The wit of our new friend was a great addition to the pleasures of our voyage, and we arrived at Athens even sooner than we could have wished. Hipparchus welcomed us by seizing our right hands* with a warmth of cordiality which evinced his satisfaction. He remembered the poet to whose songs he had listened with such rapture in his earlier days, and he did not forget the many convivial hours which we had passed together.

The first object of my inquiries was to ascertain the situation of Myrilla, and I learned, with inexpressible satisfaction, that she resided on the banks of the Ilyssus, at no great distance from Athens. I was also informed, with an arch smile, by one of her female friends, that she was still unmarried. I resolved to visit her as soon as I could quit the city, and to terminate the miserable uncertainty in which I had lived, by proposing to wed her.

On the day after our arrival a sumptuous banquet was prepared, and among the numerous guests whom Hipparchus had summoned to do honour to his visiters, we delighted to recognize the face of many a former friend. They were no less pleased at the sight of Anacreon, which recalled the recollection of events upon which they had often expiated since his departure. But his venerable appearance told them how many days had passed away, and re-

*The most common salutation was by joining their right hands as a pledge of friendship. This ceremony, says Harwood in his valuable work on Grecian Antiquities, was very ancient. (Hom. Odyss. v. 35.) Hence δεξιωσθαι is sometimes joined with ασπαζεσθαι; (Aristoph. Plut.) Sometimes they kissed the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations. There was a particular sort of kiss, called χυλιον (Suidas) or, χυλικα (Pollux) the pot; when they took the person, like a pot, by both his ears; which was chiefly used towards children, (Tibull. lib. 2.) though sometimes by men and women; (Theocrit. Idyl. 1. v. 132.) when the guests were admitted (to a feast) they did not immediately sit down to table, but spent some time in viewing and commending the room and furniture. (Aristoph. Vesp.—Athenæ. lib. 4. cap. 27.)

minded them of the mournful truth that genius and mirth are not immortal.

The poet, however, discountenanced such reflections: "Let us live," said he, "while we are here. Old Charon will find trouble enough for us hereafter; but man was never made to mourn on this side the Styx. Though I be old in years I am yet young in pleasures. Come, a harp—a harp—my voice has not become tremulous. Give me a harp and you shall hear an old man's song."

A slave having produced the instrument, Hipparchus took a large cup, which was curiously wrought and inlaid with precious stones, and filled it with wine. Having drank a part of the contents, he exclaimed "πρυτινω σοι καλως," and sent the cup to Anacreon, who replied "λαμβανω ασμου ηδιστου." Then drinking a part of the liquor, he gave the cup to the person on his right, and in a song thus silenced the fears of our friends.

OLD AGE.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!*
Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honied wave!
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

They were highly charmed with this proof that the lustre of his genius had not been dimmed by time. The old age of Anacreon was indeed enviable. Instead of being disturbed by those personal cares and anxieties which had harassed his youthful days, he now glided down the vale of life serene and calm. Pleasure accompanied his steps, while Hope ever directed them to future joys. No timid Fears agitated his breast: no anxious Cares perplexed his

*Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary. M.

meditations. If Love did sometimes inflict unusual pains, in the fragrant groves that covered the plains of Greece, the inspirations of the Muse diffused a soft serenity through his soul, as he viewed the setting sun pouring its latest rays on the waters of Ilyssus. Then, in the stillness of night, when no cloud seemed to envy the lustre of the moon, would he waft his murmuring sounds over the tranquil surface, and Fancy in her wildest moods would visit his contemplations and show some kinder maid. She would bid him no longer linger in retirement, but seek the crowded carousals—no longer should the song of complaint echo on the green banks, but his lyre be heard in the mirthful scenes of joy and love. And often too, would some blessed reality visit his retreat, and, with seducing blandishments, lead him to the festive dance.

To one who passed his days so sweetly, such forebodings were unpleasant. He told them that the hilarity of the hour should not be disturbed by reflections which were better suited for the closet than the bowl.

"Keep such dry disquisitions," said he, "for the groves of the Academus, and let us have nought but music and wit to give zest to our wine."

As an additional proof that he had lost nothing of the powers or desires of his youth, he then filled a cup and drank it off without taking breath. Upon seeing this we exclaimed, according to the custom at Athens, "Long may you live."

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.*

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this; and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!†
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!

---

*Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν σοφιαν μακαριοι φυγετε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles. M.

†By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Αυσιος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Properties, "Cynthia Aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman, "golden." M.

Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;*
And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!†

But Corax,‡ the Syracusan, who was then beginning to establish a school of Rhetorick, was resolved not to relinquish the subject, and he resumed the conversation. His pertinacity was rewarded by a bitter mortification, for the mirth of the poet was better relished than the serious subtlety of the rhetorician, and he, at length was obliged to retire from the banquet overwhelmed with chagrin.

"Come," said Anacreon, "let us pour a libation to a being who teaches real happiness with much greater facility than any Divinity that presides over Rhetorick."

The cup of good genius, or Bacchus, the inventor of wine, was then filled and all the guests drank of it, at the same time offering a prayer to the god that he would preserve them from intemperance and indecorum.

Corax, a guest of the fly tribe,‖ had drunk the cup for health, that for cheerfulness, and the third for sleep, and as it did not accord with his rigid mode of life to indulge in those which are devoted to pleasant hours, to the Graces, to Venus and Bacchus, the old law of "drink or depart" (Η πιθι, η απιθι), was put in force against him, and we were released from his morose observations. But before he left us he threatened to complain to the senate of Areopagus in order that we might be punished for wasting our time in idleness.

Anacreon then sang the following song, and we cheerfully acquiesced in his opinion.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

---

*Petronius has the same mournful reflection—"I always enjoy the present day as if I did not expect to see another." H.

†Horace has caught the spirit of this.

——And, in the realms of fabled shades below,
The pining Ghost no joy shall know.

Dunscombe.

‡It is generally supposed that Corax flourished a century after Anacreon. H.

‖Those who went to entertainments where they were not welcome were called *μυιαι, muscæ*, flies. (*Plaut.* Penul. act. 3. sc. 3. v. 7. Plaut. Mercat. act. 2. sc. 3. v. 26.) Flies were deemed an emblem of a man of perseverance, because when beaten away they return. (Iliad ζ. v. 570. Har. Aut. Græc. 423.) In modern language these persons are called *Sponges:* there is more wit in the Grecian denomination. H.

Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no! the walk of life is dark;
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!*
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls, that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

---

*The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Λυσμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον, &c.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly, my belov'd, to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam;
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly,
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

M.

Ours was not one of those carousals where vociferation is exchanged for tranquillity, and noise supplies the place of humour. The wit was not excited by the temporary exhilaration of wine, nor was the mirth of that sort which is purchased at the expense of reason, and followed by repentance. Our host was not one of those whose vanity is gratified by ostentation, and whose pleasures are derived from the adulation of the sycophant. The company was composed of men, who, in the consciousness of intellectual acquirements, disdained the haughtiness of wealth, and rejected the seductions of a munificence that would degrade them to inferiority. Their encomium was not to be purchased by a lavish prodigality, nor was their sincerity to be corrupted by the adventitious splendour of power.* Hipparchus appeared as a King, and he was respected: he had displayed his abilities as a writer and he was admired: he was a friend and he was beloved. In the evening of my life I can reflect, not without melancholy sensations, upon the intercourse I then enjoyed with the most brilliant men of their age; and, as I sadly remember the days that have rolled on, I sigh to think how many of my friends have quitted the scene!

The following little glee which Anacreon had composed previous to his departure from Athens on his visit to Polycrates, was sung by one of the company.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,

---

*Such a society reminds him who can estimate its value, of Drayton's *Description of Elysium*, an ancient poem, which has unaccountably fallen into neglect. I will transcribe a few verses from it.

Here, in perpetual summer's shade
  Apollo's prophets sit
Among the flowers that never fade,
  But flourish like their wit.

The poet's paradise this is,
  To which but few can come,
The Muse's only bower of bliss,
  Their dear Elysium.

Here happy souls, (their blessed bowers
  Free from the rude resort
Of vulgar people) spend the hours
  In harmless mirth and sport. H.

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!*

Immediately after he had concluded, Anacreon, who was pleased by the delicacy of the compliment, caught the harp and sung one of the most moral and tender strains I had ever heard from him.†

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,

---

*Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl:

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassée nos années,
Ne regardez que mon amour.

Peut-être en serez vous emue,
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old:

My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

†The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted, his love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ος κρητηρι παρα πλειω συνποταζων, &c.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream;
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour. M.

Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound the unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

Having by this time become much warmed by the wine, others of the party sung. The music of one was calculated to soften the fiercer passions, and the praises of departed heroes were chaunted by another. At one moment the heart was elated by the light and cheerful Scholia, and in the next restrained by the more serious Spondaia, in which the moral duties were inculcated. Sometimes we all joined in a chorus, or a lute or harp was carried round for those who were able to contribute, in that way, to the amusement of the company. To those who could not play, a branch of myrtle or laurel was sent, and the person who received it was obliged to sing. This was called singing towards the myrtle or laurel.

When the songs were ended we betook ourselves to the amusements which were usually practised at that time in Athens. The more active amused themselves in wrestling, leaping, throwing the quoit, and other robust exercises. The sport denominated Kotabos was thus carried on: a piece of wood being erected, another was placed upon the top of it, with a dish extended from each extremity, resembling scales. Beneath each dish was placed a vessel filled with water, in which stood a statue, made chiefly of brass. They who played at the Kotabos stood at a distance, holding a cup filled with wine or water, which they endeavoured to cast into one of the dishes, that it might fall upon the head of the statue under it. He who spilled least water, and forced the dish with most violence against the statue, was victorious and thought to reign in the heart of his mistress. In this sport the Athenians took so much delight, that houses were erected for the accomodation of those who played at it. Others of the company placed empty vials in a vessel full of water, and he who sunk the greatest number of vials by throwing wine into them from cups, won the prize. Some threw dice, and a few made wagers who should keep awake longest.

The more serious deliberated upon the affairs of the country; particularly those who were members of the supreme council, who supped every day together in the Prytaneum. In one corner the loudest bursts of laughter were excited by the scintillations of wit, which abashed the reciters of harmonious verse who occupied another.

When the morning peeped upon the perfumed couches, those who remained, sacrificed to Mercury the tongues of the animals which had been served at the entertainment. This was a just homage to the god of eloquence, and likewise an indication that what had been said was not to be repeated.

This custom is very ancient, having been in use by our ancestors when they begirt the walls of Troy.

The entertainment being ended, we washed our hands, filled the cup of health, extinguished our torches, and repaired to our respective dwellings.

As Simonides had never before visited Athens, we took an early opportunity to conduct him through the city. If he had been charmed with the hospitality of Hipparchus, he was no less surprised at the magnificence which reigned throughout the seat of his government. Edifices which time had made venerable, displayed their imposing fronts on every side: brilliant specimens of sculpture attracted the wonder of the beholder, while the most exquisite productions of the pencil embellished the porticos of the rich and the temples of the Gods. The arts and sciences spoke in every corner of the city in the industry and ingenuity of their various professors.

The noble brothers, whose only emulation appeared to have been to outvie each other in promoting the happiness and extending the fame of Attica, had observed with concern, the paucity of books and the difficulty of multiplying copies of them. To obviate these inconveniences they had caused to be placed in all the highways of Attica, marble figures of Mercury, on which were engraven certain pithy and brief maxims of morality, such as these:—*Ever let Justice be your guide: Never violate the rights of friendship: Let not passion usurp the seat of reason, &c.*

Our enthusiasm was kindled by the sight of statues which had been erected to the memory of the heroes who had nobly died for their country. We went to the Prytaneum where we found a number of heroic men bowed down by the hand of old age or unnerved by the exertions of the field.

These were supported by the generous polity of the laws of their country at the expense of the state. On our left we beheld the superb Temple of Victory, which is decorated by the pencil of Polygnotus. Beyond the suburbs of the city the eye was wearied in seeking the summit of Mount Hymettus, where the bees deposit their sweets, and the thyme diffuses its fragrance; and it was agreeably relieved by the distant prospect of the river Ilyssus

which meandered at its base. Near it we saw the Colonian hill where the poets of Athens delighted to wander, and the tributary stream of Cephisus which lavished its waters on the Ilyssus.

When Simonides had viewed these and other objects which we showed him, he exclaimed in the words of the poet Lysippus,—"whoever does not desire to see Athens is stupid; whoever sees it without being delighted is still more stupid; but the height of stupidity, is to see it, to admire it, and to leave it."

We returned to the Palace, where chambers had been assigned for us, pleased and fatigued by our excursion. As we found a number of the poets of Athens awaiting our arrival, Simonides requested Anacreon to favour us with some music. He accordingly strung a harp and sung an ode, which he said he had composed one morning upon being awakened from a rapturous dream by the fluttering of a swallow.

TO A SWALLOW.

Tell me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?*
Or, as Tereus did of old†
(So the fabled tale is told)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme,)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

After this he sung the following lines on a grasshopper, which were composed on an occasion somewhat similar.

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,‡

*The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

†Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphosis to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

‡"Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who

That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the *bloomy* plain,
We hear thy sweet, prophetic strain;
Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy *shrilly* tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st—a little deity!

"It has often occurred to me as a matter of surprise," said Simonides, when Anacreon concluded, "that a poet so gifted by the Gods with all the arts of pleasing, should have devoted so much of his life to the vain employment of celebrating the praises of women."

"To please and be pleased is the business of our life," replied Anacreon, "and where can we derive more exquisite delight than from the conversation of a lovely woman. Their smiles irradiate the most gloomy temperament, and when I am absent from their society all is silence and solitude."

"That there is silence when we are beyond the reach of their tongues," said Simonides, "I grant you, but how can you strive to win the favour of a being so inconstant and capricious? A long probation of sighs and tears, of flattery and fawning, may win a smile which in an instant becomes a frown."

"Ah, my good Simonides," said Anacreon, "it is that very inconstancy which produces the pleasures that I have sought. Variety is the essence of every pleasure; and every enjoyment increases in delight in proportion as it is difficult of attainment. Thus, when after one of those sieges of perseverance which you describe, I find the fair inexorable or fickle, I seek another, and

says 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives'?" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it. M.

the pursuit is not less agreeable than the completion. Critias can tell you how delightfully passed my days while I enjoyed the society of the faithless Euryphyle. At Samos I found others equally beautiful and more constant, and at Lesbos I left one more charming than any, who now awaits my return with all the anxiety of love."

"But I can tell *you*," said I, "whose heart is even more susceptible and more wavering than that of a woman, the pangs that flow from such conduct when we seek in a woman, a companion who is to share the vicissitudes of a whole life. When we seek her with all the ardour of affection, devote our days to the contemplation of her virtues and pass our nights in dreaming of her charms. No, no, Anacreon, it may suit the disposition of one whose desires are fleeting and transient, but let him who seeks permanent happiness and a tranquil mind, avoid the smiles of a woman!"

"That is the rhapsody of disappointed love, and not the opinion of a man," said Anacreon. "Critias mourns the loss of the lovely Myrilla, and he has some romantick notions about constancy, which prevent him from forming a true estimate of real pleasure. Women are the instruments, not the sources of delight. Were we not so foolishly fond of them, we might make them pursue instead of awaiting the pursuit; and instead of breathing disconsolate sighs we should hear them from every side."*

There was something sarcastick in these observations, but my reply was zealous and prompt.

"Whatever disappointments I may have experienced, Anacreon, they have not made me a cynick. I have still the same exalted opinion of the female sex, that I have ever cherished. It is in matrimony alone that their power and worth is truly felt. How delightful to reflect that we have at all times one faithful friend, whose words are the language of kindness and who ever meets us with a smile. Her bosom is the cradle where every uneasiness is lulled to repose, and in her friendship, which time cannot cool nor difficulties destroy, we find an oracle which seldom deceives. Whether your prospects be clouded by adversity or gilded with brightest colours by the rays of a benignant sun, she is still the same. Such an intercourse is so felicitous that I pity the man, who neglects it for the desultory life of a voluptuary."

"The God who placed us here," said I, "has contrived various means to promote the sweet union of love. All the soft and winning graces, the sweet smiles of attractive beauty, the retiring blush of modesty, the charming fears of dependent weakness, and

*Honest Ben Jonson entertained the same heresy:

Follow a shadow: it flies you;
Seem to fly it—it will pursue;
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone she will court you.

the tender apprehensions of the feeling heart, are, for this purpose appropriated to that lovely sex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expressive eyes, what delicate complexions are they distinguished! In many of them, too, beauty is their least praise: for theirs are the finer ornaments of the mind, sense embellished and humanized by an habitual softness of manners, and knowledge collected from the luxuriant stores of the Muses. Theirs is the practice of every social and moral duty. All the virtues that are founded in the sensibility of the heart are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of angels, and friendship, the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breast. What a forlorn, how savage a creature, would man be without the meliorating influence of the plastick sex! How much are his mind and manners refined by the delicate passion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections that he cultivates all the embellishing and elegant graces? Does he not imitate her polished manners, and acquire, as it were, by sympathy, her tender and delicate sentiments? After the endearing union of their loves and interests, when mutual confidence has removed every apprehension, what are the pleasures he may not enjoy? How are his cares softened, his prospects brightened, his delights increased! How ungrateful then, to reproach that sex, from which he derives so vast a portion of virtue and true felicity!"*

"I have listened to each of you," said Simonides, interrupting me, "and you but confirm me in the opinion I have long held, respecting one of your comforts of life. A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one. You know that I am a firm believer in the new doctrine of pre-existence, and therefore I regard with mildness the various frailties and imperfections which I find in women, because I believe them to be inherent in their very constitution. The souls of womankind are made out of different materials and in a separate state from their bodies.

"The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her dress and her family is no better than a dirt-hill.

"A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such a one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtues and some vices.

"A third sort of women are constructed of canine particles. These are what we call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken; that are always busy and barking; that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

*This passage is transcribed from a MS. common-place book. I make this note lest it may not be original. H.

"The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves to no kind of business, with alacrity, but eating.

"The fifth kind of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness would cry her up as a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, and she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

"The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are by nature exceedingly slothful, but when the husband exerts his authority they will live upon hard fare and do every thing to please him. They are, however, far from being averse to the pleasures of love, and they seldom refuse a male companion.

"The cat furnishes materials for a seventh species of woman. They are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the faces of their husband when he offers to approach them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

"The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of woman. These are they who have little regard for their husbands; who pass their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy."

"The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured; who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

"The tenth and last species of woman were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such a one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She never sits among the tribe of base women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow upon man."*

(*To be continued.*)

*These characters of women have been translated by Addison and inserted in the Spectator, No. ccxx. H.

Art. XIV. *The Ayrshire Legatees; Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

On Friday, Miss Mally Glencairn received a brief note from Mrs. Pringle, informing her, that she and the Doctor would reach the manse, "God willing," in time for tea on Saturday; and begging her therefore to go over from Irvine, and see that the house was in order for their reception. This note was written from Glasgow, where they had arrived, in their own carriage, from Carlisle on the preceding day, after encountering, as Mrs. Pringle said, "more hardships and extorshioning than all the dangers of the sea which they met with in the smack of Leith that took them to London."

As soon as Miss Mally received this intelligence, she went to Miss Isabella Todd, and requested her company for the next day to Garnock, were they arrived betimes to dine with Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Snodgrass after enjoying his dinner society with Miss Mally and Miss Isabella, thought it necessary to despatch a courier, in the shape of a barefooted servant lass, to Mr. Micklewham, to inform the elders that the Doctor was expected home in time for tea, leaving it to their discretion either to greet his safe return at the manse, or in any other form or manner that would be most agreeable to themselves. These important news were soon diffused though the clachan. Mr. Micklewham dismissed his school an hour before the wonted time, and there was a universal interest and curiosity excited to see the Doctor coming home in his own coach. All the boys of Garnock assembled at the brae-head which commands an extensive view of the Kilmarnock road, the only one from Glasgow that runs though the parish; the wifes with their sucklings were seated on the large stones at their respective door cheeks; while their cats were calmly reclining on the window soles. The lassie weans, like clustering bees, were mounted on the carts that stood before Thomas Birlpenny the vintner's door, churming with anticipated delight; the old man took their stations on the dike that encloses the side of the vintner's kail-yard, and a batch, "of wabster lads," with green aprons and thin yellow faces, planted themselves at the gable of the malt kiln, where they were wont, when trade was better, to play at the handball; "but poor fellows," says Mr. M'Gruel, "since the trade fell off, they have had no heart for the game, and the vintner's half-mutchkin stoups glitter in empty splendour unrequired on the shelf below the brazen skonce above the bracepiece, amidst the idle pewter-pepper-boxes, the bright copper tea-kettle, the coffee-pot that has never been in use, and lids of saucepans, that have survived their principals,—the wonted ornaments of every trig change-house kitchen.'

The season was far advanced: but the sun shone at his setting

with a glorious composure, and the birds in the hedges and on the boughs were again gladdened into song. The leaves had fallen thickly, and the stubble fields were bare, but Autumn in her many-coloured mantle,—her tartan plaid, as Mr. M'Gruel with a tasteful nationality calls it—was seen still walking with matronly composure in the woodlands, along the brow of the neighbouring hills.

About half past four o'clock, a movement was seen among the callans at the braehead, and a shout announced that a carriage was in sight. It was answered by a murmuring response of satisfaction from the whole village. In the course of a few minutes the carriage reached the turnpike—it was of the darkest green and the gravest fashion,—a large trunk, covered with Russian matting and fastened on with cords, prevented from chafing it by knots of straw rope, occupied the front,—behind, other two were fixed in the same manner, the lesser of course uppermost; and deep beyond a pile of light bundles and bandboxes, that occupied a large portion of the interior, the blithe faces of the Doctor and Mrs. Pringle were discovered. The boys huzzaed, the Doctor flung them pennypieces, and the Mistress baubees.

As the carriage drove along, the old men on the dike stood up and reverently took off their hats and bonnets. The weaver lads gazed with a melancholy smile; the lassies on the carts clapped their hands with joy; the women on both sides of the street acknowledged the recognising nods; while all the village dogs, surprised by the sound of chariot wheels, came baying and barking forth, and sent off the cats that were so doucely sitting on the window soles, clambering and scamping over the roofs in terror of their lives.

When the carriage reached the manse door, Mr. Snodgrass, the two ladies, with Mr. Micklewham, and all the elders except Mr. Craig, were there ready to receive the travellers. But over this joy of welcoming we must draw a veil; for the first thing that the Doctor did, on entering the parlour, and before sitting down, was to return thanks for his safe restoration to his home and people.

The carriage was then unloaded, and as package, bale, box, and bundle where successively brought in, Miss Mally Glencairn expressed her admiration at the great capacity of the chaise.—"Ay," said Mrs. Pringle, "but you know not what we have suffert for't in coming through among the English taverns on the road; some of them would not take us forward when there was a hill to pass, unless we would take four horses, and every one after another reviled us for having no mercy in loading the carriage like a wagon,—and then the drivers were so gleg and impudent, that it was worse than martyrdom to come with them. Had the Doctor taken my advice he would have brought our own civil London coachman, whom we hired with his own horses by the job; but he said it behoved us to gie our ain fish guts to our ain seamaws, and that he designed to fee Thomas Birlpenny's hostler for our coachman.

being a lad of the parish. This obliged us to post it from London, but, oh! Miss Mally, what an outlay it has been!"

The Doctor in the mean time had entered into conversation with the gentlemen, and was inquiring in the most particular manner respecting all his parishioners, and expressing his surprise that Mr. Craig had not been at the manse with the rest of the elders.—"It does not look well," said the Docter. Mr. Daff, however, offered the best apology for his absence that could be made.—"He has had a gentle dispensation, sir—Mrs. Craig has won a wa out of this sinful world, poor woman, she had a large experience o't; but the bairn's to the fore, and Mrs. Glibbans, that has such a cast of grace, has ta'en charge of the house since before the interment. It's thought, considering what's by gane, Mr. Craig may do waur than make her mistress, and I hope, sir, your exhortation will no be wanting to egg the honest man to think o't seriously."

Mr. Snodgrass before delivering the household keys, ordered two bottles of wine, with glasses and biscuit, to be set out on the table, while Mrs. Pringle produced from a paper package, that had helped to stuff one of the pockets of the carriage, a piece of rich plumcake, brought all the way from a confectioner's in Cockspur Street, London, not only for the purpose of being eaten, but, as she said, to let Miss Nanny Eydent pree, in order to direct the Irvine bakers how to bake others like it.

Tea was then brought in; and, as it was making, the Doctor talked aside to the elders, while Mrs. Pringle recounted to Miss Mally and Miss Isabella the different incidents of her adventures subsequent to the marriage of Miss Rachel.

"The young folk," said she, "having gone to Brighton, we followed them in a few days, for we were told it was a curiosity, and that the king has a palace there, just a warld's wonder! and truly, Miss Mally, it is certainly not like a house for a creature of this world, but for some grand Turk or Chinaman, being adorned with things like ingans and leeks. The Doctor said, it put him in mind of Miss Jenny Macbride's side-board in the Stockwell of Glasgow; where all the pepper-boxes, poories, and tea-pots, punch-bowls, and China-candlesticks of her progenitors, are set out for a show, that tells her visiters, they are but seldom put to use. As for the town of Brighton, it's what I would call a gawky piece of London. I could see nothing in it but a wheen idlers, hearing two lads, at night, crying, 'Five, six, seven for a shilling,' in the booksellers' shops, with a play-actor lady singing in a corner, because her voice would not do for the players' stage.—Therefore, having seen the Captain and Mrs. Sabre off to France, we came home to London; but it's not to be told what we had to pay at the hotel where we staid in Brighton. Howsomever having come back to London, we settled our counts, and buying a

few necessars, we prepared for Scotland,—and here we are. But travelling has surely a fine effect in enlarging the understanding; for both the Doctor and me thought, as we came along that every thing had a smaller and poorer look than when we went away: and I dinna think this room is just what it used to be. What think ye o't; Miss Isabella? How would ye like to spend your days in't?"

Miss Isabella redened at this question; but Mrs. Pringle, who was as prudent as she was observant, affecting not to notice this, turned round to Miss Mally Glencairn, and said softly in her ear, —"Rachel was Bell's confident, and has told us all about what's going on between her and Mr. Snodgrass. We have agreed no to stand in their way, as soon as the Doctor can get a mailing or two to secure his money upon."

Meantime, the Doctor received from the elders a very satisfactory account of all that had happened among his people, both in and out of the session, during his absence; and he was vastly pleased to find, there had been no inordinate increase of wickedness; at the same time, he was grieved for the condition in which the poor weavers still continued, saying, that among other things of which he had been of late meditating, was the setting up of a lending bank in the parish for the labouring classes, where, when they were out of work, "bits of loans for a house rent, or a brat of claes, or sic like, might be granted, to be repaid when trade grew better, and thereby take away the objection that an honest pride had to receiving help from the session."

Then some lighter general conversation ensued, in which the Doctor gave his worthy counsellors a very jocose description of many of the lesser sort of adventures which he had met with; and the ladies having retired to inspect the great bargains that Mrs. Pringle had got, and the splendid additions she had made to her wardrobe, out of what she denominated the dividends of the present portion of the legacy; the Doctor ordered in the second biggest toddy bowl, the guardevine with the old rum, and told the lassie to see if the tea-kettle was still boiling, "Ye maun drink our welcome hame," said he to the elders; "it would nae otherwise be canny. But I'm sorry Mr. Craig has nae come." At these words the door opened, and the absent elder entered, with a long face, and a deep sigh. "Ha!" cried Mr. Daff, "this is very droll. Speak of the Evil One, and he'll appear;"—which words dinted on the heart of Mr. Craig, who thought his marriage in December had been the subject of their discourse.—The Doctor, however, went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Now I take this very kind, Mr. Craig, for I could not have expected you considering ye have got, as I am told, your jo in the house;" at which words the Doctor winked paukily to Mr. Daff, who rubbed his hands with fainness, and gave a good-humoured

sort of keckling laugh. This facetious stoke of policy was a great relief to the afflicted elder, for he saw by it that the Doctor did not mean to trouble him with any inquiries respecting his deceased wife; and, in consequence, he put on a blither mask, and really affected to have forgotten her already more than he had done in sincerity.

Thus the night passed in decent temperance, and a happy decorum; insomuch, that the elders, when they went away, either by the influence of the toddy bowl, or the Doctor's funny stories about the Englishers, declared that he was an excellent man, and, being none lifted up, was worthy of his rich legacy.

At supper, the party, besides the minister and Mrs. Pringle, consisted of the two Irvine ladies, and Mr. Snodgrass. Mis Becby Glibbans came in when it was about half over, to express her mother's sorrow at not being able to call that night, "Mr. Craig's bairn having taken an ill turn." The truth, however, was, that the worthy elder had been rendered somewhat tozy by the minister's toddy, and wanted an opportunity to inform the old lady of the joke that had been played upon him, by the Doctor calling her his jo, and to see how she would relish it. So, by a little address, Miss Becky was sent out of the way, with the excuse we have noticed; at the same time, as the night was rather sharp, it is not to be supposed that she would have been the bearer of any such message, had her own curiosity not enticed her.

During supper, the conversation was very lively. Many "pickant jokes," as Miss Becky described them to Mr. M'Gruel were cracked by the Doctor; but, soon after the table was cleared, he touched Mr. Snodgrass on the arm, and, taking up one of the candles, went with him to his study, where he then told him, that Rachel Pringle, now Mrs. Sabre, had informed him of a way in which he could do him a service.—"I understand, sir," said the Doctor, "that you have a notion of Miss Bell Todd, but that, until ye get a kirk, there can be no marriage. But the auld horse may die waiting for the new grass; and therefore, as the Lord has put it in my power to do a good action both to you and my people,—whom I am glad to hear you have pleased so well,—if it can be brought about that you could be made helper and successor, I'll no object to give up to you the whole stipend, and, by and by, may be the manse to the bargain. But that is if you marry Miss Bell; for it was a promise that Rachel gar't me make to her on her wedding morning. Ye know she was a forecasting lassie, and, I have reason to believe, has said nothing anent this to Miss Bell herself; so that if you have no partiality for Miss Bell, things will just rest on their old footing; but if you have a notion, it must be a satisfaction to you to know this, as it will be a pleasure to me to carry it as soon as possible into effect."

Mr. Snodgrass was a good deal agitated; he was taken by sur-

prise, and without words the Doctor might have guessed his sentiments; he however, frankly confessed that he did entertain a very high opinion of Miss Bell, but that he was not sure if a country parish would exactly suit him. "Never mind that," said the Doctor; "if it does not fit at first, you will get used to it; and if a better casts up, it will be no obstacle."

The two gentlemen then rejoined the ladies, and, after a short conversation, Miss Becky Glibbans was admonished to depart, by the servants bringing in the Bibles for the worship of the evening. This was usually performed before supper. but, owing to the bowl being on the table, and the company jocose, it had been postponed till all the guests who where not to sleep in the house had departed.

The Sunday morning was fine and bright for the season; the hoar frost, till about an hour after sunrise, lay white on the grass and tombstones in the churchyard; but before the bell rung for the congregation to assemble, it was exhaled away; and a freshness, that was only known to be antumnal by the fallen and yellow leaves that strewed the churchway path, from the ash and plane-trees in the avenue, encouraged the spirits to sympathize with the universal cheerfulness of all nature.

The return of the Doctor had been bruited through the parish with so much expedition, that when the bell rung for public worship, none of those who were in the practice of stopping in the churchyard to talk about the weather, were so ignorant as not to have heard of this important fact. In consequence, before the time at which the Doctor was wont to come from the back gate which opened from the manse garden into the churchyard, a great majority of his people were assembled to receive him.

At the last jingle of the bell the back gate was usually opened, and the Doctor was wont to come forth as punctually as a cuckoo of a clock at the striking of the hour; but a deviation was observed on this occasion. Formerly, Mrs. Pringle, and the rest of the family came first, and a few minutes were allowed to elapse before the Doctor, laden with grace, made his appearance. But at this time, either because it had been settled that Mr. Snodgrass was to officiate, or for some other reason, there was a breach in the observance of this time-honoured custom.

As the ringing of the bell ceased, the gate unclosed, and the Doctor came forth. He was of that easy sort of feather-bed corpulency of form that betokens good nature, and had none of that smooth, red, well filled protuberancy, which indicates a choleric humour and a testy temper. He was in fact what Mrs. Glibbans denominated "a man of a gausy external." And some little change during his absence had taken place in his visible equipage. His stockings, which were wont to be of worsted, had undergone a translation into silk; his waistcoast, instead of the venerable

Presbyterian flap-covers to the pockets, which were of Johnsonian magnitude, was become plain; his coat, in all times single-breasted, with no collar, still however maintained its ancient characteristics; instead, however of the former bright black cast horn, the buttons, were covered with cloth. But the chief alteration was discernible in the furniture of the head. He had exchanged the simplicity of his own respectable gray hairs for the cauliflower hoariness of a PARRISH* wig, on which he wore a broad brimmed hat, turned up a little at each side behind, in a portentous manner, indicatory of Episcopalian predilections. This, however, was not justified by any alteration in his principles; being merely an innocent variation of fashion, the natural result of a Doctor of Divinity buying a hat and wig in London.

The moment that the Doctor made his appearance, his greeting and salutation was quite delightful; it was that of a father returned to his children, and a king to his people.

Almost immediately after the Doctor, Mrs. Pringle, followed by Miss Mally Glencairn and Miss Isabella Todd also debouched from the gate, and the assembled females remarked, with no less instinct, the transmutation which she had undergone. She was dressed in a dark blue cloth pelisse, trimmed with a died fur, which, as she told Miss Mally, "looked quite as well as sable, without costing a third of the money." A most matronly muff, that, without being of sable, was of an excellent quality, contained her hands; and a very large Leghorn straw bonnet decorated richly, but far from excess, with a most substantial band and bow of a broad crimson satin ribbon around her head.

If the Doctor was gratified to see his people so gladly thronging around him, Mrs. Pringle had no less pleasure also in her thrice-welcome reception. It was an understood thing, that she had been mainly instrumental in enabling the Minister to get his great Indian legacy, and in whatever estimation she may have been previously held for her economy and management, she was now looked up to as a personage skilled in the law, and particularly versed in testamentary erudition. Accordingly, in the customary testimonials of homage with which she was saluted in her passage to the church door, there was evidently a sentiment of veneration mingled, such as had never been evinced before, and which was neither unobserved nor unappreciated by that acute and perspicacious lady.

The Doctor himself did not preach, but sat in the Minister's pew till Mr. Snodgrass had concluded an eloquent and truly an affecting sermon; at the end of which he rose and went up into the pulpit, where he publicly returned thanks for the favours and

* See the Edinburgh Review, for an account of our old friend Dr. Parr's wig, and Spital Sermon.

blessings he had obtained during his absence, and for the safety in which he had been restored, after many dangers and tribulations, to the affections of his parishioners.

"Such," to use the precise words of Mr. M'Gruel—"such were the principal circumstances that marked the return of my excellent friend and neighbour to his parish. In the course of the week after, the estate of Moneypennies being for sale, it was bought for the Doctor. It was considered a great bargain, the property having been materially improved by a Glasgow manufacturer, who bought it about twenty years ago, but who unfortunately failed in buisness last year. It was not, however, on account of the advantageous nature of the purchase that the Doctor valued this acquisition, but entirely because it was situated in his own parish, and part of the lands marching with the Glebe."

The previous owner of Moneypennies had built an elegant house on the estate, to which Mrs. Pringle is at present actively preparing to remove from the manse, and it is understood, that as Mr. Snodgrass was last week declared helper and successor to the Doctor, his marriage with Miss Isabella Todd will take place with all convenient expedition, "I have also," continues our Kilwinning correspondent, "reason to believe, that as soon as decorum will permit, any scruple which Mrs. Glibbans had to a second marriage is now removed, and that she will soon again grace the happy circle of wives by the name of Mrs. Craig. Indeed, I am assured that Miss Nanny Eydent is actually at this time employed in making up her wedding garments; for, last week, that worthy and respectable young person was known to have visited Baillie Delap's shop, at a very early hour in the morning; and to have priced many things of a bridal character, besides getting swatches; after which she was seen to go to Mrs. Glibbans house, where she remained a very considerable time, and to return straight therefrom to the shop, and purchase divers of the articles which she had priced and inspected;—all which constitute sufficient grounds for the general opinion in Irvine, that the union of Mr. Craig with Mrs. Glibbans is a happy event drawing near to consummation."

ART. XV.— *Poetry.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

As she sleeps behold the bee
Perch'd upon her glowing lip,
Foolish insect! vainly he
Would honey from the coral sip!

Smile not man in fond conceit,
As the baffled insect flies;
Female lips will sometimes cheat
Wiser heads than that poor bee's!

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERTS.

CALL it not Loneliness, to dwell
In woodland shade, or hermit dell;
To pierce the forest's twilight maze,
Or from the Alpine summit gaze;
For Nature there all joyous reigns,
And fills with life her wild domains;
A bird's light wing may break the air,
A fairy stream may murmur there;
A bee the mountain-rose may seek,
A chamois bound from peak to peak;
An eagle, rushing to the sky,
Wake the deep echoes with his cry;
And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,
Some voice, though not of man, is near.

But he, whose weary step has trac'd
Mysterious Afric's awful waste,
Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath view'd,
Can tell thee what is Solitude!
It is, to traverse lifeless plains
Where everlasting stillness reigns;
And billowy sands, and dazzling sky,
Seem boundless, as Infinity!
It is, to sink with speechless dread
In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,
Sever'd from earthly being's trace,
Alone amidst unmeasur'd space.

'Tis noon—and fearfully profound
Silence is on the desert round.
Supreme she reigns, above, beneath,
With all the attributes of Death!
No bird the blazing heav'n may dare,
No insect 'bide the scorching air;
The ostrich, though of sun-born race,
Seeks a more shelter'd dwelling-place;
The lion slumbers in his lair,
The serpent shuns the noontide glare;
But slowly winds the patient train
Of camels, o'er the blasted plain,
Where they and man may brave alone
The terrors of the burning zone.

Faint not, oh Pilgrims! though on high
As a volcano flame the sky;

Shrink not, though, as a furnace glow,
The dark red seas of sand below;
Though not a shadow, save your own,
Across the dread expanse is thrown:
Mark, where your feverish lips to lave,
Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave!
Urge your tir'd camels on, and take
Your rest beside yon glist'ning lake;
Thence, haply, cooler gales may spring,
And fan your brows with lighter wing.
Lo! nearer now, its glassy tide
Reflects the date-tree on its side:
Speed on! pure draughts and genial air,
And verdant shade await you there;
Oh! glimpse of heav'n! to him unknown
That hath not track'd the burning zone!
—Forward they press—they gaze dismay'd—
The waters of the desert fade!
Melting to vapours, that elude
The eye, the lip, their brightness woo'd.*

What meteor comes?—a purple haze
Hath half obscur'd the noontide rays:
Onward it moves in swift career,
A blush upon the atmosphere;
Haste, haste! avert th' impending doom,
Fall prostrate!—'tis the dread Simoom!
Bow down your faces—till the blast
On its red wing of flame hath past,
Far bearing o'er the sandy wave,
The viewless angel of the grave.

It came—'tis vanish'd—but hath left
The wanderers e'en of hope bereft;†
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
Pride, courage, strength, its power could tame;
Faint with despondence, worn with toil,
They sink upon the burning soil;
Resign'd, amidst those realms of gloom,
To find their death-bed and their tomb.

But onward still!—yon distant spot
Of verdure can deceive you not,

* The *mirage*, or nitrous sand assuming the appearance of water.
† The extreme languor and despondence produced by the Simoom, even when its effects are not fatal, have been described by many travellers.

Yon palms, which tremulously seem'd
Reflected as the waters gleam'd,
Along th' horizon's verge display'd,
Still rear the slender colonnade,
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain,
The Caravan's exhausted train.

Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,
The desert's emerald Oasis.
A rainbow on the torrent's wave,
A gem, embosom'd in the grave,
The sunbeam of a stormy day,
Its beauty's image might convey;
Beauty, in Horror's lap that sleeps,
While Silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary Pilgrims! calmly laid
To slumber in th' Acacia-shade.
Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise
Their aromatic breath diffuse;
Where softer light the sunbeams pour,
Through the tall palm and sycamore,
And the rich date luxuriant spreads
Its pendent clusters o'er your heads.
Nature once more, to seal you eyes,
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies;
Again each heart the music hails,
Of rustling leaves and sighing gales;
And Oh! to Afric's child how dear!
The voice of fountains gushing near!
Sweet be your slumbers! and your dreams,
Of waving groves and rippling streams!
Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
From the brief respite won by toil!
Far be the awful shades of those
Who deep beneath the sands repose,
The hosts, to whom the desert's breath
Bore swift and stern the call of death!
Sleep! nor may scorching blast invade
The freshness of th' Acacia-shade;
But gales of heav'n your spirits bless
With life's best balm—forgetfulness;
Till night from many an urn diffuse
The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath clos'd— the moon on high
Walks in her cloudless majesty.

A thousand stars to Afric's heav'n
Serene magnificence have given;
Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
Shines forth eternally the same.
Blest be their beams! whose holy light
Shall guide the camel's footsteps right,
And lead, as with a torch divine,
The Pilgrim to his Prophet's shrine.

—Rise! bid year Isle of Palms adieu,
Again you lonely march pursue,
While winds of night are freshly blowing,
And heav'ns with softer beauty glowing.

—Tis silence all—the solemn scene
Wears, at each step, a ruder mien:
For giant-rocks, at distance pil'd,
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
Darkly they rise—what eye hath view'd
The caverns of their solitude?
Away!—within those awful cells,
The savage lord of Afric dwells!
Heard ye his voice?—the Lion's roar
Swells as when billows break on shore;
Well may the camel shake with fear,
And the steed pant—his foe is near.
Haste, light the torch—bid watch-fires throw
Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow;
Keep vigil—guard the bright array
Of flames that scare him from his prey!
Within their magic circle press,
Oh wanderers of the wilderness!
Heap high the pile, and, by its blaze,
Tell the wild tales of elder days:
Arabia's wondrous lore—that dwells
On warrior deeds and wizard spells,
Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like these,
Rising to vanish with the breeze;
Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that shed
Their light where mortal may not tread,
And genii, o'er whose pearly halls,
Th' eternal billow heaves and falls.
With charms like these, of mystic power,
Watchers! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath roll'd away,
And star by star withdraws its ray.

Dark children of the sun! again
Your own rich Orient hails his reign.
He comes, but veil'd; with sanguine glare
Tinging the mists that load the air;
Sounds of dismay, and signs of flame
Th' approaching hurricane proclaim.
'Tis death's red banner streams on high—
Fly to the rocks for shelter—fly!
Lo! darkening o'er the fiery skies,
The pillars of the desert rise!
On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
A giant-host, the heav'ns concealing,
They move like mighty genii-forms,
Towering immense midst clouds and storms.
Who shall escape? with awful force
The whirlwind bears them on their course:
They join—they rush resistless on—
—The landmarks of the plain are gone!
The steps, the forms, from earth effac'd
Of those who trod the boundless waste!
All whelm'd, all hush'd!—None left to bear
Sad record how they perish'd there!
No stone their tale of death shall tell,
—The desert guards its mysteries well!
And o'er th' unfathom'd sandy deep
Where low their nameless relics sleep,
Oft shall the future Pilgrim tread,
Nor know his steps are on the dead!

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

I MARK'D an old hawthorn tree wither'd away,
That spread her bare branches to Heaven;
And a few lovely flowers that surviv'd her decay,
Still scented the breezes of even.

All cold o'er the blossoms the dew-drops were shed,
Through the rays of the slow setting sun;
And they breath'd o'er the rest of the tree that was dead,
All the fragrance of days that were gone.

A bird warbled sweet on the moss-cover'd stem
Where the flow'rets in loneliness grew;
And mourn'd all alone in her song over them,
For the verdure no time could renew.

All in silence I gaz'd on the bare blighted tree
That had felt the rude winds of the sky;

While it seem'd in its ruins an emblem of me,
The tear softly rose in my eye:

And I wept o'er the dew-cover'd blossoms, that seem'd
Like the memory of long faded years;
That brings o'er our age the sweet visions we dream'd,
And breathes all their fragrance through tears:

And the song of the bird, that at intervals rose,
From the branches all leafless and dead;
Seem'd like mem'ry, that wakens our dreams of repose,
When the joys of repose are all fled.

STANZAS, SUGGESTED BY A FEW LINES OF MOORE'S, ENTITLED "NONSENSE."

If thou hast seen the morning light,
When from the eastern skies it sallies,
Chasing away the shades of night,
That linger darkly o'er the vallies—

If thou hast seen the setting sun
Roll through the skies with silent motion;
Plunging, when all his race is run
Amid the purpling waves of ocean—

If thou hast seen the sea-birds float,
Soft on the heaving billow bounding;
And heard at night their dreary note,
Far on the rocky island sounding—

If thou hast seen the eagle soar
High o'er the cliffs on dauntless pinion;
Where wild rocks rise, and torrents roar,
In desolation's waste dominion—

If thou hast seen the light'ning flash,
And burst the mountain rocks asunder;
And watch'd the wild waves as they dash
Along the trembling shore in thunder—

If thou hast seen the moon's pure ray,
All softly o'er the ruin beaming;
Where owlets sit and watch the day,
Close on the world, amid their screaming

If thou hast wander'd by the shore,
And gaz'd upon the ocean green—
If thou hast view'd all this, and more—
"Oh bless me! what a deal you've seen!"

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth.*

The Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye;
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night,—
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower;
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care;
Train'd by the secret hand that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms a season, dies,—and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Careless and fearless of the storm;
But should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in all his wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,

Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters in his little nest
More love than music e'er express'd:
Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstasy
The merry bird of morn can fill
All nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,
As if he drank, from Indian floods,
Life in a renovating stream:
Ages o'er him have come and fled,
Midst generations born and dead,
His bulk survives,—to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires,
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind, occult or known,
(Each exquisitely form'd to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone,)
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Author's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed;
While through the whole his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
Man in his Maker's image framed,—
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named,—
In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears:
To labour, pain, and trouble, born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he;—
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more!
A man?—a self-will'd piece of earth,

Just as the lion is, by birth;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between
The motley millions of our race;
No two the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
The least, the meanest would be great;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give;
Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope;
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough—not more—to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud:
Is there a God?—All nature shows
There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows:
The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal at the thought.

Sheffield, 1820. J. MONTGOMERY.

THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

By Southwell.

Robert Southwell was a Jesuit, and a missionary priest in England, during the reign of Elizabeth; a perilous time for avowed Catholics. His life is a diary of persecutions; after a long imprisonment, worn out with tor

ture and privation, he was executed in 1592, for labouring diligently in his holy office, at the early age of thirty-three. The simplicity and moral truth of the ensuing stanzas may arrest the eye of the careless reader.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily puts me in mind,
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too which saith,
"Remember, man, thou art but dust."
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die.

Female Beauty,—BY LORD BYRON.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
With all we can imagine of the skies;
And pure as Psyche, ere she grew a wife,
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

ART. XVI.—*Etymologies.*

Whoa, Ball—addressed to the Horse—arose thus: Sir Miles Fleetwood, once recorder of London, was so very severe a hanger of highwaymen, that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner: "they lay in wayte for him not far from Tyburne, as he was to cume from his house at——, Bucks; had a halter in readinesse: brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tied behind him, (and servants bound,) and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called *Ball*. So he cried, 'Ho, Ball! Ho, Ball!' and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along which was half a quarter of an hour or more. He ordered his horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so. He lived till 1646."—(*Aubrey's Lives.*)

Mendicant, a beggar, must have arisen from idleness of beggars. Mend—I can't, which some have had the candour even to own. Let us illustrate this still better:—There is a charitable cart built on purpose for poor mendicants, who are allowed to jaunt in it, gratis, through the streets of Dublin; and it is supposed to cover; or, better still, to prevent, a multitude of sins. It is said, moreover, to work miracles daily, which, however, lose their effect, as the deists will recollect, by constant repetition, and, in a manner, cease to be miraculous. But no sooner does the celebrated cart pass near a group of beggars, than the blind begin to see, and the lame to walk, nay, even to run. It restores such as have been dismissed from the hospital of incurables; reforms incorrigible rogues; and appears invariably in the most classical style; the black cart, like the gods of the poets, never interfering till all ordinary methods are found absolutely ineffectual.

Poltroon,—is derived from *pollice truncado*, from a practice of cutting off the thumb to avoid military service, of which St. Mark, according to Jerome, set the example.

Club.—Rushworth tells us, upon the term *club*, "that there were, in 1645, *associations* of people, to prevent themselves from being plundered by either army, called *club*-men, from the weapons they carried." Club-men was, as usual, soon abbreviated to *club.*

Gazette.—It is pretended that Gazette came from Dr. Gazetta, the inventor of a newspaper; but the true reading should be Gaze-at, because all people resort to it, on the first publication, to gaze at the thing of authority so called.

Petticoat.—Orator Henley once undertook to show the ancient use of the petticoat, by quoting the Scriptures, where the mother of Samuel is said to have made him "a little coat;" *ergo* a *petti*-coat.

Hocus pocus—is a strange word, which, Archbishop Tillotson says, "in all probability, is nothing but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the church of Rome, in their trick of transubstantiation."—(*Sermon* 6.)

Old Nick.—As cunning as, or as deep as, *Old Nick*, is an old proverb. Dr. Cocchi says, that it alludes to *old Nicholas* Machavel, and so came afterwards to be preverted to the devil; (Spence.)

Bumper.—The origin of the word *bumper* is from *au bon pere*, for when the English were good catholics, and not as they now are, heretics, they usually drank the pope's health in a full glass, every day, after dinner—*au bon pere*, to our good father, who at the same time, like Saturn, was a good-for-nothing father, devouring his own children.

A Horse laugh.—A *horse*-laugh is certaintly a corruption from a *hoarse* laugh, (perhaps, such a one as that of Erasmus, at a stupid book, which cured him of his distemper,) and doubtless had its origin from one who had a very rough voice, or a violent cold. Still there is not, in all cases, any chance of coming to a precise decision, because we have, in the vegetable world, the *horse*-chesnut, the *horse*-walnut, and the *horse*-radish. In the animal world, the *horse*-muscle, *horse*-emmet (formica leo) *horse*-crab, and (with great submission) a *horse-godmother*, signifying a tall, bony, coarse, vulgar woman, who would possibly make some particular gentleman as *sick as a horse* to look at, although they never saw a horse sick,—nor did we.

Boniface.—Pope Boniface unquestionably was a man with a bony face, and would answer to the observation of a witness, in the Court of king's Bench, who, describing a person, told a celebrated counsel, "Faith, sir, he was much like yourself, with high cheeky bones and cadaverous face."

Mountgarret.—There is, in the peerage book a title of the name of Lord Viscount Mountgarret. Now, who, can help associating the idea, that the noble lord's ancestor must actually have been a poet, whose continual mountings into the usual dwelling of authors, the attic or garret, being observed, he was thenceforth christened Mountgarret. But how a poet'a progeny could get ennobled, no etymology can make out.

Belle Sauvage.—The inn with the sign of the Belle Sauvage, or as commonly called, Bell Savage, has puzzled the etymologist. Honest Stow says, that it received its name from one Isabella, Savage, who had given the house to the Cutlers' Company. The painter derived it from a bell and a wild man; and so painted it. The Spectator gives the true one, La Belle Sauvage, a beautiful woman, described in an old French romance as being found in a wilderness, in a savage state. The modern painter gives both a bell and a woman, without considering that a fine girl is always a *belle.*

Britain—is named from *Brutus*, the Trojan who is called by the French *Le Brut*, and by the English poets *Brute!* He was the great grandson of Æneas, and (the Edinburgh reviewers affirm,) 'the undoubted founder of the British kingdom; a fact which is abundantly confirmed, if it needed confirmation, by the name. Britain, quasi Brutain, evidently derived from Brutus.'

Mr. Horne Tooke, in his Diversions of Purley, introduces the derivation of King Pepin from the Greek noun *osper!* as thus—osper, eper, oper; diaper; napkin, nipkin pipkin, pepin—king—King Pepin! And, in another work, we find the etymology of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah! *exempli gratia*, King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King; Jerry, king; jerkin, girkin, pickled cucum-

ber! Also, the name of Mr. Fox, as derived from a rainy-day; as thus—Rainy-day, rain a little, rain much, rain hard, reynard, fox! Every *scholar* must also be able to prove to demonstration that a pigeon-pie is an eelpie. Lest the reader may not be a student, or an etymologist, here it is—pigeon is pie-jack; pie-jack is jack-pie; jack-pie is fish-pie; fish-pie is eel-pie!

The musical terms, or names, of *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,* were the invention of Guido Aretinus, about the year 1020, and were the first syllables of each hemistich, in a hymn to St. John the Baptist.

A knave, knapa or knafa, in the Saxon, signifies a servant—*i. e.* our ancestors thought none but a menial capable of a mean action.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, he traces thus. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family, still subsisting in that ancient kingdom; but, being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he led some of his countrymen, in the defence of Priam, as Dictys Cretensis learnedly observes, Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was Andrew Mackay. The young lady was called by the same name, only a little softened to the Grecian accent.

Jupiter was so called, because the statues and pictures of this heathen god, in the Roman Catholic countries, resemble those of St. Peter, and are often taken the one for the other. The reason is manifest; for when the emperor had established Christianity, the heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idol of the chief god, and pretended it was only a statue of the *Jew Peter*: and thus the principal heathen god came to be called by the Romans, with very little alteration, Jupiter.

The *Hamadryades* are represented, by mistaken antiquity, as nymphs of the groves: but the true account is this. They were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and, living near the seaside, were used to pickle their bacon in salt-water, and then set it up to dry in the sun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days,* and, in process of time, misspelt *Hamadryades.*

Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the grate!* which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's real name, and therefore gave him no other; and posterity hath been ever since under the same delusion.

Strabo, the geographer and traveller, affected great niceness and finery in his clothes; from whence people took occasion to call him the *stray beau,* which future ages have penned down upon him, very much to his dishonour.

Cæsar was the greatest captain of his age. The word ought to

be spelt *Seizer*, because he *seized* not only on most of the known world, but even the liberties of his country. So that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Anibal, or Hannibal, arose from that general being a skilful gamester at tennis, and, therefore, who could take *any ball*.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander, was so christened, from the number of *busy-fel-lows* employed about him as grooms.

Moses, the great leader of the Jews out of Egypt, was in propriety of speech, called *Mow-Seas*, down in the middle, to make a path for the Israelites,

Isaac is nothing else but *eyes-ache;* because the Talmudists report, that he had a pain in his eyes. *Vide Ben Gorion and the Targum on Genesis.*

The man whom the Jews called *Balam* was a shepherd; who, by often crying *ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called Baalam or Balam.

Art. XVII.—*Literary Intelligence.*

Authors and publishers throughout the United States, are requested to transmit, post paid, to the Editor of the Port Folio, the titles of such works as they are engaged in writing or publishing, with the particulars of size, price, &c. Much inconvenience and loss might be avoided, if such a list as we contemplate, could be submitted to the literary world at stated periods. We understand that there are no less than three editions of Plutarch's Lives in the press. We know that there are two MS. translations of a work in 2 vols. 4to., which cannot be disposed of because the publishers to whom they are respectively offered are afraid of a competition in the market. One of our friends lately requested our good offices with the bibliopoles of this city in favour of a new translation of Vattel. The first person to whom application was made, answered, that he had in press, and nearly finished, a large edition of the old translation, which is notoriously incorrect. We understand that another edition, from the same vicious copy, has recently been published in one of the eastern states. A third edition was commenced at the same time in Philadelphia, but abandoned in order to avoid the competition. The conflicting editions of stock works, such as the popular writings of Johnson, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Pope, Scott, and Byron, are, as the auctioneers express it, too tedious to mention. The allusion to this trade will at once suggest to the booksellers the consequences of this blindfold career.

Advertisements are inserted on our covers at the rate of $3. a page.

Carey & Lea have proceeded in their edition of Vezey, Jun. as far as the 18th volume.

They have in press No. 4 of Hall's *Journal of Jurisprudence.* It will contain an analytical digest of all the English Reports for the year 1821. The American Reports for the same period will be published in the second volume, provided the Editor be enabled by the patronage of the Bar to continue the work. At present the prosecution of his design stands under a *Curia advisare vult.*

Mr. Wordsworth has two new poetical pieces in the press. The first that will appear is entitled "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," and the other, "Ecclesiastical Sketches."

Shortly will appear, Mr. Bernard Barton's new volume entitled, "Napoleon, and other Poems."

Also, "Oriental Literature applied to the Illustration of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Samuel Burder." A new edition of his Oriental Customs, greatly enlarged, is announced.

Dr. Drake announces Evenings in Autumn; a series of Essays.

Charles B. Brown's works are in the press.

Mr. John Woods is about to give a Narrative of Two Years residence in the settlement called the English Prairie, in Illinois.

English Literature is gaining ground in Poland. During the preceding year there appeared Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos,* translated by the *Count Ostrowski;* and lately, Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* translated by *Mr. Brodzinski,* who is at present the most distinguished poet in Poland. Of works that are preparing for press are *the Lady of the Lake,* and *the Corsair,* both by Mr. Sienkiewics. In the Polish periodical writings there appear very often many *extracts* from the works of these writers, as well as from those of other celebrated English poets. They have Campbell's *Lochiel,* and *O'Connor's Child;* Lord Byron's *Fare thee well,* Ossian's Poems, specimens from Dryden, Milton, Pope, Thomson, and many others. Shakespere's Plays are an object of study in Poland, and the principal ones are often performed upon the stage at Warsaw, Wilna, Cracau, and Leopol.

Mrs. Radcliffe (Mysteries of Udolpho) is about to resume her exertions, after a long interval, and to strive again at a species of composition which requires, above every thing, a fervid imagination, and a fresh and elastic fancy. Whoever has tasted the melancholy sweetness and mystery of her writings, (for her helpless common-place and prosing sink in the memory of the reader, leaving nothing behind but mingled impressions of moonlight festivals, and convent-chaunts heard over still waters, and Italian skies, and love-lorn girls, and dim forests, and dusky chambers in old forsaken castles,) will be uneasy at hearing she is about to essay these things, and to vex the charm which has wrapped itself round her name.

Specimens of American poets, with biographical and critical notes, are announced. A son of the celebrated Mr. Roscoe is said to be the editor.

"Washington Irving," says one of the Scotch Editors, "has

grafted himself (style, feeling, allusions, every thing,) on *our* literature, properly so called, and has become merely one of a crowd of good English writers. Brown, it must be confessed, followed the manner of Godwin a little too slavishly, but in all else he is purely American; and this it is which makes him stand out with so bold and single a prominence."

A work by Sir Walter Scott is mentioned in the Scotish capital; it is from the notes of a distinguished person of the 17th century, and is likely to contain many curious anecdotes of the last thirty years of that age.

The following remarks, by Mr. Miner, who conducts with so much taste and good sense, the *Village Record*, relate to the volume of poems which was announced in our last.

"*The Harp of the Beech Woods.*—We observe in the Susquehannah county paper, an advertisement of the intended publication of a volume of original poems, by Mrs. Turner. We look forward to the publication of this volume with more than common solicitude. The thought that many of the pieces were composed in a district of country, where, a few years ago, we roamed through a solitary and unbroken wilderness—where the axe of the woodman had never been heard—where the timid deer had never been startled in his walk, except by the native of the forest, or the hunter, who, straying far from the haunts of men, pursued the beaver and the martin, in the deepest recesses of the forest—and where the wild duck sported on the bosom of the silver lake, in all the wantonness of conscious security:—that this desert should, within sixteen or eighteen years, have grown into a populous and cultivated county—that the flail should have resounded in the winter morning through the air, where the woodpecker had only been heard—that the foot of the traveller should be arrested by the merry clamour of the village school instead of the whirring of the lonely pheasant—aye, more, that the echo should be awakened by the magic lyre of the muses, which had slumbered for innumerable ages, except called to answer to the cry of the wolf, or the yell of the savage:—It is wonderful. To me it seems like the fairy tales which amused my childhood. All these reflections crowd on my mind and make me particularly desirous to hear the sound of the *Beech-Woods Harp.*"

"A letter from a valued friend,* tells me that Mrs. Turner is an intelligent and most amiable lady; and he does not doubt, from the specimens he has seen, that the poems will be found to deserve the patronage which they solicit. We earnestly hope the fair poet, while she shall delight and instruct, will meet, in a liberal patronage, a generous reward."

To the truth of what is here said of the personal character of

*—Who is an excellent judge in such matters, if we may take the liberty of peeping into Mr. Miner's letter. Ed. P. F.

this interesting stranger, who has but lately sought an asylum on our shores, we can bear a grateful testimony. On the portal of her humble cottage might be inscribed, with a slight alteration, a stanza from Prior.

> We here hospitably live
> And strangers with good cheer receive.

We shall not soon forget the pleasant conversation, the delightful music, the paintings, and the poetry, which greet the traveller who tarries at this friendly dwelling.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Observations on the Queen's Case* are out of time and out of place. Besides, how could it be expected that we would publish such remarks upon one who has been declared, upon valid authority, to be *pure in-no-sense*.

The sentiments of *Verus* are of too questionable a hue for our pages. He may say with ancient Verges, "I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I."

Investigator must find some other vent for his interminable communications. He seems to think with the companion of the wight whom we have just quoted, "if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship:"—for which Mr. Oldschool is very much obliged, though he is sometimes driven to a "*non com*" by such kindness.

The *Hint* from Baltimore was received. The "foul fiend" must be purged.

Ontarius, who "loitered" "with Beauty," on the margin of a strange lake, "whose pure waves with tranquillity roll," was much more innocently employed, than when he inflicted the description of his "blooming pleasures" upon us. The zephyrs, and breezes, and thrills, and raptures, are absolutely so threadbare that the Muses would blush to behold them; and wonder

> How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry.

Fanny is delightful:

> ——all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
> We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Old Maid, who asks how she may regain the empire which she once held when she had a sparkling eye, a purple lip, and a light foot, is referred to the fortune-teller. We fear her case is hopeless, and would advise her, in the words of Parnell

> Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs:
> Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers.

blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death.

Vol. ii. p. 107, Am. ed.

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

New York Monthly Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1822. No. VI.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. V.—*Rowena rescued from the flames.*

ONE turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-holes. But in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments, resisted the progress of the flames, and here the rage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere.—

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the mellay, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death.

Vol. ii. p. 107, Am. ed.

Anecdotes.—Locke and Newton.

In the correspondence between the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Whig Leaders, we meet with the curious circumstance that Locke and Newton were candidates for the same office.

"I am this day," says Lord Somers, "desired by Mr. Locke to commend him to your Grace's favour, that he may be comptroller of the Mint. I need say nothing of his character, which is not unknown to you. I did also deal so clearly with him, that Mr. Newton had been recommended for that place. He owned he had nothing to say against his worth, and spoke very modestly (as he does always in what relates to himself;) but I found him still very desirous that his name might be mentioned to your Grace."*

An Irishman having fallen from his horse in a severe chase, the horse broke away after the hounds, whom he followed with such eagerness, that he fell over a precipice and broke his neck. His master was so much struck with the accident, that he declared he would publish an account of it as a *caution to other horses!*

A punster observing two sheriff's officers running after an ingenious but distressed author, remarked that it was a new edition of the "*Pursuits of Literature*," unbound, but hot-pressed!

Art. II.—*Memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown, the American Novelist. By William Dunlap.* 8vo. [*From Campbell's New Monthly Magazine.*]

Although the life of Mr. Brown was rather barren of incident, his mind was well fraught with ideas. As observed by Mr. Dunlap, "in the life of a literary man, character is biography;" and as he has endeavoured to the utmost to trace the growth and cultivation of intellect in the subject of his memoirs, and the fruits of it, as evinced to the world in his productions, we must not quarrel with that privacy in Mr. Brown, to which, as the muse of his genius, we owe our delight in his works.

"Charles," as he is somewhat affectedly styled by his biographer, was of respectable family, his parents residing in Philadelphia, and tracing their ancestors back to the time of William Penn, with whom they came in the same vessel from England. Possessing from intimacy a delicate constitution, he early acquired that love of books, which made them at once his passion and his pursuit throughout life. His habits of reading were accompanied likewise by those of meditation, that industry of the

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* Soon after this period Mr. Locke was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations.

mind, without which the greatest student is a mere drone in the hive of literature; and his meditations being chiefly indulged in long and solitary walks, were as beneficial to the body as the mind, in frequently inducing him to interrupt his sedentary pursuits when a continuance in them might have produced the most fatal effects on his health. At the age of sixteen he had planned three epic poems; but his poetic fervour was early damped by that universal sedative of the imagination, the study of the law, which, however, he made subservient to the acquirement of a clear and vigorous style of expressing himself, which he had always made an object of his ambition. The practice of his profession he found so irksome, that he did not attempt to follow it; though the thought of making his family uneasy by relinquishing it, rendered him for some time extremely unhappy. They were, however, partial and forgiving, and their indulgence was soon rewarded by the fame which he began to acquire as an author. His romance of *Wieland* was the first of his writings that fixed itself forcibly on the public mind, and it was speedily followed by his *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntley;* the last three of which were entitled to as high a rank among the literary productions of America, in point of powerful description, truth of sentiment, and striking situations, as that which has been so willingly assigned in our own country to the numerous volumes which, under the name of the "Author of the Tales of my Landlord," have imposed a kind of obligation on the public to read them, whether they come forth in the sterling worth of original genius, or the more questionable shape of old chronicles modernized, and forgotten stories revived. To Brown the praise of full originality is amply due: he pillages no records but those of his own observation, he seeks no aid from affected quaintness of phraseology, or curious adapting of ancient manners to modern comprehension. He is uniformly grand, yet simple; moral and affecting. Besides his novels, which were six or seven in number, he engaged in a great number of periodical publications, to all of which he contributed with the ardour and industry of a mind loving literature for its own sake, and amiably hoping through its means to benefit and refine his native country. His fame will probably chiefly rest on his Wieland, his Arthur Mervyn, and his Edgar Huntley; all productions of extraordinary genius, not so much rewarded in

their native country, and not so universally known in this, as they deserve to be; but the Americans are slowly beginning to find out, that taste and literature may be subjects of national pride, as well as steam boats, and navigable rivers; and Englishmen are in general ready enough to do justice to merit, when they are once convinced of its existence, whatever nation it may belong to; we therefore hope, that between both countries, Mr. Brown's posthumous fame will at least receive that tribute of admiration which ought to have been more profusely rendered to his living exertions.

ART. III.—*Life of Sir William Jones.*

THE life of Sir William Jones has been written by his friend Lord Teignmouth with that minuteness which the character of so illustrious and extraordinary a man deserved. He was born in London on the twenty-eighth of September, 1746. His father, whose Christian name he bore, although sprung immediately from a race of yeomen in Anglesea, could yet, like many a Cambro-Briton beside, have traced his descent, at least in a maternal line, from the ancient princes of Wales. But what distinguished him much more was, that he had attained so great a proficiency in the study of mathematics as to become a teacher of that branch of science in the English metropolis, under the patronage of Sir Isaac Newton, and rose to such reputation by his writings, that he attracted the notice and esteem of the powerful and the learned, and was admitted to the intimacy of the Earls of Hardwicke and Macclesfield; Lord Parker, President of the Royal Society; Halley; Mead; and Samuel Johnson. By his wife, Mary, the daughter of a cabinet-maker in London, he had two sons, one of whom died an infant, and a daughter. In three years after the birth of the remaining son, the father himself died, and left the two children to the protection of their mother. An extraordinary mark of her presence of mind sufficiently indicated how capable this mother was of executing the difficult duty imposed on her by his decease. Doctor Mead had pronounced his case, which was a polypus on the heart, to be a hopeless one; and her anxious precautions to hinder the fatal intelligence from reaching him were on the point of being defeated by the arrival of a letter of condolence and consolation from an injudicious but well-meaning

friend, when, on discovering its purport, she had sufficient address to substitute the lively dictates of her own invention for the real contents of the epistle, and by this affectionate delusion not merely to satisfy the curiosity but to cheer the spirits of her dying husband.

So great was her solicitude for the improvement of her son, that she declined the pressing instances of the Countess of Macclesfield to reside under her roof, lest she should be hindered from attending exclusively to that which was now become her main concern. To the many inquiries which the early vivacity of the boy prompted him to put to her, the invariable answer she returned was, *read, and you will know.* This assurance, added to the other means of instruction, from which her fondness, or more probably her discernment, induced her to exclude every species of severity, were so efficacious that in his fourth year he was able to read at sight any book in his own language. Two accidents occurred to hinder this rapid advancement from proceeding. Once he narrowly escaped being consumed by flames from having fallen into the fire, while endeavouring to scrape down some soot from the chimney of a room in which he had been left alone; and was rescued only in consequence of the alarm given to the servants by his shrieks. At another time, his eye was nearly put out by one of the hooks of his dress, as he was struggling under the hands of the domestic who was putting on his clothes. From the effects of this injury his sight never completely recovered.

In his fifth year he received a strong impression from reading the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse. The man must have a cold imagination who would deny that this casual influence might have first disclosed not only the lofty and ardent spirit, but even that insatiable love of learning, by which he was afterwards distinguished above all his cotemporaries. Amidst the general proscription of reading adapted to excite wonder, that germ of knowledge, in the minds of our children, it is lucky that the Bible is still left them.

At the end of his seventh year he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Thackeray, the master of Harrow school; but had not been there two years before a fracture of his thigh bone, that happened in a scramble among his play-fellows, occasioned another suspension of his studies. During the twelvemonth which he now

passed at home with his mother, he became so conversant with several writers in his own language, especially Dryden and Pope, that he set himself about making imitations of them.

On his return to Harrow, no allowance was made for the inevitable consequences of this interruption: he was replaced in the class with those boys whose classical learning had been progressive while his was stationary, or rather retrogade, and unmerited chastisement was inflicted on him for his inferiority to those with whom he had wanted the means of maintaining an equality. Impelled either by fear, by shame, or by emulation, he laboured hard in private to repair his losses; of his own accord recurred to the rudiments of the grammar; and was so diligent that he speedily outstripped all his juvenile competitors.

In his twelfth year he entered into a scheme for representing a play in conjunction with his schoolfellows; but instead of seeking his Dramatis Personæ among the heroes of Homer, as Pope had done in his boyhood, Jones, by a remarkable effort of memory, committed to paper what he retained of Shakspeare's Tempest, which he had read at his mother's; and himself sustained the part of Prospero in that Comedy. Meanwhile his poetical faculty did not lie dormant. He turned into English verse all Virgil's Eclogues and several of Ovid's Epistles; and wrote a Tragedy on the fable of Meleager, which was acted during the holidays by himself and his comrades, and in which he sustained the character of the hero. A short specimen of the drama is preserved. The language brings to our recollection that of the Mock Tragedy in Hamlet.

When the other boys were at their sports, Jones continued to linger over his book, or, if he mingled in their diversions, his favourite objects were still uppermost in his thoughts; he directed his playmates to divide the fields into compartments to which he gave the names of the several Grecian republics; allotted to each their political station; and "wielding at will the fierce democracies," arranged the complicated concerns of peace and war, attack and defence, councils, harangues, and negociations. Dr. Thackeray was compelled to own that "if his pupil were left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain, he would yet find his way to fame and riches."

On the resignation of that master, the management of the

school devolved on Dr. Sumner, by whom Jones, then in is fifteenth year, was particularly distinguished. Such was his zeal, that he devoted whole nights to study; and, not contented with applying himself at school to the classical languages, and during the vacations to the Italian and French, he attained Hebrew enough to enable him to read the psalms in the original, and made himself acquainted with the Arabic character. Strangers, who visited Harrow, frequently inquired for him by the appellation of the great scholar.

Some of his compositions from this time to his twentieth year, which he collected and entitled Limon,* in imitation of the ancients, are printed among his works. A young scholar who should now glance his eye over the first chapter, containing speeches from Shakspeare and Addison's Cato translated into Greek iambics on the model of the Three Tragedians, would put aside the remainder with a smile of complacency at the improvement which has since been made in this species of task under the auspices of Porson.

His mother was urged by several of the legal profession, who interested themselves in his welfare, to place him in the office of a special pleader; but considerations of prudence, which represented to her that the course of education necessary to qualify him for the practice of the law was exceedingly expensive and the advantages remote, hindered her from acquiescing in their recommendation; at the same time that his own inclination and the earnest wishes of his master concurred in favour of prosecuting his studies at college. Which of the two universities should have the credit of perfecting instruction thus auspiciously commenced was the next subject of debate. But the advice of Dr. Glasse, then a private tutor at Harrow, prevailing over that of the head master, who, by a natural partiality for the place of his own education would have given the preference to Cambridge, he was in 1764 admitted of University College in Oxford, whither his mother determined to remove her residence, either for the purpose of superintending his health and morals, or of enjoying the society of so excellent a son.

Before quitting school he presented to his friend Parnell, nephew of the poet, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer

* Λειμων, a meadow.

in Ireland, a manuscript volume of English verses, consisting, among other pieces, of that essay which some years after he moulded into his Arcadia; and of translations from Sophocles, Theocritus, and Horace. If the encouragement of Dr. Sumner had not been overruled by the dissuasion of his more cautious friends, he would have committed to the press his Greek and Latin compositions, among which was a Comedy in imitation of the style of Aristophanes, entitled Mormo.

Like many other lads, whose talents have unfolded in all their luxuriance under the kindness of an indulgent master, he experienced a sudden chill at his first transplantation into academic soil. His reason was perplexed amid the intricacies of the school logic, and his taste revolted by the barbarous language that enveloped it.

On the 31st of October he was unanimously elected to one of the four scholarships founded by Sir Simon Bennet. But as he had three seniors, his prospect of a fellowship was distant; and he was anxious to free his mother from the inconvenience of contributing to his support. His disgust for the University, however, was fortunately not of long continuance. The college tutors relieved him from an useless and irksome attendance on their lectures, and judiciously left the employment of his time at his own disposal. He turned it to a good account in perusing the principal Greek historians and poets, together with the whole of Lucian and of Plato; writing notes, and exercising himself in imitations of his favourite authors as he went on. In order to facilitate his acquisition of the Arabic tongue, more particularly with regard to its pronunciation, he engaged a native of Aleppo, named Mirza, whom he met with in London, to accompany him to Oxford, and employed him in re-translating the Arabian Nights' Entertainments into their original language, whilst he wrote out the version himself as the other dictated, and corrected the inaccuracies by the help of a grammar and lexicon. The affinity which he discovered between this language and the modern Persian, induced him to extend his researches to the latter dialect; and he thus laid the foundation of his extraordinary knowledge in oriental literature.

During the vacations he usually resorted to London, where he was assiduous in his attendance on the schools of Angelo, for the

sake of accomplishing himself in the manly exercises of fencing and riding; and, at home, directed his attention to modern languages, and familiarised himself with the best writers in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; "thus," he observed, "with the fortune of a peasant, he gave himself the education of a prince."

The year after his entrance at college, he accepted a proposal that was made him to undertake the education of Lord Althorpe, then a child about seven years old; and for that purpose spent much of his time at Wimbledon, where he composed many of his English poems, and studied attentively the Hebrew Bible, particularly the prophetical writings, and the book of Job.

In the summer of 1766, a fellowship of University College unexpectedly became vacant; and being conferred on Jones, secured him the enjoyment of that independence which he had so much desired. With independence he seems to have been satisfied; for, on his return to Wimbledon, he declined an offer made him by the Duke of Grafton, then first Lord of the Treasury, of the place of interpreter for eastern languages. The same answer which conveyed his refusal recommended in earnest terms his friend Mirza as one fitted to perform the duties of the office, but the application remained unnoticed; and he regretted that his inexperience in such matters had prevented him from adopting the expedient of nominally accepting the employment for himself and consigning the profits of it to the Syrian.

In 1767 he began his treatise De Poesi Asiatica, on the plan of Lowth's Prælectiones, and composed a Persian grammar, for the use of a school-fellow, who was about to go to India. His usual course of study was for a short time interrupted by an attendance on Earl Spencer, the father of his pupil, to Spa. The ardour of his curiosity as a linguist made him gladly seize the opportunity afforded him by this expedition of obtaining some knowledge of German. Nor was he so indifferent to slighter accomplishments as not to avail himself of the instructions of a celebrated dancing master at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had before taken lessons from Gallini in that trifling art. From a pensioner at Chelsea he had learnt the use of the broadsword. He afterwards made an attempt, in which, however, he does not seem to have persevered, to become a performer on the national instrument of his forefathers, the harp. Ambition of such various attainments re-

minds us of what is related concerning the Admirable Crichton, and Pico of Mirandola.

Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark, who, in 1768, was on a visit to this country, had brought with him a Persian history of Nadir Shah in manuscript, which he was desirous to have translated from that language into the French. On this occasion Jones was applied to by one of the under Secretaries to the Duke of Grafton, to gratify the wishes of the Danish monarch. The task was so little to his mind that he would have excused himself from engaging in it; and he accordingly suggested Major Dow, a gentleman already distinguished by his translations from the Persic, as one fit to be employed; but he likewise pleading his other numerous occupations as a reason for not undertaking this, and the application to Jones being renewed, with an intimation that it would be disgraceful to the country if the King should be compelled to take the manuscript into France, he was at length stimulated to a compliance. At the expiration of a twelvemonth, during which interval it had been more than once eagerly demanded, the work was accomplished. The publication of it was completed in 1770, and forty copies were transmitted to the court of Denmark. To the history was appended a treatise on Oriental poetry, written also in French. One of the chief difficulties imposed on the translator had been the necessity of using that language in the version, of which it could not be expected that he should possess an entire command; but to obviate this inconvenience, he called in the aid of a Frenchman who corrected the inaccuracies in the diction. Christian expressed himself well satisfied with the manner in which his intentions had been fulfilled: but a diploma, constituting the translator a member of the Royal Society at Copenhagen, togewith an earnest recommendation of him to the regard of his own sovereign, were the sole rewards of his labour. Of the history he afterwards published an abridgement in English.

The predilection he had conceived for the Muses of the East, whom, with the blind idolatry of a lover, he exalted above those of Greece and Rome, was further strengthened by his intercourse with an illustrious foreigner whom they had almost as much captivated. The person with whom this similarity of taste connected him, was Charles Reviczki, afterwards imperial minis-

ter at Warsaw, and ambassador at the English court with the title of Count. Their correspondence which turns principally on the object of their common pursuit, and is written in the French and Latin languages, commenced in 1768. At this time he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the summer of the ensuing year, Jones accompanied his pupil to the school at Harrow. During his residence there he transcribed his Persian grammar. He had already begun a dictionary of that language, with illustrations of the principal words from celebrated writers, a work of vast labour, which he resolved not to prosecute without the assurance of an adequate remuneration from the East India Company.

At the entreaty of Dr. Glasse, he now dedicated some portion of his time to religious inquiry. The result was a conviction of the truth of Christianity, in his belief of which, it is said, he had hitherto been unconfirmed. In the winter he made a second visit to the Continent with the family of his noble patron. After a longer stay at Paris than was agreeable to him, they passed down the Rhine to Lyons, and thence proceeded by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice. At the last of these places they resided long enough to allow of his returning to his studies, which were divided between the arts of music and painting; the mathematics; and military tactics,—a science of which he thought no Briton could, without disgrace, be ignorant. He also wrote a treatise on education; and began a tragedy, entitled Soliman, on the murder of the son of that monarch by the treachery of his step-mother. Of the latter, although it appears from one of his letters that he had completed it, no traces were found among his papers, except a prefatory discourse too unfinished to meet the public eye. The subject has been treated by Champfort, a late French writer, and one of the best among Racine's school, in a play called Mustapha and Zeangir. I do not recollect, and have not now the means of ascertaining, whether that fine drama, the Solimano of Prospero Bonarelli, is founded on the same tragic incident in the Turkish History.

An excursion which he had meditated to Florence, Rome, and Naples, he was under the necessity of postponing to a future occasion. On his way back, he diverged to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire; but was disappointed, as the Frenchman excused himself, on account of age and sickness, from conversing

with a stranger. At Paris he succeeded by the help of of some previous knowledge of the Chinese character, and by means of Couplet's Version of the Works of Confucius, in construing a poem by that writer, from a selection in the king's library, and sent a literal version of it to his friend Reviczki. From the French Capital the party returned through Spa to England. During their short residence at Spa he sketched the plan of an epic poem, on the discovery of Britain by the Prince of Tyre. The suggestion and advice of his friends, who thought that abilities and attainments like his required a more extensive sphere of action than was afforded them by the discharge of his duties as a private tutor, strengthened, probably, by a consciousness of his own power, induced him to relinquish that employment, and henceforward to apply himself to the study and practice of the law. An almost enthusiastic admiration of the legal institutions of his own country, a pure and ardent zeal for civil liberty, and an eminent independence and uprightness of mind, were qualifications that rendered this destination of his talents not less desirable in a public view than it was with reference to his individual interests. He accordingly entered himself a member of *the Temple*, on the 19th of September, 1770. To faculties of so comprehensive a grasp, the abandonment of his philological researches was not indispensable for the successful prosecution of his new pursuit. Variety was perhaps even a necessary aliment of his active mind, which without it might have drooped and languished. Indeed, the cultivation of eastern learning eventually proved of singular service to him in his juridical capacity.

In 1771 he published in French a pamphlet in answer to Anquetil du Perron's Attack on the University of Oxford, in the discourse prefixed to his "Zind-Avesta;" and entered on "A History of the Turks," the introduction to which was printed, but not made public till after his death. He had a design to apply for the office of minister at Constantinople, in the event of a termination of the war with Russia, and looked forward with eagerness to an opportunity of contemplating the Turkish manners at their source. A small volume of his poems, consisting chiefly of translations from the Eastern languages, with two prose dissertations annexed, made their appearance in the following year, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. From the

preface to the poems, it appears that his relish for the Greek and Roman writers had now returned; and that he justly regarded them as the standard of true taste. His terms not having been regularly kept in the University, (where his mother and sister had still continued to reside) he did not take his degree of Master of Arts till the Easter of 1773. In the January following he was called to the bar. At the conclusion of the preface to his Commentaries de Poesi Asiatica, published at this period, he announces his determination to quit the service of the muses, and apply himself entirely to his professional studies. In a letter to Reviczki, of February, 1775, we find him declaring that he no longer intended to solicit the embassy to Constantinople. This year he attended the spring circuit, and sessions at Oxford; and the next was appointed one of the commissioners of bankrupts, and was to be found regularly as a legal practitioner in Westminster Hall. At the same time, that he might not lose sight of classical literature, he was assiduous in his perusal of the Grecian orators, and employed himself in a version of the Orations of Isæus; nor does he appear to have broken off his correspondence with learned foreigners, among whom were the youngest Schultens, and G. S. Michaelis. The translation of Isæus, which appears to be executed with fidelity, was published in 1779, with a dedication to Earl Bathurst, in which he declares "his Lordship to have been his greatest, his only benefactor." His late appointment is the obligation to which he refers.

A vacancy had now occured on the bench at Fort William, in Bengal; and Jones was regarded by his brethren at the bar as the fittest person to occupy that station. The patronage of the minister, however, was requisite to this office; and the violent measures which government had lately adopted, with respect to the American Colonies, were far from being such as accorded with his notions of freedom and justice. He was resolved that no consideration should induce him to surrender the independence of his judgment on this, or any other national topic. "If the minister," says he, in one of his letters to his pupil, Lord Althorpe, "be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak of public affairs, and on that account, shall refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt or

a care of any kind." His patriotic feelings displayed themselves in a Latin Ode to Liberty, published in March, 1780, under the title of Julii Melesigoni ad Libertatem, an assumed name, formed by an anagram of his own in Latin.

The resignation of Sir Robert Newdigate, one the members returned to parliament for the University of Oxford, in the meantime, induced several members of that learned body, who were friendly to Jones, to turn their eyes towards him, as their future representative. The choice of a candidate undistinguished by birth or riches, and recommended solely by his integrity, talents, and learning, would have reflected the highest honour on his constituents; but many being found to be disinclined to his interest, it was thought more prudent to relinquish the canvass. He published in July a small pamphlet, entitled, an Enquiry into the Legal Mode of surpressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of Future Defence. The insurrection which had for some days disgraced the British metropolis, at the beginning of June, suggested the publication of this tract. In the autumn of this year he made a journey to Paris, as he had done the preceding summer. During a fortnight's residence in that captial, he attended some causes at the Palais; obtained access to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which opened to him a nearer insight into the manners of the ancient Arabians; and mingled in the society of as many of the American leaders as he could fall in with, purposing to collect materials for a future history of their unhappy contest with the mother country. In the midst of this keen pursuit of professional and literary eminence he had the misfortune to lose his mother, who had lived long enough to see her tenderness and assiduity in the conduct of his education amply rewarded.

An Essay on the Law of Bailments, and the translation of an Arabian Poem on the Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, to the latter of which undertakings he was incited by his views of preferment in the East, testified his industry in the pursuit of his legal studies; while on the other hand, several short poems evinced, from time to time, his intended relinquishment of the tuneful art to be either impracticable or unnecessary.

In the summer of 1782 the interests of one of his clients led

him again to Paris, from whence he returned by the circuitous route of Normandy, and the United Provinces. In the spring of this year he had become a member of the Society for Constitutional information. A more equal representation of the people in parliament was at this time the subject of general discussion, and he did not fail to stand forward as the strenuous champion of a measure which seemed likely to infuse new spirit and vigour into our constitutional liberties. His sentiments were publicly professed in a speech before the meeting assembled at the London Tavern, on the 28th of May; and he afterwards gave a wider currency to them from the press. He maintained that the representation ought to be nearly equal and universal; an opinion in which few would now be found to coincide; and which, if he had lived a little longer, he would probably himself have acknowledge to be erroneous. At Paris, he had written a Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government, and it was published by the Society. A bill of indictment was found against the Dean of St. Asaph, whose sister he afterwards married, for an edition printed in Wales; and Jones avowed himself the author.

In the beginning of 1783 appeared his translation of the seven Arabian poems, suspended in the temple at Mecca about the commencement of the sixth century.

In the March of this year, he was gratified by the long desired appointment to the office of judge in the supreme court of judicature, at Fort William, in Bengal, which was obtained for him through the interest of Lord Ashburton; and he received the honour of knighthood usually conferred on that occasion. The divisions among his political friends after the decease of that excellent nobleman, the Marquis of Rockingham, afforded him an additional motive for wishing to be employed at a distance from his country, which he no longer hoped to see benefited by their exertions. He was immediately afterwards united to Anna Maria Shipley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, a learned and liberal prelate. His attachment to this lady had been of long continuance, and he had been waiting only for an honourable independence before he could resolve to join the fortunes of one so tenderly beloved to his own.

Sir William Jones embarked for the East in April, 1783. It

is impossible not to sympathise with the feelings of a scholar about to visit places over which his studies had thrown the charm of a mysterious interest; to explore treasures that had rested as yet in darkness to European eyes; and to approach the imagined cradle of human science and art. During his voyage he made the following memoranda of objects for his inquiry, and of works to be begun or executed during his residence in Asia.

1. The Laws of the Hindus and Mahomedans.
2. The History of the Ancient world.
3. Proofs and illustrations of Scripture.
4. Traditions concerning the deluge, &c.
5. Modern Politics, and Geography of Hindustan.
6. Best Mode of Governing Bengal.
7. Arithmetic and Geometry, and Mixed Sciences of the Asiatics.
8. Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy, of the Indians.
9. Natural Productions of India.
10. Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia.
11. Music of the Eastern Nations.
12. The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes.
13. The best Accounts of Thibet and Cashmir.
14. Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.
15. Mogul constitution contained in the Dufteri Alemghiri, and Ayein Acberi.
16. Mahratta Constitution.

To print and publish the Gospel of St. Luke, in Arabic.
To publish Law Tracts, in Persian or Arabic.
To print and publish the Psalms of David, in Persian Verse.
To compose, if God grant me life,

1. Elements of the Laws of England. Model—the Essay on Bailment. Aristotle.
2. The History of the American War.—Model—Thucydides and Polybius.
3. Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem on the Constitution of England. Machinery. Hindu Gods. Model—Homer.
4. Speeches, Political and Forensic. Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical. Model—Plato.
6. Letters. Model Demosthenes and Plato.

In the course of the voyage the vessel touched at Madeira; and in ten weeks after quitting Cape Verd Islands arrived at that of Hinzuan or Joanna, of which he has left a very lively and pleasing description.

In September he landed at Calcutta; and before the conclusion of the year, entered on the performance of his judicial func-

tion, and delivered his first charge to the grand jury, on the opening of the sessions. This address was such as not to disappoint the high expectations that had been formed of him before his arrival.

It was evident that the leisure, or perhaps even the undivided attention and labour of no one man, could have sufficed for prosecuting researches so extensive and arduous as those he had marked out for himself. The association of others in this design was the obvious method of remedying the difficulty. At his suggestion, accordingly, an institution was, in January, 1784, framed as closely as possible on the model of the Royal Society in London; and the presidency was offered to Mr. Hastings, then Governor-general in India, who not only was a liberal encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, but had made himself a proficient in the former of these languages at a time when its importance had not been duly appreciated; and was familiarly versed in the common dialects of Bengal. That gentleman, however, declining the honour, and recommending that it should be conferred on the proposer of the scheme, he was consequently elected president. The names of Chambers, Gladwyn, Hamilton, and Wilkins, among others, evince that it was not difficult for him to find coadjutors. How well the institution has answered the ends for which it was formed the public has seen in the Asiatic Researches.

A thorough acquaintance with the religion and literature of India appeared to be attainable through no other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit; and he therefore applied himself without delay to the acquisition of that language. It was not long before he found that his health would oblige him to some restriction in the intended prosecution of his studies. In a letter written a few days after his arrival in India, he informs one of his friends that "as long as he stays in India, he does not expect to be free from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum; for which there is hardly any remedy but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise," he adds, "before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing and I go early to rest: yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm; and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health." All these

precautions, however, did not avail to secure him from violent and reiterated attacks. In 1784 he travelled to the city of Benares, by the rout of Guyah, celebrated as the birth-place of the philosopher Boudh, and the resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of the East; and returned by Gour, formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Bengal. During this journey he laboured for some time under a fit of illness that had nearly terminated his life. Yet no sooner did he become a convalescent than he applied himself to the study of botany, and composed a metrical tale, entitled The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife; and a Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India; the latter of which he communicated to the Society. He had not been many months settled after his return to Calcutta, when he found the demand made on him for his company, by the neighbourhood of that place, so frequent as to produce a troublesome interruption to the course of his literary engagements. He therefore looked out for a situation more secluded, to which he might betake himself during the temporary cessations of his official duties; and made choice of Chrishnanagur, at the distance of fifty miles, which, besides a dry soil and pure air, possessed an additional recommendation in its vicinity to a Hindu College. Indeed he omitted no means that could tend to facilitate his acquaintance with the learning and manners of the natives. A considerable portion of his income was set aside for the purpose of supporting their scholars, whom he engaged for his instruction.

The administration of justice was frequently interrupted by the want of integrity in the Pundits, or expounders of the statutes. To prevent the possibility of such deception this upright magistrate undertook to compile and translate a body of Hindu and Mahommedan laws, and to form a digest of them in imitation of that of the Roman law framed by the order of the emperor Justinian. The mind can scarcely contemplate a plan of utility more vast or splendid than one which aimed at preserving the fountain of right uncontaminated for twenty millions of people. During the period of sessions and term, when his attendance was required at Calcutta, he usually resided on the banks of the Ganges, five miles from the court.

In 1785 a periodical work, called the Asiatic Miscellany, which

has been erroneously attributed to the Asiatic Society, was undertaken at Calcutta; and to the first two volumes, which appeared in that and the following year, he contributed six hymns addressed to Hindu deities; a literal version of twenty tales and fables of Nizami, expressly designed for the help of students in the Persian language; and several smaller pieces.

A resolution, which had passed the Board of the Executive Government of Bengal, for altering the mode of paying the salaries of the judges, produced from him a very spirited remonstrance. The affair, however, seems to have been misconceived by himself and his brethren on the bench; and on its being explained the usual harmony was restored. At the commencement of 1786, while this matter was pending, he made a voyage to Chatigan, the boundary of the British dominions in Bengal towards the east. In this "Indian Montpelier," where he describes "the hillocks covered with pepper vines, and sparkling with blossoms of the coffee tree," in addition to his other literary researches he twice perused the poem of Ferdausi, consisting of above sixty thousand couplets. This he considered to be an epic poem as majestic and entire as the Iliad; and thought the outline of it related to a single hero, Khosrau, (the Cyrus of Herodotus and Xenophon,) whom as he says, "the Asiatics, conversing with the Father of European History, described according to their popular traditions by his true name, which the Greek alphabet could not express." A nearer acquaintance with the great epic bard of Persia had now taught him therefore to retract the assertion he had made in his Commentary on Asiatic Poetry, that "the hero, as it is called, of the poem, was that well known Hercules of the Persians, named Rustem; although there are several other heroes, or warriors, to each of whom their own particular glory is assigned." At the time of writing this, he had an intention, if leisure should be allowed him, of translating the whole work. A version of Ferdausi, either in verse, unfettered by rhyme, or in such numerous prose as the prophetical parts of the Bible are translated into, would, I think, be the most valuable transfer that our language is now capable of receiving from foreign tongues.

In 1787 he flattered himself that his constitution had overcome the climate; but his apprehensions were awakened for the

health of Lady Jones, to which it had been yet more unfavourable; and he resolved, if some amendment did not appear likely, to urge her return to her native country; preferring, he said, the pang of separation for five or six years, to the anguish, which he should hardly survive, of losing her.

At the beginning of 1789 appeared the first volume of the Society's Researches, selected by the President. Two other volumes followed during his life-time, and a fourth was ready for the press at the time of his decease.

In the same year he published his version of an ancient Indian drama of Calidas, entitled Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring; a wild and beautiful composition, which makes us desire to see more by the same writer, who has been termed the Shakspeare of India, and who lived in the last century before the Christian era. The doubts suggested by the critics in England, concerning the authenticity of this work, he considered as scarcely deserving of a serious reply.

In his discourses, delivered before the Society, he discusses the origin of the several nations which inhabit the great continent of Asia, together with its borderers, mountaineers, and islanders; points out the advantages to be derived from the concurrent researches of the members of the Society, amongst which the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the primitive world is justly insisted on as the most important; and enlarges on the philosophy of the Asiatics. Besides several other essays, particular dissertations are allotted to the subjects of the Indian chronology; the antiquity of their zodiac, which he maintains not to have been formed from the Greeks or Arabs; the literature of the Hindus; and the musical modes used by that people.

In the course of the last two years he edited the Persian poem by Hatefi, of Laile and Majnoon, the Petrarch and Laura of the Orientals. The book was published at his own cost; and the profits of the sale appropriated to the relief of insolvent debtors in the goal at Calcutta.

In 1793 Lady Jones, to whose constitution, naturally a weak one, the climate continued still unpropitious, embarked for England. The physicians had long recommended a return to Europe as necessary for the restoration of her health, or rather as the only means of preserving her life; but her unwillingness to

quit her husband had hitherto retained her in India. His eagerness to accomplish his great object of preparing the Code of Laws for the natives would not suffer him to accompany her. He hoped, however, that by the ensuing year he should have executed his design; and giving up the intention he had had of making a circuit through Persia and China on his return, he determined to follow her then without any deviation from his course. In the beginning of 1794 he published a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, on which he had been long employed, and which may be regarded as initiatory to his more copious pandect.

The last twenty years of his life he proposed passing in a studious retreat after his return to England; and had even commissioned one of his friends to look out for a pleasant country-house in Middlesex, with a garden, and ground to pasture his cattle.

But this prospect of future ease and enjoyment was not to be realized. The event which put an unexpected end both to that and to his important scheme for the public advantage, cannot be so well related as in the words of Lord Teignmouth. "On the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of agueish symptoms, mentioning his intention of taking some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that 'an ague in the spring, is medicine for a king.' He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event; not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He

was lying on a bed, in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone in our last moments it can be found." "The funeral ceremony," adds his noble biographer, "was performed on the following day, with the honours due to his public station; and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta, evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory. The pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made in the sciences which they professed."

A domestic affliction of the severest kind was spared him by his removal from life. Eight years after that event, his sister, who was married to an opulent merchant retired from business, perished miserably, in consequence of her clothes having taken fire.

His large collection of Sanscrit, Arabic, and other eastern manuscripts, was presented by his widow to the Royal Society. A catalogue of them, compiled by Mr. Wilkins, is inserted in his works.

The following list of desiderata was found among his papers, after his decease.

India.

The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Puránas.

A Botanical Description of Indian Plants, from the Coshás, &c.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language, from Pànini.

A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language, from thirty-two original Vocabularies and Niructi.

On the ancient Music of the Indians.

On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.

On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.

A Translation of the Véda.

On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.

A translation of the Puránas.

Translation of the Mahábharat, and Rámáyan.

On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.

On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Puránas.

The History of India, before the Mahommedan Conquest, from the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

Arabia.

The History of Arabia before Mahommed.

A Translation of the Hamása.

A Translation of Hariri.

A Translation of the Fácahatâl Khulafâ. Of the Cáfiah.

Persia.

The History of Persia, from authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, ancient and modern.

The Five Poems of Nizámi, translated in prose.

A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

China.

Translation of the Shí-cing.

The Text of Con-fu-tsu, verbally translated.

Tartary.

A History of the Tartar nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.

By an unanimous vote of the East India Company Directors, it was resolved, that a cenotaph, with a suitable inscription, should be raised to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral; and that a statue of him should be sent to Bengal, for the purpose of being placed there in a proper situation.

A monument has also been erected to his memory in the anti-chapel of University College, Oxford, by Lady Jones, with the following inscription:

M. S.
Gulielmi Jones equitis aurati,
Qui clarum in literis nomen a patre acceptum
Magnâ cumulavit gloriâ
Ingenium in illo erat scientiarum omnium capax,
Disciplinisque optimis diligentissimè excultum
Erat indoles ad virtutem eximia,
Et in Justitiâ, Libertate, Religione vindicandâ
Maximè probata.
Quicquid autem utile vel honestem
Consiliis, Exemplo, Auctoritate vivus promoverat,
Id omne scriptis suis immortalibus
Etiam nunc tuetur atque ornat.

Præstantissimum hunc virum,
Cùm a provinciâ Bengalâ,
Ubi judicis integerrimi munus
Per decennium obierat,
Reditum in patriam meditaretur,
Ingruentis morbi vis oppressit,
X. Kal. Jun. A. C. MDCCLXXXXIV. Æt. XLVIII.
Ut quibus in ædibus
Ipse olim socius inclaruisset,
In iisdem memoria ejus potissimum conservaretur,
Honorarium hoc monumentum
Anna Maria filia Jonathan Shipley, Epis. Asaph.
Conjugi suo, B. M.
P. C.

To the name of poet, as it implies the possession of an inventive faculty, Sir William Jones has but little pretension. He borrows much; and what he takes he seldom makes better. Yet some portion of sweetness and elegance must be allowed him.

In the hymns to the Hindu deities, the imagery, which is derived chiefly from Eastern sources, is novel and attractive. That addressed to Narayena is in a strain of singular magnificence. The description, in the fourth stanza, of the creative power or intelligence, issuing from the primal germ of being, and questioning itself as to its own faculties, has something in it that fills the mind with wonder.

What four-form'd godhead came,
With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
Forth from thy verdant stem?
Full-gifted Brahma! Rapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw:
But whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew.
Then in his parent stalk again retired,
With restless pain for ages he inquired
What were his powers, by whom, and why, conferr'd?
With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fired,
He rose, and rising heard
Th' unknown, all-knowing word,
Brahma! no more in vain research persist,
My veil thou canst not move.—Go, bid all worlds exist.

To the hymns he subjoins the first Nemæan ode of Pindar,

"not only," he says, "in the same measure as nearly as possible but almost word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added which are printed in Italic letters." Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing him with Pindar will see how far he is from fulfilling this promise.

Of the Palace of Fortune, an Indian tale, the conclusion is unexpected and affecting.

The Persian song from Hafez is one of those pieces that, by a nameless charm, fasten themselves on the memory.

In the Caissa, or poem on Chess, he is not minute enough to gratify a lover of the game, and too particular to please one who reads it for the poetry. The former will prefer the Scacchia Ludus of Vida, of which it is a professed imitation; and the latter will be satisfied with the few spirited lines which the Abbé de Lille has introduced into his L'homme des Champs, on this subject. Vida's poem is a surprising instance of difficulty overcome, in the manner with which he has moulded the phraseology of the classics to a purpose apparently alien from it; and he has made his mythology agreeable, trivial as it is, by the skill with which it is managed. But I find that both the Caissa, and the Arcadia, which is taken from a paper in the Guardian, were done, as the author says, at the age of 16 or 17 years, and were saved from the fire in preferance to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest. It is, therefore, hardly fair to judge them very strictly.

His Latin commentary on Asiatic poetry is more valuable for the extracts from the Persian and Arabic poets, which he has brought together in it, than to be commended for any thing else that it contains, or for the style in which it is written. Certain marks of hurry in the composition, which his old school-fellow, Doctor Parr, had intimated to him with the ingenuousness of a friend and a scholar, are still apparent. He takes up implicitly with that incomplete and partial, though very ingenious system, which Burke had lately put forth in his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. He has supported that writer's definition of Beauty by a quotation from Hermogenes. A better confirmation of his theory might have been adduced from the Philebus of Plato, in which Socrates makes the same distinction as our eloquent countryman has taken so much pains to establish between that

sensation which accompanies the removal of pain or danger, and which he calls delight—and positive pleasure.*

As the work, however, of a young man, the commentary was such as justly to raise high expectations of the writer.

His style in English prose, where he had most improved it, that is, in his discourses delivered in India on Asiatic History and Literature, is opulent without being superfluous; dignified, yet not pompous or inflated. He appears intent only on conveying to others the result of his own inquiries and reflections on the most important topics in as perspicuous a manner as possible; and the embellishments of diction come to him unbidden and unsought. His prolixity does not weary, nor his learning embarrass, the reader. If he had been more elaborate, he might have induced a suspicion of artifice; if he had been less so, the weightiness of his matter would seem to have been scarcely enough considered.

But he has higher claims to the gratitude of his country, and of mankind, than either prose or poetry can give. His steady zeal in the cause of liberty, and justice, and truth, is above all praise; and will leave his name among the few

———quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dîs geniti.

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* Ἀληθεις δαυ τινας, ω Σωκρατες, υπολαμβανων, ορθως τις διανοοιτ αν; ΣΩ. Τας περι τε τα καλα λεγομενα χρωματα, και περι τα σχηματα, και των οσμων τας πλειστας, και τας των φθογγων, και οσα τας ενδειας αναισθητους εχοντα και αλυπους, τας πληρωσεις αισθητας και ηδειας καθαρας λυπων παραδιδωσι "What pleasures then, Socrates, may one justly conclude to be true ones?—*Soc.* Those which regard both such colours as are accounted beautiful; and figures; and many smells and sounds; and whatsoever things, when they are absent, we neither feel the want of, nor are uneasy for; but when present, we feel and enjoy without any mixture of uneasiness." He then goes on to exemplify these true pleasures in forms, colours, &c. Compare the De Rep. p. 584.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

"Dear Jack," exclaimed Charles, "I aver on my life,
"You've an angel, an angel, my boy, for a wife;
"Such beauty with wit, in her sparkle and blend
"Abroad or at home, you've an angel, my friend."
"Hold Charles," replied Jack, "nor incautiously roam,
"She's an angel abroad, but a devil at home."

Art. IV.—*Life of Christopher Anstey.*

An account of Christopher Anstey, written by his second son, is prefixed to the handsome edition of his works, printed at London, in 1808. He was born on the thirty-first of October, 1724, and was the son of Doctor Anstey, rector of Brinkley, in Cambridgeshire, a living in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge; of which the Doctor had formerly been fellow and tutor. His mother was Mary, daughter of Anthony Thompson, Esq. of Trumpington, in the same county. They had no offspring but our poet, and a daughter born some years before him.

His father was afflicted with a total deafness for so considerable a portion of his life as never to have heard the sound of his son's voice; and was thus rendered incapable of communicating to him that instruction which he might otherwise have derived from a parent endowed with remarkable acuteness of understanding. He was, therefore, sent very early to school at Bury St. Edmunds. Here he continued, under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, till he was removed to Eton; on the foundation of which school he was afterwards placed.

His studies having been completed with great credit to himself, under Doctor George, the head-master of Eton, in the year 1742 he succeeded to a scholarship of King's College, Cambridge, where his classical attainments were not neglected. He was admitted in 1745 to a fellowship of his college; and, in the next year, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He now resided chiefly in the University; where his resistance to an innovation, attempted to be introduced into King's College, involved him in a dispute which occasioned the degree of Master to be refused him. That College had immemorially asserted for its members an exemption from the performance of those public exercises demanded of the rest of the University as a qualification for their degrees. This right was now questioned; and it was required of the Bachelor Fellows of King's, that they should compose and pronounce a Latin oration in the public schools. Such an infringement of privilege was not to be tamely endured. After some opposition made by Anstey, in common with the other junior Fellows, the exercise in dispute was at length ex-

acted. But Anstey, who was the senior Bachelor of the year, and to whose lot it therefore fell first to deliver this obnoxious declamation, contrived to frame it in such a manner, as to cast a ridicule on the whole proceeding. He was accordingly interrupted in the recitation of it, and ordered to compose another; in which, at the same time that he pretended to exculpate himself from his former offence, he continued in the same vein of raillery. Though his degree was withheld in consequence of this pertinacity, yet it produced the desired effect of maintaining for the College its former freedom.

While an undergraduate, he had distinguished himself by his Latin verses called the Tripos Verses; and, in 1748, by a poem, in the same language, on the Peace; printed in the Cambridge Collection.

His quarrel with the senior part of the University did not deprive him of his fellowship. He was still occasionally an inmate of the College; and did not cease to be a Fellow, till he came into the possession of the family estate at his mother's death, in 1754.

In two years after, he married Anne, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall, in Hertfordshire, and the sister of John Calvert, Esq. one of his most intimate friends, who was returned to that and many successive parliaments, for the borough of Hertford. "By this most excellent lady," says his biographer, with the amiable warmth of filial tenderness, "who was allowed to possess every endowment of person, and qualification of mind and disposition which could render her interesting and attractive in domestic life, and whom he justly regarded as the pattern of every virtue, and the source of all his happiness, he lived in uninterrupted and undiminished esteem and affection for nearly half a century; and by her (who for the happiness of her family is still living) he had thirteen children, of whom eight only survive him.

This long period is little chequered with events. Having no taste for public business, and his circumstances being easy and independent, he passed the first fourteen years at his seat in Cambridgeshire, in an alternation of study and the recreations of rural life, in which he took much pleasure. But, at the end of

that time, the loss of his sister gave a shock to his spirits, which they did not speedily recover. That she was a lady of superior talents is probable, from her having been admitted to a friendship and correspondence with Mrs. Montague, then Miss Robinson. The effect which this deprivation produced on him was such as to hasten the approach, and perhaps to aggravate the violence, of a bilious fever, for the cure of which, by Doctor Heberden's advice, he visited Bath, and by the use of those waters was gradually restored to health.

In 1766 he published his Bath Guide, from the press of Cambridge; a poem, which aiming at the popular follies of the day, and being written in a very lively and uncommon style, rapidly made its way to the favour of the public. At its first appearance, Gray, who was not easily pleased, in a letter to one of his friends observed, that it was the only thing in fashion, and that it was a new and original kind of humour. Soon after the publication of the second edition, he sold the copy-right for two hundred pounds to Dodsley, and gave the profits previously accruing from the work to the General Hospital at Bath. Dodsley, about ten years after his purchase, candidly owned that the sale had been more productive to him than that of any other book in which he had before been concerned; and with much liberality restored the copy-right to the author.

In 1767 he wrote a short Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock; and the Patriot, a Pindaric Epistle, intended to bring into discredit the practice of prize-fighting.

Not long after he was called to serve the office of high-sheriff for the county of Cambridge. In 1770 he quitted his seat there for a house which he purchased in Bath. The greater convenience of obtaining instruction for a numerous family, the education of which had hitherto been superintended by himself, was one of the motives that induced him to this change of habitation.

The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers appearing soon after his arrival at Bath, and being by many imputed to a writer who had lately so much distinguished himself by his talent for satire, he was at considerable pains to disavow that publication; and by some lines containing a deserved compliment to his so-

vereign, gave a sufficient pledge for the honesty of his declaration.

In 1776, a poem entitled An Election Ball, founded on a theme proposed by Lady Miller, who held a sort of little poetical court at her villa at Batheaston, did not disappoint the expectations formed of the author of the Bath Guide. It was at first written in the Somersetshire dialect, but was afterwards judiciously stripped of its provincialism.

About 1786 he entertained a design of collecting his poems, and publishing them together. But the painful recollections which his task awakened, of those friends and companions of his youth who had been separated from him by death during so long a period, made him relinquish his intention. He committed, however, to the press, translations of some of Gay's Fables, which had been made into Latin, chiefly with a view to the improvement of his children; an Alcaic Ode to Doctor Jenner, on the Discovery of the Cowpock; and several short poems in his own language. "His increasing years," to use the words of his son, "stole imperceptibly on the even tenor of his life, and gradually lessened the distance of his journey through it, without obscuring the serenity of the prospect. Unimpeded by sickness and unclouded by sorrow, or any serious misfortune, his life was a life of temperance, of self-denial, and of moderation in all things; and of great regularity. He rose early in the morning, *ante diem poscens chartas*, and was constant on horseback at his usual hour, and in all seasons. His summers were uniformly passed at Cheltenham, with his family during the latter part of his life; and upon his return to Bath in the autumn, he fell habitually into the same unruffled scenes of domestic ease and tranquillity, rendered every day more joyous and interesting to him by the increase of his family circle, and the enlargement of his hospitable table; and by many circumstances and occurrences connected with the welfare of his children, which gave him infinite delight and satisfaction."

At the beginning of 1805, he experienced a sudden and general failure of his bodily faculties, and a correspondent depressure of mind. The little confidence he placed in the power of medicine made him reluctantly comply with the wishes of his friends, that he should take the opinion of Dr. Haygarth. Yet he was

not without hope of alleviation to his complaints from change of air; and, therefore, removed from Bath to the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, in Wiltshire. Here, having at first revived a little, he soon relapsed, and declining gradually, expired in the eighty-first year of his age, without apparent suffering, in the possession of his intellectual powers, and, according to the tender wish of Pindar for one of his patrons—

υιων, Ψαυμι, παμστασμων,

in the midst of his children.

He was buried in the parish church of Walcot, in the city of Bath, in the same vault with his fourth daughter the wife of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, and her two infant children.

A cenotaph has been erected to his memory among the poets of his country in Westminster Abbey, by his eldest son, the Rev. Christopher Anstey, with the following inscription :—

M. S.
Christopheri Anstey, Arm.
Alumni Etonensis,
Et Collegii Regalis apud Cantabrigienses olim Socii,
Poetæ
Literis elegantioribus adprimé ornati
Et inter principes Poetarum,
Qui in eodem genere floruerunt,
Sedem eximiam tenentis.
Ille annum circiter
MDCCLXX.
Rus suum in agro Cantabrigiensi
Mutavit Bathoniâ,
Quem locum ci præter omne dudum arrisisse
Testis est, celeberrimum illud Poema,
Titulo inde ducto insignitum :
Ibi deinceps sex et triginta annos commoratus,
Obiit A. D. MDCCCV.
Et ætatis suæ
Octogesimo primo

To this there is an encomium added, which its prolixity hinders me from inserting.

A painter and a poet were, perhaps, never more similar to each other in their talents than the contemporaries Bunbury and Anstey. There is in both an admirable power of seizing the ludicrous and the grotesque in their descriptions of persons and

incidents in familiar life; and this accompanied by an elegance which might have seemed scarcely compatible with that power. There is in both an absence of any extraordinary elevation or vigour; which we do not regret, because we can hardly conceive but that they would be less pleasing if they were in any respect different from what they are. Each possesses a perfect facility and command over his own peculiar manner, which has secured him from having any successful imitator. Yet as they were both employed in representing the fortuitous and transient follies, which the face of society had put on in their own day, rather than in pourtraying the broader and more permanent distinctions of character and manners, it may be questioned whether they can be much relished out of their own country, and whether even there, the effect must not be weakened as fatuity and absurdity shall discover new methods of fastening ridicule upon themselves. They border more nearly on farce than comedy. They have neither of them any thing of fancy, that power which can give a new and higher interest to the laughable itself, by mingling it with the marvellous, and which has placed Aristophanes so far above all his followers.

When Anstey ventures out of his own walk he does not succeed so well. It is strange that he should have attempted a paraphrase of St. Paul's eulogium on Charity, after the same task had been so ably executed by Prior. If there is any thing, however, that will bear repetition in a variety of forms, it is that passage of scripture; and his verses, though not equal to Prior's, may still be read with pleasure.

The Farmer's Daughter is a plain and affecting tale.

His Latin verses might well have been spared. In the translation of Gray's Elegy there is a more than usual crampness; occasioned, perhaps, by his having rendered into hexameters the stanzas of four lines to which the elegiac measure of the Romans would have been better suited. The Epistola Poetica Familiaris, addressed to his friend Mr. Bamfylde, has more freedom. His scholarship did him better service when it suggested to him passages in the poets of antiquity, which he has parodied with singular happiness. Such is that imitated in one of Simkin's Letters:

Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire?
Or a god do we make of each ardent desire?

from Virgil's

Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?

a parody that is not the less diverting from its having been before gravely made by Tasso:

O dio l'inspira,
O l'uom del suo voler suo dio si face.

On the whole, he has the rare merit of having discovered a mode of entertaining his readers which belongs exclusively to himself.

ART V.—*Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

OLIVER, the second son of Charles and Anne Goldsmith, was born in Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728, at Smith-hill, in the county of Roscommon, at the house of his maternal grandfather; and not in the year or at the place mentioned in Johnson's epitaph on him. By another mistake made in the note of his entrance in the college register, he is represented to have been a native of the county of Westmeath. Both these errors, which appear to have been caused by the changes in his father's residence, have been rectified in a letter addressed by Dr. Strean, a clergyman in the diocese of Elphin, to Mr. Mangin, and inserted by that gentleman in his entertaining book called An Essay on Light Reading.

His father removed from Smithfield to Pallas, in the parish of Forney and county of Longford, and afterwards to his rectory of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath; and in the latter of these parishes, at Lissoy, or Auburn, he built the house described as the Village-preacher's modest mansion in The Deserted Village. His mother was daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin. Their family consisted of five sons and two daughters.

In a letter from his eldest sister, Catherine, the wife of Daniel Hodson, Esq. inserted in the Life of Goldsmith, which an annoymous writer, whom I suppose to have been Cowper's friend, Mr. Rose, from a passage in Mr. Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works, wonders are told of his early predilection for the poetical art; but those who have observed

the amplification with which the sprightly sallies of childhood are related by domestic fondness, will listen to such narrations with some abatement of confidence. It seems probable, that a desire of literary distinction might have been infused into his youthful mind by hearing of the reputation of his countryman, Parnell, with whom, as we learn from his life of that poet, his father and uncle were acquainted.

He received the first rudiments of learning from a school-master who taught in the village where his parents resided, and who had served as a quarter-master during the war of the Succession in Spain; and from the Romantic accounts which this man delighted to give of his travels, Goldsmith is supposed, by his sister, to have contracted his propensity for a wandering life. From hence he was removed successively to the school at Elphin, of which Oliver Jones was master, and to that of Athlone and lastly, was placed under the care of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown in the county of Longford, to whose instruction he acknowledged himself to have been more indebted than to that of his other teachers.

It was probably that untowardness in his outward appearance which never afterwards left him, that made his schoolfellows consider him a dull boy, fit only to be the butt of their ridicule.

On his last return after the holidays to the house of his master an adventure befel him, which afterwards was made the groundwork of the plot in one of his comedies. Journeying along leisurely, and being inclined to enjoy such diversion as a guinea, that had been given him for pocket-money, would afford him on the road, he was overtaken by night at a small town called Ardagh. Here, inquiring for the best house in the place he was directed to a gentleman's habitation that literally answered that description. Under a delusion, the opposite to that entertained by the knight of La Mancha, he rides up to the supposed inn: and having given his horse in charge to the ostler, enters without ceremony. The master of the house aware of the mistake, resolves to favour it; and is still less inclined to undeceive his guest, when he finds out from his discourse that he is the son of an acquaintance and a neighbour. A good supper and a bottle or two of wine are called for, of which the host, with his wife and daughter, are invited to partake; and a hot cake is

providently ordered for the morrow's breakfast. The young traveller's surprise may be conceived, when, in calling for his bill, he finds under what roof he has been lodged, and with whom he had been putting himself on such terms of familiarity.

In June, 1744, he was sent a sizer to Trinity College, Dublin, and placed under the tuition of Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, who is represented to have been of a temper so morose as to to excite the strongest disgust in the mind of his pupil. He did not pass through his academical course without distinction Dr. Kearney (who was afterwards provost,) in a note on Boswell's Life of Johnson, informs us, that Goldsmith gained a premium at the Christmas examination, which according to Mr. Malone, is more honourable than those obtained at the other examinations, inasmuch as it is the only one that determines the successful candidate to be the first in literary merit. This is enough to disprove what Johnson is reported to have said of him, that he was a plant that flowered late; that there appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young; though when he had got in fame, one of his friends began to recollect something of his being distinguished at college. Whether he took a degree is not known. On one occasion he narrowly escaped expulsion for having been concerned in the rescue of a student, who, in violation of the supposed privileges of the university, had been arrested for debt within its precincts: but his superiors contented themselves with passing a public censure on him.

Having been deprived, by death, of his father, who had with difficulty supported him at college, he became a dependant on the bounty of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine; and after fluctuating in his choice of an employment in life, was at length established as a medical student at Edinburgh, in his twenty-fifth year.

Dr. Strean mentions, that he was at one time intended for the church, but that appearing before the Bishop, when he went to be examined for orders, in a pair of scarlet breeches, he was rejected.

From Edinburgh, when he had completed his attendance on the usual course of lectures, he removed to Leyden, with the intention of continuing his studies at that University.

Johnson used to speak with coarse contempt of Goldsmith's want of veracity. "Noll," said he to a lady of much distinction in literature, who repeated to me his words, "Noll, madam, would lie through an inch board." In this instance, Johnson's known partiality to Goldsmith fixes the stigma so deeply, that we can place no reliance on the account he gave of what befel him, when he imagined himself to be no longer within reach of detection. In a letter to his uncle he relates that, before going to Holland, he had embarked in a vessel for Bordeaux, that the ship was driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, that he was there seized upon suspicion of being engaged with the rebels, and thrown into prison; that the vessel, meanwhile proceeding on her voyage, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where all the crew perished; and that, at the end of a fortnight, being liberated, he set sail in a vessel bound for Holland, and in nine days arrived safely at Rotterdam. After a residence of about a twelvemonth at Leyden, he was involved in difficulties, occasioned by his love of gambling, a ridiculous inclination that adhered to him for the remainder of his life. He now set out with the resolution of visiting the principal parts of the Continent on foot; and according to his own report of himself, made his way by a variety of stratagems, sometimes recruiting his finances by the acquisition of small sums proposed in the foreign universities to public disputants; at others, securing himself a hospitable reception by the exercise of a moderate share of skill in playing the flute—his "tuneless pipe," as he calls it, in that passage of The Traveller where he alludes to this method of supplying his wants.

Thus, if we are to believe him, he passed through the Netherlands, France, and Germany, into the Swiss Cantons; and in that country, so well suited to awaken the feelings of a poet, he composed a part of The Traveller, and sent it to his elder brother, a clergyman in Ireland. Continuing his journey into Italy, he visited Venice, Verona, Florence, and Padua; and having spent six months at the University in the last mentioned city, returned through France to England in 1756. From his Inquiry into the Present State of Learning, we collect, that when at Paris he attended the Chemical Lectures of Rouelle.

In the meantime his uncle had died; and he found himself on

his arrival in London, so destitute even of a friend to whom he could refer for a recommendation, that he with difficulty obtained first the place of an usher to a school, and afterwards that of assistant in the laboratory of a chemist. At last, meeting with Dr. Sleigh, formerly his fellow student at Edinburgh, he was enabled, by the kindness of this worthy physician, who appears in so amiable a light as the patron of Barry, in the Memoirs of that painter, to avail himself more effectually of his knowledge in medicine, and to earn a subsistence, however scanty, by the practice of that art.

The Bankside in Southwark, and the Temple, or its vicinity were successively the places where he fixed his residence. To his professional gains he soon added the emoluments arising from his exertions as an author. In 1758, he took a share in the conduct of the literary journal called the Monthly Review and for the space of seven or eight months, while the employment lasted, lodged in the house of Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of it. The next year he contributed several papers to the Bee, a collection of essays, and published his Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning, in which he speaks of the Monthly Review in terms not very respectful. There is, I doubt, in this little essay more display than reality of erudition. It would not be easy to say where he had discovered "That Dante was persecuted by the critics as long as he lived." The complaints he made of the hard fate of authors, and his censure of odes and of blank verse, were well calculated to conciliate the good will and to excite the sympathy of Johnson, with whom he soon became intimate.

Poverty and indiscretion were other claims, by which the benevolent commisseration of Johnson could scarcely fail to be awakened; and his acquaintance with Goldsmith had not subsisted long, when an occasion presented itself for rescuing him from the consequences of those evils. One day, calling on our poet at his lodgings in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, he found him under arrest for debt, and engaged in violent altercation with his landlady. Taking from him the Vicar of Wakefield, then just written, Johnson proceeded with it to Newbery the bookseller, from whom he obtained sixty pounds for his friend: and Goldsmith's good humour, and the complaisance of his hostess, re-

turning with this accession of wealth, they spent the remainder of the day together in harmony. In this novel, like Fielding and Smollet, he exhibits a very natural view of familiar life. Inferior to the first in the artful management of his story, and to the latter in the broader traits of comic character, and not equal to either in variety and fertility, he is, nevertheless, to be preferred to both for his power of passing from the ludicrous to the tender, and for his regard to moral decency. It was not printed till some years after, in 1766, when his reputation had been in some degree established by The Traveller. Meanwhile he published, in a periodical work called the Ledger, his Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friend in the East, in which, under the character of a Chinese philosopher, he describes the customs and manners of Europeans. But this assumed personage is an awkward concealment for the good-humoured Irishman, with his never failing succession of droll stories. Of these there are too many; and the want of any thing like a continued interest is sensibly felt. I do not know of any book, on the same plan, that is to be compared with the Persian Letters of Montesquieu.

In the spring of 1763, he had lodgings in *Islington*; and continuing there till the following year, he revised several petty publications for Newbery, and wrote the letters on English History, which from their being published as the letters of a nobleman to his son, have been attributed by turns to the Earl of Orrery and Lord Lyttelton.

His next removal was to the Temple, where he remained for the rest of his life, not without indulging a project, equally magnificent and visionary, of making a journey into the East, in order to bring back with him such useful inventions as had not found their way into Britain. He was ridiculed by Johnson for fancying himself competent to so arduous a task, when he was utterly unacquainted with our own mechanical arts. He would have brought back a grinding barrow, said Johnson, and thought that he had furnished a wonderful improvement. The more feasible plan of returning with honour and advantage to his native country, was held out to him through the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland. That nobleman, who was then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent for him, and made him an offer of his protection. Goldsmith, with his characteristic

simplicity, replied that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help; that, for himself, he looked to the booksellers for support. This reliance happily did not deceive him. By the rewards of his literary labours, he was placed in a comparative state of opulence, in which his propensity for play alone occasioned a diminution

In 1765, appeared The Hermit, The Traveller, and the Essays.

About this time a club was formed, at the proposal of Reynolds, which consisted, besides that eminent painter and our poet, of Johnson, Burke, Burke's father-in-law, Doctor Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Langton, Beauclerk, and Chamier, who met and supped together every Friday night, at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street, Soho. The bookseller's shop belonging to Dr. Griffiths, called the Dunciad, in the neighbourhood of Catherine-street, was another of his favourite haunts.

His comedy of the Good Natured Man, though it had received the sanction of Burke's approval, did not please Garrick sufficiently to induce him to venture it on his theatre. It was therefore, brought forward by Colman, at Covent Garden, on the 29th of January, 1769; but having been represented for nine nights, did not longer maintain its place on the stage, though it is one of those comedies which afford most amusement in the closet. For his conception of the character of Croaker, the author acknowledged that he was indebted to Johnson's Suspirius, in the Rambler. That of Honeywood, in its undistinguishing benevolence, bears some resemblance to his own.

In the next year he published his Deserted Village; and entered into an agreement with Davies, to compile a History of England, in four octavo volumes, for the sum of five hundred pounds, in the space of two years; before the expiration of which period, he made a compact with the same bookseller for an abridgement of the Roman History, which he had before published. The History of Greece, which has appeared since his death, cannot with certainty be ascribed to his pen.

In 1771, he wrote the life of Bolingbroke, prefixed to the Dissertation on Parties.

The reception which his former play had met did not discourage him from trying his fate with a second. But it was not till

after much solicitation, that Colman was prevailed on to allow The Mistakes of a night, or She Stoops to Conquer, to be acted at Covent Garden, on the 15th of March, 1773. A large party of zealous friends, with Johnson at their head, attended to witness the representation and to lead the plaudits of the House a scheme which Mr Cumberland describes to have been preconcerted with much method, but to have been near failing in consequence of some mistakes in the execution of the manœuvres, which aroused the displeasure of the audience. That the piece is enlivened by such droll incidents, as to be nearly allied to farce, Johnson with justice observed, declaring, however, that "he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience; that had so much answered the great end of comedy, that of making an audience merry."

The History of the Earth and Animated Nature, in eight volumes, closed the labours of Goldsmith. This compilation, however recommended by the agreeableness of style usual to its author, is but little prized for its accuracy. In a summary of past events, which are often differently related by writers of authority and credit nearly equal, it is in vain to look for certainty. But when we are presented with a description of natural objects that required only to be looked at in order to be known, we are neither amused nor instructed without some degree of precision. History partakes of the nature of romance. Physiology is more closely connected with science. In the one we must often rest contented with probability. In the other we know that truth is generally to be attained, and therefore expect to find it.

Goldsmith had been for some time subject to attacks of strangury; and having before experienced relief from James's powders, had again recourse to that popular medicine. His medical attendants are said to have remonstrated with him on its unfitness in the stage to which his disorder had reached; but he persevered; and his fever increasing, and some secret distress of mind, under which he owned to Dr. Turton that he laboured, aggravating his bodily complaint, he expired on the 4th of April in his forty-fifth year.

He was privately interred in the Temple burying ground. A Monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with

the following epitaph by Johnson, written at the solicitation of their common friends.

Olivarii Goldsmith,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Seu risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniâ, Forniæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas.
Nov. XXIX, MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April IV, MDCCLXXIV.

It has been questioned whether there is any authority for using the word "tetigit" as it is here employed. I have heard it observed by one, whose opinion on such subjects is decisive, that "contigit" would have better expressed the writer's meaning.

Another epitaph composed by Johnson in Greek, deserves notice, as it shows how strongly his mind was impressed by Goldsmith's abilities.

Τον ταφον εισοραας τον Ολιβαριοιο, κονιην
'Αφροσι μη σεμνην, ξεινε, ποδεσσι πατει.
Οισι μεμηλε φυσις, μετρων χαρις, εργα παλαιων,
Κλαιοτε ποιητην, ιστορικον, φυσικον.

"Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver; press not, O stranger, with the foot of folly, the venerable dust. Ye who care for nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the Historian, the Naturalist, the Poet."

Goldsmith's stature was below the middle height; his limbs, sturdy: his forehead, more prominent than is usual; and his face, almost round, pallid, and marked with the small-pox.

The simpleness, almost approaching to fatuity, of his outward deportment, combined with the power which there was within, brings to our recollection some part of the character of La-

Fontaine, whom a French lady wittily called the Fable Tree, from his apparent unconsciousness, or rather want of mental responsibility for the admirable productions which he was continually supplying. His propriety and clearness when he expresses his thoughts with his pen, and his confusion and inability to impart them in conversation, well illustrated the observation of Cicero, that it is very possible for a man to think rightly on any subject, and yet to want the power of conveying his sentiments by speech in fit and becoming language to others. "Fieri potest ut recte quis sentiat, sed id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit." Yet Mr. Cumberland, who was one of his associates, has informed us, "that he had gleams of eloquence."

Johnson said of him that he was not a social man; he never exchanged mind with you. His prevailing foible was a desire of shining in those exterior accomplishments which nature had denied him. Vanity and benevolence had conspired to make him an easy prey to adulation and imposture.

His complaints of the envy by which he found his mind tormented, and especially on the occasion of Johnson's being honoured by an interview with the King, must have made those who heard him lose all sense of the evil passion, in their amusement at a confession so novel and so pleasant.

One day, we are told, he complained in a mixed company of Lord Camden. "I met him," said he, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The story of his peach-coloured coat will not soon be forgotten. If—

> ——in some men
> Their graces serve them but as enemies,

Goldsmith was one of those in whom their frailties are more likely to serve them as friends; for they were such as could scarcely fail to assist in appeasing malevolence and conciliating kindness. Be this as it will, he must, with all his weaknesses, be considered as one of the chief ornaments of the age in which he lived.

Comparisons have been made between the situation of the men eminent for literature in Queen Anne's time and at the commencement of the reign of George the Third. In the former beginning to be disengaged from the court, where they were more

at home during the reign of the Charleses, they were falling under the influence of the nobility, amongst whom they generally found their patrons, and often their associates. In the latter, they had been insensibly shaken off alike by the court and the nobles, and were come into the hands of the people and the booksellers. I know not whether they were much the worse for this change. If in the one instance they were rendered more studious of elegance and smartness; in the other, they attained more freedom and force. In the former, they were oftener imitators of the French. In the latter, they followed the dictates of a better sense, and trusted more to their own resources. They lost, indeed, the character of wits, but they aspired to that of instructors. Yet in one respect, and that a material one, it must be owned, that they were sufferers by this alteration in affairs. For the quantity of their labours having become more important under their new masters than it was under their old ones, they had less care of selection, and their originality was weakened by diffusiveness. They indulged themselves but sparingly in the luxury of composing verse, which was too thriftless an occupation to be continued long. They used it, perhaps, as the means of attracting notice to themselves at their first entrance on the world, but not as the staple on which they were afterwards to depend. When the song had drawn a band of hearers around them, it had done its duty. The crowd was to be detained and encreased, by expectations of advantage rather than of pleasure. A writer consulted Goldsmith on what subjects he might employ his pen with most profit to himself. "It will be better," said the author of The Traveller and The Deserted Village, laughing indeed, but in good earnest, "to relinquish the draggle-tail muses. For my part, I have found productions in prose more sought after and better paid for." This is, no doubt, the reason that his verse bears so small a proportion to his other writings. Yet it is by the former, added to the few works of imagination which he has left besides, that he will be known to posterity. His histories will probably be superseded by more skilful or more accurate compilations; as they are now read by few who can obtain information nearer to its original sources.

In the natural manner of telling a short and humorous story, he is perhaps surpassed by no writer of prose except Addison. In

his Essays, the style preserves a middle way between the gravity of Johnson and the lightness of Chesterfield; but it may often be objected to them, as to the moral writings of Johnson, that they present life to us under a gloomy aspect, and leave an impression of despondence on the mind of the reader.

In his poetry there is nothing ideal. It pleases chiefly by an exhibition of nature in her most homely and familiar views. But from these he selects his objects with due discretion, and omits to represent whatever would occasion unmingled pain or disgust.

His couplets have the same slow and stately march as Johnson's; and if we can suppose similar images of rural and domestic life to have arrested the attention of that writer, we can scarcely conceive that he would have expressed them in different language.

Some of the lines in The Deserted Village are said to be closely copied from a poem by Welsted, called the Ουαιγραφια; but I do not think he will be found to have levied larger contributions on it, than most poets have supposed themselves justified in making on the neglected works of their predecessors.

The following particulars relating to this poem, which *I* have extracted from the letter of Dr. Strean before referred to, cannot fail to gratify that numerous class of readers with whom it has been a favourite from their earliest years.

The poem of The Deserted Village took its origin from the circumstance of General Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General,) having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or *Auburn;* in consequence of which, many families, here called *cottiers*, were removed to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced "*with fainting steps,*" to go in search of "*torrid tracts*" and "*distant climes.*"

This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind, when the following are added; viz. that the character of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, (the brother of the poet,) is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his "modest mansion" as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and site of his school-house, and *Catherine Giraghty*, a lonely widow;

> The wretched matron forced in age for bread
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;

(and to this day the brook and ditches, near the spot where her cabin stood, abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and *Catherine's* children live in the neighbourhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where "*nut-brown draughts inspired,*" are still visited as the poetic scene; and the "*hawthorn-bush*" growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the "*decent church,*" which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which "*tops the neighbouring hill,*" is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

I should have observed, that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hand; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters: she was allied to him, and kept a little school.

The Hermit, a pleasing little tale, told with that simplicity which appears so easy, and is in fact so difficult, to be attained. It is imitated from the Ballad of a Friar of Orders Grey, in Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.

His Traveller was, it is said, pronounced by Mr. Fox to be one of the finest pieces in the English language. Perhaps this sentence was delivered by that great man with some qualification, which was either forgotten or omitted by the reporter of it; otherwise such praise was surely disproportioned to its object.

In this poem he professes to compare the good and evil which fall to the share of those different nations whose lot he contemplates. His design at setting out is to show that, whether we consider the blessings to be derived from art or from nature, we shall discover "an equal portion dealt to all mankind." And the conclusion which he draws at the end of the poem would be perfectly just, if these premises were allowed him.

In every government though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud streams annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

That it matters little or nothing to the happiness of men whether they are governed well or ill, whether they lived under fixed and known laws, or at the will of an arbitrary tyrant, is a paradox, the fallacy of which is happily too apparent to need any refutation. Nor is his inference warranted by those particular observations which he makes for the purpose of establishing it. When of Italy he tells us, "that sensual bliss is all this nation knows," how is Italy to be compared either with itself when it was prompted by those "nobler aims," of which he speaks, or with that country where he sees

> The lords of human kind pass by.
> Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
> By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
> Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
> True to imagined right, above controul;
> While e'en the peasant learns these rights to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself as man?

That good is every where balanced by some evil, none will deny. But that no effort of human courage or prudence can make one scale preponderate over the other, and that a decree of fate has fixed them in eternal equipoise, is an opinion which, if it was seriously entertained, must bind men to a tame and spiritless acquiescence in whatever disadvantages or inconveniences they may chance to find themselves involved, and leave to them the exercise of no other public virtue than that of a blind submission. His poetry is happily better than his argument. He discriminates with much skill the manners of the several countries that pass in review before him; the illustrations, with which he relieves and varies his main subject, are judiciously interspersed; and as he never raises his tone too far beyond his pitch at the first starting, so he seldom sinks much below it. The thought at the beginning appears to have pleased him; for he has repeated it in "the Citizen of the World:"

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee:
> Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

"The further I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you

are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

To the poetical compositions of Goldsmith in general, may be applied with justice that temperate commendation which he has given to the works of Parnell in his life of that Poet. "At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey over again." There is much to solace fatigue and even to excite pleasure, but nothing to call forth rapture. We stay to contemplate and enjoy the objects on our road; but we feel that it is on this earth we have been travelling, and that the author is either not willing or not able to raise us above it.

ART. VI.—*History of Europe; from the treaty of Paris, in* 1815.

CHAP. I.—ENGLAND. *Opening of Parliament. Prince Regent's Speech. State of the Revenue. Treaties with foreign powers. State of Manners in London.*

THE peace of Europe being once again established, and the attention of speculative as well as of active men being released in some measure, from the contemplation of external affairs, the opening of Parliament was this year expected by the people of England with a well-grounded confidence, that the wisdom of the legislative bodies would be immediately directed to the repair and alleviation of those dilapidations and distresses which had been inflicted upon the revenue, and upon a very large part of the population of the empire, in consequence of the unequalled exertions to which it had been so exposed. Deliberations of such a nature, begun in the session of 1815, had been at once forgotten and dismissed in the tumult of that momentary and almost miraculous revolution which had expelled the French king from the throne to which he had so lately been restored, amidst the combustible materials of a too military nation, that firebrand which had before been plucked from its position by the united strength of Russia, Germany and England. The people were prepared to congratulate the government, by the mouths of their representatives, upon the happy termination to which the war in so brief a space, had been conducted; but they were chiefly anxious to see the parliament re-assembled, by reason of the hopes which they built on the issue of those interrupted investigations, which had for their object the improvement of the domestic revenue and polity—more particularly, the relief of those classes of the com-

munity, to whose share, as was universally felt and regretted, an unequal pressure of the national burden had fallen.

Parliament assembled on the 1st of February, and the speech was delivered by commission. The principal topics were, the splendid nature of the public exertions of Great Britian, during the preceding year—the commercial treaty with the United States —the results of the war in Ceylon, and on the continent of India. A great variety of treaties were laid upon the table and the speech concluded with the usual professions of gratitude for the wisdom and firmness of the British parliament and people. An address was unanimously voted in the House of Peers, with the exception of Lord Holland; but it met with considerable opposition in the lower house. Mr. Brougham drew a melancholy picture of the condition of the country. The number of banruptcies he said, was daily increasing; the home trade, the substantial groundwork of national industry, was at a stand-still; shops were every where empty, and tradesmen's books covered with debts, on which not one per cent. could be collected. The pressure was greater than it had been in 1810 and 1812; no business was done, and if the reason were asked, it was said the landlord received no rent, the tenant could sell no corn. Lord Castlereagh replied at some length, to the speeches of the opposition members. Though not disposed to go into details on this occasion, he thought it might be well that he should describe the present state of the revenue, and by comparing the amount of British goods exported in the three-quarters of a year, ending October 10, 1814, with those of the three-quarters, ending at the same period in the following year, it would be seen that the passage in the speech, which had been so much commented on, was borne out by facts. The British manufactures exported in the three-quarters of a year, ending October 10, 1814, amounted to 37,167,294*l.* Those exported in the three-quarters, ending October 10, 1815, amounted to 42,425,357*l.* This was the amount of their real or declared value; and from this comparison it would be seen that the increase which had taken place amounted to 5,258,063*l.* This addition to our external commerce he considered of the greatest importance. The internal state of the country was such, that, deducting the amount of the property-tax, (which was nearly the same as in the preceding year,) the taxes on the home consumption, down to January 5, 1816, notwithstanding a falling off to the amount of four or five hundred thousand pounds in the customs, the increase in the revenue upon the whole amounted to a million and a half. If there was a falling off in the customs, he had the satisfaction to state, there was not only no falling off in the excise, but the excess under this head covered the decrease which had occurred under the former. The war-taxes had kept steady; they did not vary more than 200,000*l.* from what they were last year. There then was a vast increase of the external commerce

of the country; the excise was enormously increased, and the revenue was generally in a flourishing state, which proved, that the community possessed, in as great a degree as formerly, the means of indulging those tastes and dispositions which caused that consumption from which this revenue arose. Though he did not undervalue the depression complained of by the agricultural interest, he was not discouraged at it, as he trusted it would prove temporary. If the agricultural interest had steadily prospered for a considerable number of years, (as it was well known it had,) while other classes of the community suffered severely, it was not a matter of surprise that it should at length encounter misfortune, and it ought not to occasion despondency, though a remedy, if practicable, ought to be supplied. If parliament met the difficulties of the country fairly, and joined to sustain the credit of the country, this would be likely to afford the agriculturist the most effectual relief."

The first subjects which formally engaged the attention of parliament, were the policy of the government in regard to the treaties lately concluded, and the arrangement of the affairs of the continent founded upon their provisions. In discussing these topics, in themselves of so extensive a character, the various speakers more particularly those of the Lower House, indulged in the display of many arguments and reasonings entirely extraneous, insomuch that the debates were protracted during several successive nights. Upon the whole, however, the substance of the views and principles developed in the course of these evenings may be reduced to a comparatively small compass. On one point, as might have been expected from the proceedings on the opening of the session, namely, the splendid nature of the exertions and successes of the armies, the members of both houses agreed in expressing the same sentiments of congratulation. With few exceptions, the propriety of adopting the most vigorous measures on the return of Buonaparte, was now, as in the preceding year, maintained by all parties. But great difference of opinion was expressed in regard, *first*, to the justice of those principles of general polity, in virtue of which England was supposed to have concurred with the allies in aiding the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France; *secondly*, the wisdom of those measures which the allied powers had adopted for the coercion and punishment of the country in whose internal government they had thus interfered; and, *thirdly*, the policy of those territorial arrangements, by which the future repose of Europe had been provided for. On each of these points, several long and eloquent speeches were pronounced.

Among the most interesting subjects which came this year under the attention of the House of Commons, were those investigated in the two several committees, *on the mendicity and vagrancy, and on the police of the metropolis.* From the evidence

to be but too much reason, as has already been stated, to conclude that the number of juvenile offenders and depredators had been remarkably on the increase. The practised thieves, grown skilful in avoiding by the manner of their offences the more terrible punishments of the law, have learned with equal success to transfer, in the greater number of instances, the risk of what does remain from themselves, to corrupted children, the instruments and companions of their guilt. Boys of twelve, nine, nay of six years, have been found capable, not of executing merely, but of planning and directing, the most cunning schemes of wickedness. With premature violence and deceit, these creatures have mingled premature desires. They game, they drink, they share all the vices of men, and in not a few cases, they have undergone the last severity of the law.—Their instructors in the arts of wickedness, lead, like the mendicants whom we have already described, lives of merriment among themselves, cut off from all other society, except, as it would seem, that of the inferior officers of the law, who not seldom mingle in their debaucheries, in order that they may know their haunts, and more easily lay hold of them upon occasion. Houses of resort for these desperate characters, familiarly known by the name of *Flash-houses*, exist in many parts of the metropolis; one of them, it would appear, in the immediate vicinity of the chief establishment of the police. There thieves and thief-catchers sit together in peaceful fellowship, nor does the apprehension of one boon companion by another, appear to affect in any way the general festivity of their assembly.

The vice of drinking, in which so many other vices find their origin, and in which all vices find their support, seems indeed to have increased in an alarming degree, and with the vice, the vicious accommodations have of necessity kept pace. Houses, such as we have above described, are, although with many exceptions, closed in general at the legal hours. Their frequenters then retreat to other haunts,—to coffee-houses, a new species, which are open during the whole night; and to houses which call themselves ale-houses, but where little of any ale is sold; and gin-houses, which are open before the light. Those who cannot find or afford such accommodations, repose under open sheds and on bulks; in Covent Garden, in particular, where every night men and women, and boys and girls, to the number of many hundreds, sleep together in the open air, a scene of vice and tumult more atrocious than any thing exhibited even by ted Lazzaroni of Naples. The younger part of this rabble have, however, houses for themselves alone, and meetings known by the name of *cock-and-hen clubs*, the systematic and deliberate inspectors and managers of which should be visited with other punishments than the refusal of a license. With regard to the female proffligates in London, it is not necessary to say much. It is lamentable, but it is true, that they are by far more offensive

in their profligacy, more daringly abandoned in their external behaviour, than those of any other capital in Europe. There may, no doubt, be other reasons for this; but one great reason is certain, that they are more addicted to the vice of drinking.

ART. VII.—*Ivanhoe ; a Romance. By the author of "Waverley," &c.* 12*mo.* 3 *Vols. Edinburgh.* 1820.

[As the embellishments of this volume, with a single exception, consist of representations of scenes from one of the Scotch novels, we have thought that to some of our readers, an account of that work would not be unwelcome.]

THE time at which the events in this narrative are supposed to have occurred, is that of the third crusade, terminating in the captivity of Richard the Lion-hearted;—a name which feats of incredible prowess in Europe and Asia have alike rendered dear both to history and romance: but a name so stained with wanton and atrocious cruelty, that it is difficult for any reader who is tinctured with humanity to follow his fortunes with interest; or to ascribe the lofty virtues of the chivalrous character to a warrior who, according to Roger de Hoveden, sacrificed five thousand Moslems in cold blood, after the capitulation of Acre.* Of the features of this period, it will not be a departure from the subject of the present article to trace a rapid sketch, drawn probably from the same sources to which the writer of 'Ivanhoe' is indebted, and constituting its principal ground-work. These were, the licentious power of the barons,—the feudal vassalage of the people, who were vexed with every species of oppression,—and the half-slumbering but unextinguished hatred between the descendants of the Norman conquerors and the remnant of the Saxon race; an animosity which was kept alive by the injudicious policy of the Norman princes. Of these passions, the spirit of chivalry was the best, and it may be said the only corrective. By refining on that gallantry and respect for the softer sex, which in the darkest ages characterized the northern countries of Europe, and by fostering the principle of individual honour, at a time when the restraints of religion and morals were feeble and inefficacious, chivalry became a sort of school of moral discipline. Although it did not arrive at its full perfection till the thirteenth century, one of its most salutary fruits, an elevation of mind and of character, already began to be experienced. It softened also the distinction between wealth and poverty, by conferring a dignity which more than compensated for the ine-

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* If the horse of a Turk started, he was asked whether he thought that Richard was in the bush; and Syrian mothers silenced their children by the terrors of his name. The excesses of Bonaparte in this eastern region are not without parallels in the history of English monarchs.

qualities of fortune. From the spirit of crusading, chivalry now assumed a religious character; and hence arose those institutions, half chivalrous and half religious, the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John, who are so frequently mentioned in the course of these volumes. We cannot wonder that romance derived such copious materials from these ages. Woman had now obtained some of her ascendancy: courtesy, protection of the weak, and the rescue of the defenceless, the great objects of chivalrous adventure, were now heightened into enthusiasm; religion and gallantry, the love of God and of the ladies,* were mingled sentiments; and so intimate was the union of gallantry and valour, that language (the best expounder of the manners of a nation) has from that time expressed both qualities by one of the words. On the amiable portion of the creation, neither valour nor courtesy was wasted; for they repaid the deference which they received by the virtues which it cherished. Fidelity to women was expanded into that universal adherence to engagements, which peculiarly distinguished the knight; and to be deemed false and recreant was the bitterest of disgraces. Moreover, that genuine courtesy, the very soul of chivalry; which did not consist in the mere forms of external ceremony, but in a postponement of self and an habitual respect for others, threw its polished graces over social life; and it was thus that the ferocity of war was mitigated. St. Palaye familiarly speaks of the ransoming of captives, and of the permission granted to them of returning home to procure the stipulated sum; and in subsequent times, this humanity to prisoners, which arose out of chivalry, was nobly displayed by Edward III. and the Black Prince. It is also to be observed that the ransom was not exorbitant; for Froissart tells us that "they never straitened any knight or squire, so that he should not live well, and keep up his honour." With these habits grew up an enlarged liberality, and a contempt for money: hospitality became a leading virtue: every castle opened its gates to the traveller, whose armour, while it concealed his indigence, announced his dignity; and the pilgrim had an especial claim to succour, to partake of the plenteous repast, and to be cheered by the blazing fire. A strong feeling of justice, likewise, and a high-minded sense of wrong, operated as a salutary antidote to the disorders of the times; when the law of the strongest, and territorial oppression, were carried to their utmost height. The tone of chivalrous feeling was kept up by tournaments, at which the kings of France and England held solemn or plenary courts. This was a strife without enmity, though not without danger, as the conflicts often ended in bloodshed and death; and an image of war, in which the victories gained before beauty and royalty were more glorious than those

* St. Palaye, *Mem. sur Chival.* passim.

of foreign fields and national hostility. Moulded by these habits, the character of the knight, when the institutions of chivalry decayed, left behind it one still more valuable,—that of the gentleman.

As if to throw a shade over this picture, superstition had now arrived at such a point as almost to justify a question whether it was preferable to the absence of all religious notions. The monks (as they are represented in this work) were jovial, and addicted to intrigue: monasteries, though they afforded an occasional asylum to those who fled from baronial tyranny, were the receptacle of every vice: ecclesiastical discipline had lost its efficacy: in this and the succeeding reigns, the very nunneries were impure; and bigotry, fostered by the clergy, was diffused among the laity. The persecutions inflicted on the Jews, who frequently underwent a general massacre, and were always the objects of popular insult, are often mentioned in 'Ivanhoe;' and, although Richard is exhibited in the act of a gallant interference in behalf of the Jewess Rebecca, those persecutions were never more severe and unrelenting than in his reign. Having amassed large sums by traffic, these people were constantly liable to pillage and extortion. The monkish historians, as if they had caught the contagion of the vices which they commemorate, mention such acts with the greatest glee; and one of them (Hemingford) is delighted with the captain of a vessel who persuaded some of that sect to walk on the sands at low water, till they were drowned by the rising of the tide.

Penance, sometimes commuted into fines, and pilgrimages to some celebrated shrine, now atoned for every crime. Among other evils incident to those times, was the prevalence of judicial perjury; and it was to obviate this evil that the trial by combat, derived from an earlier period, was perpetuated. The sports of the great, also, were a source of vexation to the public; the laws for the preservation of game were rigorous in the extreme, and rigorously enforced; and, till the charter of John, it was a capital offence to kill a stag or a wild boar. The passion for field-sports produced among the lower orders that strenuous idleness, which disdained the regular pursuits of industry; and hence arose the forest outlaws, who concealed themselves in the recesses of the country, and, being united, in armed combinations, set all law and police at defiance. At the head of these free-booters was the half-fabled Robin Hood, a person of great note in the old romances, and one of the characters in 'Ivanhoe' by no means of secondary importance. Even Richard is represented as being (in disguise) his associate for some days, and afterward as giving Robin Hood not only his pardon but a promise of protection, coupled with a resolution to restrain the tyranny of the forest-laws;—a resolution not in very exact conformity to the truth of history, and the known policy of his reign; for it is no-

dric to take them under the protection of their retinue, his request is granted at the instance of Rowena. In the mean while, a plot had been formed by De Bracy, (one of Prince John's courtiers,) with the privity and aid of the Knight Templar, to intercept Cedric's party, and to carry off Rowena, by dressing a hired band of ruffians as the forest out-laws. On their seizing the lady, he was to appear in his own shape as a courteous knight coming to her rescue, and then to convey her to Front-de-Bœufs castle, where she would be wholly in his power. This project is executed, and the whole party are taken : but the real captain of the out-laws, (Robin Hood,) under the name of Locksley, having heard of the scheme, and having before met with the black knight (Richard) by means of an intermediate adventure which is highly amusing, all his forces are summoned to the attack of Torquilstone castle, where Cedric, Rowena, the Jew and his daughter, and Ivanhoe, were confined in separate apartments. Rowena and Rebecca resist, like true heroines, the several threats of De Bracy and the Templar ; and the old Jew is half-tortured by Front-de-Bœuf, who endeavours to extort money from him. The castle is besieged, taken, and its wounded owner perishes in its flames. Cedric manfully assists, in its destruction, having previously escaped by means of Wamba his fool, or jester, who had gained admittance disguised as a priest into the castle, changed clothes with his master, and remained as a prisoner in his place. A fiend-like character, Ulrica, the daughter of the former who had been murdered by the present possessor of the castle, and with which murderer she had lived in the bands of a guilty intercourse, is introduced, tells the dreadful secrets of that prison-house, and conspires with the besiegers ; who, partly by her aid, are enabled to make the breach. Front-de-Bœuf is slain by Cœur-de-Lion ; —Athelstane is to all appearance killed by the Templar, as he is carrying off Rebecca, but afterwards revives, and the scene of his resurrection is his own funeral banquet ;—De Bracy is taken prisoner by the victorious party.

When Prince John finds that " the lion is loose," he deputes his chief friend and counseller Fitz-urse to seize him by stratagem and force. The enterprize is undertaken, but Fitz-urse falls into his own snare : Richard reveals himself to the out-laws : Ivanhoe, who is now recovered, is married to the lady Rowena ; and the whole ends, as stories of this kind usually do, with the happiness of the hero and heroine of the piece : excepting the amiable and truly heroic Rebecca, who retires with her father into Spain.—As a sort of episode, the trial of Rebecca for sorcery by the Knights Templars, her delivery, and the death of Bois-Guilbert, excite a powerful interest.

We have room only for a few extracts : but we were so much struck with the masterly description of the tournament, that we must subjoin a small part of it.

'The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England ; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle, of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendour.

'The heralds ceased their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights ;" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality to wards those whom the age accounted the secretaries at once and historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pee, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.'

The scene, in which Rebecca, in default of a champion, is exposed to the dreadful peril of being burnt at the Preceptory of the Knights Templars, is peculiarly impressive, and we regret that we must give so imperfect an extract from it.

'As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of Saint Michael of Templestowe, a venerable building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

'At length the draw-bridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pee in bright armour, but without his lance, shield or sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reigned his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding ; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features, from which we willingly withdraw our eyes.

'On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace,

the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Knights Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophites came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partizans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stript of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye, wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath, and a waged slave of the devil.

'A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded and looks bent upon the ground.

'This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

'The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.'

Having already said so much on the general plan of 'Ivanhoe,' we have little now to add. Most unwillingly would we cavil at slight or incidental defects: but we conceived it to be our duty to point out those which were inherent in its design and structure; and, among them, we cannot overlook what seems to us too glaring a departure from authentic history, though the introduction of Richard, perhaps, rendered it necessary to the author. It appears from historians that the manner of this prince's return to England was widely different from that which has here been assumed, in order to connect him with the chief incidents of the story; he being openly ransomed by his subjects, and his release from imprisonment hailed with the greatest joy. (See Hume, vol. ii. p. 36.)—Perhaps there is an anachronism also in the circumstance of the pouncet-box being one of the articles taken by the robbers from the person of the Prior; since it has been, we believe, generally agreed that the pouncet-box which Hotspur's fop applied "to his nose and took away again," was an anticipation of a luxury that was not in use till the time of Elizabeth. We think, moreover, that the mystery of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and of Richard, is too little suspended; and that both these persons, notwithstanding their disguise, are too quickly

recognized. This is unquestionably a fault, inasmuch as it gives us, at the opening of the narrative, too premature a hint of its termination, and has a tendency to render the intermediate parts languid and uninteresting. It has an effect like that of straight lines in the old exploded taste of gardening, which conduct the eye at once to the end of its prospect. The elder Pliny has a criticism of the same kind, which he applies to architecture; "*Ambire sic debet extremitas, et sic desinere, ut promittat alia post se;*" and it is susceptible, we conceive, of some application to a chain of narration, in which surprise and curiosity ought to be kept constantly alive.

The revival of Athelstane, also, is an unnecessary and gross violation of probability, and not naturally explained: while the horrid story of Ulrica is introduced too late, and is too speedily dismissed.

These, however, are slight blemishes; and we gladly turn aside from petty animadversions, to express our unfeigned praise of the extensive research, the playful vivacity, the busy and stirring incidents, the humorous dialogue, and the picturesque delineations, with which 'Ivanhoe' abounds. We shall not soon forget the sturdy fidelity of Gurth, the archness and affectionate attachment of Wamba, and the merry carousal of the clerk of Copemanhurst.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Anacreon;* By J. E. Hall.

(Continued from page 415, our last.)

"You have discriminated in a manner that is at once accurate and ingenious," said Anacreon. "For my own part I love and hate them all. They are so lovely that I cannot be absent from them and they are so teasing and bewitching that it is impossible to be with them. However, let us pledge them in a bumper while Critias sings a song which I taught him yesterday."

With these words he poured out some wine and I sung the following ode, in which the delicacy of the thought seems to vie with the expressive simplicity of the terms in which it is conveyed.

Cupid once upon a bed*
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!

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* Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyll, but is very inferior, I think to his original, in delicacy of point and naiveté of expression. Spencer, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus:

The bee awak'd—with anger wild
The bee awak'd and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
"I die with pain—in sooth I do!
"Stung by some little angry thing,
"Some serpent on a tiny wing—
"A bee it was—for once I know
"I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
"Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
"How must the heart, ah Cupid! be,
"The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

When I finished, Alcæus, who had silently attended to our conversation, took my harp, and the softness of its cadence quickly convinced us that he who touched its strings, was not less the master of tender than warlike strains.

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear.

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

Simonides then turned our attention to the epigram, a species of composition in which the Greeks have ever excelled. He produced one which he had recently written upon the death of Sophocles. It was in these words:

ON SOPHOCLES.

Wind, gentle ever-green to form a shade,
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy wind thy bows and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;
Whose soul exalted like a god of wit
Among themuses and the graces writ.*

We were all pleased with these lines, but more particularly with the conclusion, where the poet alludes with such delicacy to the picture of Apollo, who is generally represented with a harp in his hand and encircled by the muses.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

* This translation is by Addison.

Ion, the dramatic poet from Chios, who was one of the company, was by no means penurious of his praise: for he was then exulting in success and he knew by his own feelings how grateful is applause to the poetical mind. Sôme of his productions having recently obtained the crown, he was so elated by the victory, that he presented one of those beautiful vases that are made in his own country, to each of the inhabitants of Athens.* An exertion of vain liberality, which nearly exhausted all the profits of his production.

Ion cannot be ranked among those writers who possess that intuitive imagination which ornaments wherever it is exercised. His taste was pure, but his genius was not vivid. His pieces were polished with so much labour, that we can discern no fault; but they were written so slowly that they never soared to any sublime height. Correct without animation, he attained the praise of mediocrity.

By him we were next entertained with the following, to the memory of the tender, the sweet and the mournful Menander; an author whose purity of diction and delicacy of sentiment can never be surpassed.

ON MENANDER.*

The very bees, oh sweet Menander, hung
To hear the muses lisp upon thy tongue;
The very graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of pure expression hit.
Thus still you live; you make your Athens shine
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

He gave us also the following:

ON EURIPIDES.

Divine Euripides this tomb we see
So fair, is not a tomb for thee,—
So much as thou for it; since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the throne.

Meleager then took a harp and sang an elegiac ode to the memory of his lamented wife.

Tears o'er my parted Thirza's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead;
Flow, bitter sorrows, o'er a consort's shrine
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine.
Break, break, my heart, o'erfraught with bursting wo,
An empty off'ring to the world below.
Ah! plant regretted! Death, remorseless power
With dust unfruitful, choak'd thy full-blown flower.
Take, earth the gentle inmate to thy breast
And, soft-embosom'd, bid my Thirza rest.

Anacreon having asked me to make some attempt to contribute to the entertainment of our friends I repeated the following ode which I had recently composed.

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* Athen. lib. 1. cap. 3. p. 3.

ON MYRILLA.

In retirement.

Where lofty forests wave their heads,
And flowrets deck the lowly meads;
Where bold Ilyssus rolls along,
In current rapid clear and strong:
Whose waves in quick succession rise
When gentle Zephyr o'er them sighs;
Where lavish Nature throws around
Whate'er can charm the fairy ground;
And where bright hope and joy are ever seen,
And peace and love, and calm content, with placid mien:

Where summer's suns, with gentle fire,
Shine but to warm—and then retire,
To welcome Autumn's fruitful brow,
Or winter's not ungenial snow,
And then with gladness swiftly bring
The verdure of the teeming Spring—
(Spring!—season of the blooming rose,
That on the gale its fragrance throws,
And woodbines then their curling tendrils join,
In soft and tender union with some wreathing vine.)

Myrilla lives—remote from noise;
And rural scenes of peace enjoys;
With those whose fond paternal care,
Has polish'd bright the lovely fair.
With those who oft delight to trace
Good-nature beaming in her face;
And love to survey in her mind
All the virtues there combin'd,
All that with fond delight the poet feigns
When love inflames, and Fancy prompts the tuneful strains.

With friends like these how smoothly glides
The current of life's rapid tides!
How do they sweeten each dull hour,
How cheer those clouds that often low'r,
When pale misfortune's palsying hand
O'er joy and peace waves high her wand,
Then friendship's face serenely smiles,
And sorrow's every pain beguiles.
They make past joys in swift succession rise,
And charm once more the raptur'd gazer's tear dew'd eyes.

Oh! ye kind gods, who ne'er disdain
To calm our fears and ease our pain;
Oh! listen to my fervent prayer!
From harm protect my favoured fair.
May she ne'er feel how keen the dart
That wounds unseen the peaceful heart;
And in an instant can destroy
Each lively hope of promised joy.
And may she long avoid pale Envy's flame,
And still preserve with conscience pure, bright virtue's name.

May fancy to her favourite child,
Still teach her *native wood-notes wild:*
And genius crown with fadeless bays
The maid who weaves her winning lays.

E'en now untaught by wisdom's years
Her polished number's please our ears:
What then when more matured by time
Would be her muse's riper rhyme?
Did but prediction's voice to me belong,
Each muse and every grace would love to claim her song.

May she with deep-fixed scorn deride
The weakness of a silly pride;
Ne'er may she hear base flattery's theme
Nor idly love the soothing dream.
For flattery, like the poisoned bowl,
First soothes and then intoxicates the soul.'
But to avert the feathered dart,
And safely shield a female heart,
May learning grave her studious mind engage,
To read with eye unwearied, each instructive page.

Next shall my feeble pen pourtray,
In artless numbers of the lay?
Oh then! how fondly would I trace
The features of a lovely face.
May each fair lineament declare
That native worth is hidden there.
Give to her cheek the tint that glows
And blushes in the morning rose.
Exert, ye bounteous gods! your happiest art
To give those charms that win and firmly bind the heart.

My lines, rude and imperfect as they were, received a liberal share of approbation from the courtesy of those who heard them. They were so interesting to me from their theme alone, that I was careless as to their intrinsic merit. Anacreon smiled when he heard me pronounce the name of Myrilla with such fervour, for he thought that absence and the belief that she could never be mine, had eradicated her image from my heart. But he knew not the fondnesss with which I had dwelt upon her memory: and the fidelitywith which I had resisted the blandishments of the court of Samos and the soothing smiles of the damsels of Lesbos. Often had I endeavoured to forget her charms in the society of less beautiful maids; but vain was the attempt! Every smile was the smile of Myrilla; every glance reminded me of one more lovely that I had gazed upon before. Love, faithful and fond, had preserved my heart from temptation, and I was soon to reap the reward of my constancy.

The rays of beauty may dazzle our eyes for a moment like a solar-beam, but if the mind be not affected, they fade as the sun declines beneath the western cloud; and when this fascination, that once so sweetly captivated our senses has lost its attractions, we shall find but a faint impression of what once was lovely remaining. But he whose sensibility has been excited by the charms of intellectual beauty, whose desires are sincere, pure and disinterested, may never fear that the prospect which hope has painted will be darkened by the gloomy shades of disap-

pointment and discontent. Even if his expectations be not realized, the unsuccessful lover has the consolation of reflecting that the object of his wishes conferred honour upon his selection: and the approbation of an honest conscience will cheer his sorrow and mitigate his despair.

Simonides, whose genius was peculiarly adapted to the expression of tender and melancholy subjects, next sung an ode which he had composed upon a circumstance well known among the poets of Greece.

ON DANAE.*

When the wild winds whistled by
And midnight gloom o'erhung the sky:
When the sea with foaming tide
Impetuous, dash'd the vessel's side:
Danae view'd the fearful deep
And clasp'd her child now bath'd in sleep.
"Alas! my child, while all around
Darkness and sad dismay are found:
I hear the foaming ocean roar
And idly lash the distant shore;
I see the vivid lightning play
Making, of night, a fearful day.
And while each hour wakes new alarms
Thou sleep'st, sweet babe, upon my arms.
No guilty pang has pierc'd thy heart,
No grief has bade thy tears to start;
But could the surge that wets thy hair,
Awake thy bosom to despair,
And make thee feel what I deplore
I then would bid thee sleep the more.
But oh! great Jove in future years
When all the man, my boy appears,
Oh! give him valour bold and strong
That he may 'venge his mother's wrong."

While I listened to the sad wailings of this master of the pathetic song† I could not but indulge a momentary regret that he had not devoted more of his hours to themes of love. But even my fondness for the muse was compelled to acknowledge that if he had been thus employed, he could not have rendered those services to the world which have improved mankind and will immortalize his name.

Mimnermus was one of our company; and had hitherto sat si-

* Danae was confined to a tower in consequence of a prediction that she would bare a son who would put her father to death. The precaution of the father was fruitless. Jupiter became enamoured of her, and introduced himself to her chamber by changing himself into a *shower of gold*. Danae and the offspring of this connection were exposed to the sea by her father. The bark was driven on the island of Seriphus, where Danae and her child were protected by Polydectes king of the place. This child was the famous Perseus. It is scarcely necessary to add that he fulfilled the prediction.

† "Moestius lachrymis Simonideis." Catull.

lently enjoying his wine, which he drank in liberal potations. The loss of a mistress, more lovely than the brightest visions of imagination, had embittered his early days with a tincture of melancholy, which pervaded most of his compositions. Yet his disposition was neither gloomy nor unsocial. Neither his own disappointment nor the vicissitudes of the times in which he lived, had produced that saturnine habit which regards the conviviality of mirth or the more tranquil pleasures of domestic endearment, with a silent tongue and an averted eye. On the contrary, the sinister circumstance of his life were fresh inducements with him to catch the fleeting wings of time, and in the enjoyment of the present hour he forgot the pains of the past and was careless of the future. These sentiments he now inculcated in a song.

Drink and rejoice! what comes to-morrow,
Or what the future can bestow,
Of pain or pleasure joy or sorrow,
Men are not wise enough to know.

Oh bid farewell to care and labour,
Enjoy your life while yet you may;
Impart your blessings to your neighbour,
And give your hours to frolic play.

Life is not life if free from passion;
From the wild transports love can give;
Indulge each gentle inclination;
Thus life is worth the pains to live.

But if you pass the short-liv'd pleasure,
And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims the slighted treasure,
And you have nothing of your own.

When Mimnermus had concluded we drank the health of Hipparchus, and Anacreon sang the following ode; after which we separated for the night.

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus* with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,

* To recline on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves and flowers, as Madame Dacier remarks, was deemed by the ancients to be a delightful indulgence. The lotus or lote-tree, was a plant much esteemed by the Egyptians, as its berries sometimes served them for bread. There was another lotus in Africa which gave its name to the Λωτοφάγοι, or lote-eaters, because they lived upon the fruit of this tree, which had so delicious a flavour, as Homer relates, that those who tasted it, forgot all the charms of their native soil, as Ulysses experienced in his return from Troy. Vid. Hom. Odyss. ix ver. 94, 95, 102.)

Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:*
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom?
Upon the cold, insensate tomb
Can flowery breeze, or odours breath,
Affect the slumbering child of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep †
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breath the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own elysium here!

(To be Continued.)

ART. IX.—*Emily, a dramatic Sketch.*

Persons.....{ Lord Mowbray.
Amelia, his daughter.
Maurice, Amelia's husband.
William, a Boy of six years old, the son of Maurice and Amelia.

Scene, the inside of a Cottage

Amelia at work singing, Maurice enters during her Song.

The red rose is queen of the garden bower
That glows in the sun at noon;
And the lady lily's the fairest flower
Whose white bells swing in the breeze of June;
But they, who come 'mid frost and flood,
Peeping from hedge or root of tree,
The primrose and the violet bud,
They are the dearest flowers to me.

---

* Seneca has the same sentiment in his *Hercules Furens*, A. 1. Sc. 2. ver. 177.

Properat cursu
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis vertitue anni.

With rapid steps, admitting no delay
Life swiftly posts along: and day by day,
The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

† The brevity of life, which is the subject of this ode, is a theme upon which almost every poet has feelingly descanted. *The compiler of notes* must exchange the labour of research for the pleasure of selection, when he would produce an assemblage of similar passages. The Anthologia abounds with them. Vid. Fawkes, p. 14 and 15.

The nightingale's is the sweetest song
That ever the rose has heard;
And when the lark chaunts yon clouds among
The lily looks up to the heavenly bird;
But the robin with his eye of jet,
Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily
To the primrose pale and the violet,
He is the dearest bird to me.

Am. Ah, art thou there? I thought I was alone.
Hast thou been long returned?
Mau. Even now.
Am. I'm glad;
For I would feel thy presence,—as I used
When I, a conscious girl, if thou didst come
Behind my chair, knew thee without the aid
Of eye or ear. A wife's love is as strong;
Her sense should be as quick.
Mau. But maiden love
Is mix'd with shame, and doubt, and consciousness,
Which have a thousand eyes, a thousand ears.
Amelia thou art pale. Nay, if thou smilest
Thou wilt be pale no longer: thy sick smile
Is fitly wedded to a varying blush,
That flutters tremulously in thy fair cheek
Like shivering wings of new caught butterflies.
Ah, there it is!
Am. Flatterer!
Mau. But thou wast pale,
Stooping so long o'er that embroidery,
That irksome toil. Go forth into the air.
Am. Not yet; there still is light enough to work,
I have one flower to finish. Then I'll fly
To the sweet joys of busy idleness,
To our sweet garden; I am wanted there,
So William says; the freshening showers to-day
Have scattered my carnations; I must raise
Their clear and odorous beauties from the dark
Defiling earth.
Mau. That task is done.
Am. By thee,
After thy hard day's toil? Oh what a fond
And foolish lover-husband I have got!
Art thou not weary?
Mau. Only just enough
To feel the comfort, sweetest, of repose,
Of such repose is this, here at thy feet
Extended, and my head against thy knee.
Am. Even as that sweet and melancholy prince,

Hamlet the Dane, lay at Ophelia's feet
His lady-love. Wast thou not thinking so?
Mau. I was.
Am. And I was likening thee to one—
Dost thou remember—'tis the prettiest moment
Of that most marvelous and truest book—
When her so dear Sir Charles at Harriot's feet
Lay turning up his bright face smilingly;—
Dost thou remember?
Mau. Banterer! Where is William?
Am. That is a secret. Do not question me,
Or I shall tell. He will be shortly back.

[*Sings.*]
But they who come 'mid frost and flood,
Peeping from hedge or root of tree,
The primrose and the violet bud,
They are the dearest flowers to me.

Mau. How much thou love'st that song!
Am. He loves it so,
Our William: If far off within the wood
He do but catch one clear and singing note
Of that wild cheerful strain, he sends along
With his small pretty feet, like the young brood
Of the hen-partridge to her evening call.
Mau. Well, but where is he?
Am. Guess.
Mau. Nay, tell me, love.
Am. To-day at noon, returning from the farm,
Where on some trifling errand I had sent him,
He left the path in chase of that bright insect
The burnished dragon-fly, with net-work wings
So beautiful. His shining guide flew on,
Tracing the channel of the rippling spring
Up to its very source: there William lost him;
But looking round upon that fairy scene
Of tangled wood and bubbling waters clear,
He found a fairy carpet; strawberries
Spread all about, in a rich tapestry
Of leaves and blushing fruit, and he is gone
With his own basket that his father made him,
His own dear father, to bring home his prize
To that dear father.
Mau. Prythee, love, say on.
This is a tale which I could listen to
The live-long day.
Am. And will it not be sweet
To see that lovely boy, blushing all over,

His fair brow reddening, and his smiling eyes
Filling with tears, his scarlet lips far ruddier
Than the red berries, stammering and forgetting
The little pretty speech that he has conn'd
But speaking in warm kisses? Will it not
Be sweet to see my precious William give
The very first thing he can call his own
To him who gives him all? My dearest husband,
Betray me not;—pretend an ignorance,
And wonder why that cream and bread stand there,
And why that china bowl. Thy precious boy?

Mau. Thy precious boy! Amelia, that child's heart
Is like thee as his face.

Am. Liker to thee
Are both. Our blessing! What a world of love
Dwells in that little heart!

Mau. Too much! too much!
He is too sensitive. I would he had
An airy playmate full of mirth and jests.

Am. Nature's his playmate; leaves and flowers and birds
And the young innocent lambs are his companions;
He needs no other. In his solitude
He is as happy as the glittering beetle
That lives in the white rose. My precious boy!

Mau. What are these? Tears! My own Amelia,
Weep'st thou for happiness? What means this rain
That falls without a cloud. Fy! I must chide thee?

Am Yes, you are right. Useless—not causeless—tears!
They will have way.—Forgive me, dearest husband!
This is our wedding eve. Seven years ago
I stole, a guilty wanderer, from my home,—
My old paternal home!—and with the gush
Of motherly love another thought rushed in—
My father!

Mau. My Amelia!

Am. Seven years
Have past since last I saw him;—and that last!
The pangs of death were in my heart, when I
Approached to say good night. He had been harsh
All day, had press'd Lord Vernon's odious love,
Had taunted at thy poverty—my Maurice!
But suddenly, when I all vainly tried
To faulter out good night, in his old tone
Of fond familiar love, and with the name
Which from his lips seem'd a caress, he said,
God bless you Emily! That blessing pierced
My very soul. Oft in the dead of night
I seem to hear it. Would he bless me now?

Oh, no! no ! no !
Mau. My own beloved wife,
Think not too deeply—there will come a time—
Am. Oh Maurice ! All the grandeur that she left—
The splended vanities, ne'er cost thy wife
A sigh, contented in her poverty,
Happy in virtuous love. But that kind voice—
That tender blessing—that accustomed name
Of fondness !—Oh ! they haunt my very dreams :
They croud upon my waking thoughts ; then most
When some sweet kindnes of my lovely boy,
Some sign of glorious promise, tells my heart
How little I deserve—
Mau. My Emily !
Am. No, not from thee, not even from thee, that name ;—
'Tis sacred to those dear and honour'd lips
Which ne'er will breathe it more.—I am ungrateful
Thus to repine, whilst thou and our dear boy—
Where can he now be loitering ! These dark clouds
Portend a storm.
Mau. Already the large drops
Come pattering on the vine leave. I will seek—

Enter William.

Am. He's here. My William, wherefore didst thou stay
So long ?—And where's the basket ?
Wil. Kiss me first
Am. Now where's the basket ?
Wil. I had fill'd it half,
When a strange gentleman came through the wood
And sat down by me.
Am. Did he eat the strawberries ?
Wil. Dear mother, no. He talked to me, and then
I could not gather them.
Am. What said he, dearest ?
Wil. He ask'd my name and your's and where I lived,
And kiss'd me.
Am. And what else ?
Wil Call'd me dear boy,
Said that a storm was coming on, and ask'd
If I would go with him.
Mau. Ha ! what saidst thou
To that, my William ?
Wil. No. But then I ask'd him
To come with me to my dear home. Look there !
Do you not see that tall man in the porch—
His head against the woodbine ? That is he.
Am. Dear Maurice, bring him in.

[*Exit Maurice.*

Wil. I am so sorry
That it is grown so dark, you will not see
What a sweet face he has; only he's older—
I think he's like you, mother; and he kiss'd me
As you do now, and cried.
Am. Oh, can it be!

Re-enter Maurice with Lord Mawbray.

Lord M. If I intrude—
Am. That voice! O father! father!
Pardon! Oh, pardon!
Lord M. Madam!—
Am. I'm your daughter—
Call me so father! For these seven years
I have not seen your face. Disown me not—
Call me your daughter! Once from your dear lips
Let me hear that dear sound! Call me your Emily,
And bless my dear, dear child! For such a blessing
I'd be content to die. William, kneel here;
Hold up your innocent hands.
Lord M. Rise, Madam, rise.
Am. Oh call me once your daughter, only once,
To still my longing heart! My William, pray
For your poor mother.
Wil. Oh, forgive us, Sir,
Pray, pray forgive us!
Lord M. Madam I have sought
A half-hour's shelter here from this wild storm;
And as your guest—I pray you to forbear
These harrowing words. I am but lately risen
From a sick bed.
Mau. My wife, compose thyself;
Retire awhile. [*Exit Amelia.*
Please you to sit my lord.
Lord M. I thank you, Sir.—You have a pleasant cottag
Prettily garlanded with rose and woodbine,
And the more useful vine. Has it been long
Your home?
Mau. Five years.
Lord M. And you have left the army?
Mau. Yes, since the peace. I could not bear to drag
My sweet Amelia through the homeless wanderings
Of a poor soldier's life. This is a nest,
However lowly, warm, and full of love
As her own heart. Here we have been most happy.

[*Re-enter Amelia, with a light and a basket.*]

Mau. [*meeting her.*] Thou tremblest still.
Am. I could not stay away
It is such joyful pain to look upon him;
To hear his voice;—I could not stay away.
William, there is thy basket. Offer it.
Lord M. No; my dear boy.
Am. Now blessings on his head.
For that kind word!
Lord M. Surely she was not always
So thin and pale!—Your husband says, Amelia,
That you are happy.
Am. I have only known
One sorrow.
Lord M. Ye are poor.
Am. Not that! not that!
Lord M. You have implored my blessing on your son;—
I bless him.
Am. On my knees I offer up
My thanks to Heaven and thee. A double blessing
Was that, my father! on my heart it fell
Like balm.
Lord M. I will do more. Give me that boy,
And he shall be my heir. Give me that boy.
Am. My boy! give up my boy!
Lord M. Why he must be
A burthen. Ye are poor.
Am. A burthen! William!
My own dear William!
Lord M. Miserably poor
Ye are; deny it not.
Mau. We earn our bread
By honest labour.
Am. And to work for him—
Is such a joy! My William, tremble not!
Weep not, my William! Thou shalt stay with me;
Here on my lap, here on my bosom, William!
Lord M. Why thou may'st have another child, and then—
Am. Oh! never one like this—this dearest child
Of love and sorrow! Till this boy was born
Wretchedly poor we were; sick, heart-sick, desolate,
Desponding; but he came, a living sun-beam!
And light and warmth seem'd darting through my breast
With his first smile. Then hope and comfort came,
And poverty, with her inventive arts,
A friend, and love, pure, firm, enduring love;
And ever since we have been poor and happy;
Poor! no, we have been rich! my precious child!

Lord M. Bethink thee for that child, Amelia
What fortunes thou dost spurn. His father's love
Perhaps is wiser.
Am. Maurice, say,
Mau. My Lord,
'Tis every whit as fond. You have my thanks.
But in a lowly station he may be
Virtuous and happy.
Wil. Mother, let me stay,
And I will be so good.
Am. My darling, yes;
Thou shalt not leave me, not for the wide world.
Lord M. Thou need'st not hug him so against thy bosom;
I am no ruffian, from a mother's breast
To pluck her child.—Amelia, as his arms
Wind round thy neck, so thou a thousand times
Hast clung to mine;—as on his rosy cheeks
Thy lips are sealed, so mine a thousand times
Have prest thy face, with such a love, Amelia,
As thou dost feel for him.
Am. O father! father!
Lord M. Thou wert a motherless babe, and I to thee
Supplied both parents. Many a night have I
Hung over thy sick bed, and pray'd for thee
As thou dost pray for him. And thou, Amelia,
Did'st love me then.
Am. Did love! Oh never, never,
Can such love pass away! 'Tis twined with life.
Lord M. Then after eighteen years of tender care,
Fond hopes and fonder fears, didst thou not fly
From me, thy father, with a light gay youth,
A love of yesterday? Did'st thou not leave me
To die of a broken heart? Amelia speak!
Did'st thou not?
Am. Father! this is worse than death.
Lord M. Did'st thou not? Speak.
Am. I did. Alas! I did.
Lord M. Oh miserably have my days crept on
Since thou did'st leave me! Very desolate
Is that proud splendid home! no cheerful meals;
No evening music; and no morning rides
Of charity or pleasure. Thy trim walks
Are overgrown; and the gay pretty room
Which thou didst love so well, is vacant now;
Vacant and desolate as my sick heart.
Amelia, when thou saw'st me last, my hair
Was brown as thine. Look on it now, Amelia.

Mau. My lord, this grief will kill her. See she writhes
Upon the floor.
Lord M. Poor heart! I go still desolate;
I might have found a comfort had I had
Something to live for still, something to love;—
If she who robb'd me of my child had given
Her child instead—but all is over now—
She would not trust her father!—All.—Farewell.
Am. [*starting up.*] Take him, whilst I have life to bid thee, take him!
Nay, cling not to me, boy! Take, take him! Maurice?
Wil. I will not leave you, Mother.
Am. Hush! hush! hush!
My heart is breaking, William.—Maurice, speak.
Mau. Dearest and best, be it as thou hast will'd.
I owe thee a great sacrifice, Amelia;—
And I shall still have thee.
Lord M. Thou givest him then?
Mau. I do. But for his own sake, good my lord,
Let not my son be taught to scorn the father
He never will forget, and let his mother
See him sometimes, or she will surely die.
Am. I shall die now. My William?
Lord M. Emily!
Am. Ha!
Lord M. My sweet Emily!
Am. We are forgiven!
Maurice, we are forgiven!
Lord M. My own dear child,
My children, bless ye all!—forgive this trial,
We'll never part again.

ART. X. *The Water Lady—a Legend.*

There is a mystery in these sombre shades,
A secret horror in this dark, deep flood:
'T seems as if beings of another race
Here lurk invisible, except what time
Eve's dusky hour, and night's congenial gloom,
Permit them show themselves in human guise.—
Men say that fays, and elves, and water spirits,
Affect such haunts—and this is surely one.

On the banks of one of the streams falling into the Inn, are the remains of an old castle, not far from a narrow defile or glen where the waters, being hemmed in, ruch with impetuosity through fragments of rock impeding their course. Of these the following legend is related. The last possessor of the castle, which had not been inhabited for several centuries, was

Count Albert, a youthful nobleman, descended from an illustrious ancestry: daring, enthusiastic, and addicted to study; but his studies were of such a nature that they incurred for him, among his credulous dependants, the imputation of holding unhallowed intercourse with supernatural beings. Independently however, of the censures his conduct occasioned in this respect, he was admired by all for possessing, in an eminent degree, personal courage and prowess, qualities so necessary, and therefore so highly prised, in those ages. Yet even those who were most forward to commend his undauntedness could not forbear blaming the indiscretions of his curiosity, which led him to venture into scenes that would, by the fancied horror attached to them have appalled the bravest of his followers. During the most stormy weather, when the spirits of the air were supposed to be wreaking their fury on the elements—in the depth of night, at what hour the departed were supposed to revist the earth, and forms obscure and terrific to appear to the unfortunate traveller who should be bewildered on his way,—even at such seasons would Albert venture into the recesses of the woods, enjoy the conflict of nature on the blasted heath, and explore the wildest solitudes around his domain.

Such practices occasioned much conjecture and rumour—and many prophesied, that some terrible visitation would overtake the man, who, if not actually leagued with the powers of darkness, delighted in all that was terrific and appalling; nor did the less scrupulous or the more imaginative hesitate to relate with particular circumstance and detail, the dreadful mysteries he was reported, at such times, to have witnessed.

In the defile, which, as has been stated, was in the immediate vicinity of the castle, it was said that a fairy, or spirit, named by the peasantry the Water Lady, had been heard by night singing within a cave hollowed in the rock, just above the most dangerous part of the current.

Albert was determined to ascertain the truth, and, if possible obtain an interview with the supernatural inhabitant of the *Black Water Vault*. Such a daring project excited the horror of all who heard it: since many were the tales respecting persons having been enticed to listen to the strains of the spirit, and afterwards perishing in the foaming waters: for she was said to delight in attracting the unwary, and the curious. But though the design of the young Count appeared so fraught with danger and obstinate temerity, nothing could induce him to abandon the enterprise; neither the entreaties of his friends, nor those to Bertha, his betrothed bride, whom he was shortly to conduct of the altar; it rather seemed as if all obstacles and dissuasives did but irritate his unhallowed curiosity. One evening, the third of the new moon the Count, attended by two companions, whom he had prevailed upon to assist him in rowing his boat, and steering

it among the eddies of the torrent, departed for the scene of research.—They proceeded in silence, for Albert was buried in thought, the others were mute from apprehension. No sooner did they approach the narrow pass where the foaming and congregated waters dash furiously through the contracted channel, than was heard the voice of one within the cavern.

The music was so strangely sweet and fascinating, that, although struck with awe at the supernatural sounds, they were induced to advance. A form was soon dimly descried: It was that of a female arrayed in floating drapery, but her features they might not discern, as she wore a thick veil. They continued to approach the spot so as to be able to catch distinctly the following words, which were chaunted in a tone of solemn adjuration.

By the treasures of my cave,
More than avarice could crave,
More than Fortune yet e'er gave,
I charge thee, youth, appear.

Here I wait thy will and hest,
Here with me thou'lt safely rest,
Thou art he, my chosen guest;—
Then enter thou, nor fear.

Mortal, now, in dead of night,
Magic spell of friendly sprite,
To favour thee, hath bound aright
Aught that would thee harm.

Hither, hasten, youthful rower:
In my secret, inmost bower,
Thou shalt find a worthy dower;—
Defy not, then, my charm.

By this time they had arrived opposite to the cave: Albert motioned to his companions to stay the bark, and scarcely had they obeyed, when having lept into the flood, he was soon descried by them climbing up the jutting crags below the cavern—he entered beneath its low-browed opening, and disappeared. Gazing upon each other with looks of dread, and fearing to speak, lest there should be horror in the tones of their own voices, they retired to some distance, waiting in the hope that the adventurer might re-appear: at length, they returned to the castle, in the same silence of terror as they had hitherto observed "Where was their companion, the Count—had he perished?—How had they lost him—what had they beheld?" These and similar questions were put to them by the terrified inmates: their replies were brief, vague, incoherent, but all of dreadful import: and no doubt remained as to the youth's having become the victim of his own temerity.

The following morning when the family were assembled, and preparing to commence their matin repast, Lord Albert advan-

ced into the hall, and took his wonted station at the table, with the usual salutations. All started as if a spectre had stood before them—yet, strange to say, no one dared to address him as to his absence, or his mysterious return—for he had apparently but just quitted his chamber, clad in his wonted morning apparel: every one was as spell-bound, since no sooner did any attempt to question the Count, than he felt the words die away upon his lips. There sat a wondrous paleness on his brow, yet was it not sad; there was, too, a more than common fire in the expression of his eye; he was thoughtful—at times abstracted, but instantly roused himself, and essayed to animate the conversation. If the silence of the others was singular, that of Albert himself was equally so, for he took no notice whatever of the occurrences of the preceding evening. No sooner had he quitted the hall, than every one began to enquire of his neighbour, if he knew when, or how the Count had returned—to wonder at their own silence on this topic, and impute it to some magic charm. Day after day did they continue to express to each other their astonishment, their surmises, their apprehensions; but even his most familiar friends did not venture ever to speak a syllable to him on the subject of their curiosity: among other circumstances, which were whispered about, it had been remarked, that instead of the ring the Count used to wear, which was of great value and family antiquity, he now had one, of which the circlet itself, and not the ornament, was apparently cut out of a single piece of emerald, and, as some averred, who had taken the opportunity of examining it, unperceived by its wearer, inscribed with mystic characters.

In time, however, these circumstances ceased to be the theme of conversation, and even appeared forgotten during the preparations for the approaching nuptials between the Count and the Lady Bertha; and were never mentioned during the gaieties attendant upon their solemnization. On the evening after the bridal day, while the Count was conversing apart with one of his guests, in the recess of an oriel window, the faint beam of the new moon fell upon his face—he looked up aghast as if struck by some sudden, dreadful recollection, and, dashing his hand against his forehead, rushed wildly out of the apartment. Consternation seized all who witnessed this dreadful burst of dismay, of which none could tell the cause.

Retired from his guests, the Count was hastily pacing to and fro, in a long gallery leading to his private apartments, when Bertha broke in upon him. She did not notice his extreme disorder, being herself hardly less agitated; but informed him, that on the preceding night, a figure veiled in long flowing drapery, had been seen standing at their chamber door, and the next morning a ring picked up by her attendants on the very spot where this mysterious appearance had been observed. She then gave the

ring to her Lord—it was that which he had formerly worn. "Fatal, fatal night! Listen, Bertha!" exclaimed he, in a tone of anguish. "Impelled by curiosity, I visited the cave of the 'Water-Lady;' it was on the third of the moon. She compelled me to an interchange of rings: from her it was that I received this fatal one, which you observe on my finger, and which I am bound by a solemn vow never to lay aside. I vowed also,"—he shuddered as he spoke—"to consent to receive a visit from her on the third of the moon—this I was obliged to do, or incur all the consequences of her wrath, while yet in her power: from that fatal period, I have been obliged to submit to these intercourses with a strange being—the consequence of my unhallowed curiosity. Last night was due to her!" Bertha listened in horror—the Count looked on his finger, the circlet of emerald was gone; how he knew not, but he hoped that he was now released from his terrible vow, yet felt a strange presentiment of impending misfortune. Bertha notwithstanding her own distress, endeavoured to cheer him, but became alarmed herself at the ashy paleness of his countenance: he tried to persuade her he was not so disturbed as she imagined, and turned to a mirror, for the purpose of seeing whether his features wore the deadly aspect she fancied—but a cry of horror issued from his lips; the mirror had reflected his dress, but neither his hands nor his face. He felt that he was under the bann of that mysterious being, with whom his fate was so strangely linked. A deadly chill darted through his heart; he rushed to his chamber, but no sooner had he laid his fingers upon the bolt of the door, than he felt them grasped by a cold icy hand. "Albert," cried a voice, "thou hast broken the compact so solemnly ratified between us. Last night was the third of the moon: know that spirits may not be trifled with." Bertha had followed her bridegroom: she had heard the awful voice—she felt that some strange visitation was at hand, yet was not therefore deterred from entering the apartment.

The next day no traces of either Albert or Bertha could be discovered, thy were never seen again; and all agreed that they had perished by the revenge of the "Water Lady." The castle was deserted: became a ruin—and the peasantry used ever afterwards to point out with dismay the fatal cavern of the Black Water Vault, and to relate to the traveller the legend of the Water-Lady.

ART. XI.—*Some Experiments made with a view to the Detection and Prevention of Frauds in the Sale of skimmed Milk; together with an Account of a simple Lactometer for effecting that Purpose.* By EDMUND DAVY, Esq. Professor of Chemistry and Secretary to the Royal Cork Institution.

SKIMMED milk constitutes a large portion of the daily food of the poor classes in Ireland; and therefore Dr. Davy merits their

gratitude for his researches in their behalf. Were competent men to turn their attention to subjects of this nature, more than they do, Philosophy would better claim the esteem of the world; for after all the labour of intellect, and consumption of lamp oil, that is but empty speculation which produces no practical good. Philosophy is like wealth, to be valued principally as it becomes fixed in the ameliorated condition of man. Dr. Davy says that the weekly consumption of milk, in Cork alone, is estimated in market price, at 1000*l.* and the public having been long exposed to the dishonest practices of milk venders, he kindly set about to devise the best means of detecting them, at the solicitation of the Magistracy, who, to their honour, stepped forward in protection of the poor. The principle of the hydrometer suggested itself to Dr. D. as applicable to identify the strength of milk: but previously to the construction of such an instrument, it was necessary to determine whether there was any marked difference in density of skimmed milk. He subjected the milk obtained from various dairies to experiment, and was gratified in finding so uniform a density, as to render the purity determinable by an hydrometrical scale. He says the greater number of those specimens were of the specific gravity of 1.037 and 1.0375. Some were higher, but the highest was 1.040, and the lowest 1.036, the thermometer being at 50°. "These experiments, confirmed by others which I afterwards made, led me to conclude that a considerable degree of uniformity prevails in the density of genuine skimmed milk; and this uniformity, I presume, would be still greater, if due allowance were made for accidental circumstances connected with the experiments, which, though not easy to appreciate, must, to a certain extent, influence the specific gavity of milk; as, for example, slight variations of temperature and of the balance employed; to which must be added the unequal exposure to the atmosphere of the several specimens of milk examined. In reference to this last particular, it is proper to state that I found only one specimen of milk of so high a specific gravity as 1.040; and in this instance the cream had been suffered to remain on the milk for above three days, and its specific gravity was not taken until some hours after it had been skimmed. These circumstances incline me to refer its superior density to evaporation, owing to protracted exposure to the atmosphere."

Water was found to be the adulterating article, and those milks which were most adulterated, bore the specific gravity of 1.026, "the highest of the genuine milks from the markets was 1.039, the thermometer being at 50°."

The Doctor never found the commonly suspected articles, as chalk, flour, starch, &c. and he gives good reasons why they are not likely to be used for adulteration.—"Skimmed milk and water (says the Doctor) combine without undergoing any sensi-

ble alteration of volume, or condensation. Skimmed milk is of much greater specific gravity than water, and its density is diminished in direct proportion to the quantity of water added to it. On those facts the Lactometer I have made depends; it is exclusively adapted to skimmed milk, in which respect, as well as in simplicity of construction, it differs from the ingenious instrument of Mr. Dicas."

Dr. Davy then proceeds to describe his Lactometer, which is, as said before, on the hydrometer principle. It has been found fully equal to its intention; 2000 pottles of skimmed milk were seized by the Magistracy, the first morning it was used. In order to meet inaccuracies with an indulgent spirit, 5° below purity in standard, are allowed. The Lactometer is graduated to concur with 60°. of temperature, Fah. "an allowance of 2 or 3°. below 0, would be amply sufficient for our warmest summer weather."

Dr. D. concludes thus, "I have made several experiments in the hope of being able to apply a similar instrument to detect the frauds practised in the sale of new milk; but I fear this is impracticable, because both water and skimmed milk are employed to adulterate new milk; and as the one is lighter and the other heavier than new milk, there would be no difficulty in so proportioning both, as to make the adulterated correspond with genuine new milk in density."

With this effective example before our eyes, we cannot but earnestly wish that some philanthropic experimentalist would devote a portion of time to the detection of those frauds we are suffering from, by the milk venders, in this metropolis; and when they shall be so detected, we trust that our Magistracy will be active in the suppression of the custom.

Art. XII.—*Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

The subject of the ensuing memoir was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771, and is the eldest son of the late Walter Scott, Esq. an eminent advocate, or writer to the Signet of that city. His mother was the daughter of the late David Rutherford, Esq. also a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, from whom he received a considerable fortune. This lady was endowed with the most amiable qualities, and possessed all the distinguishing traits of a great genius; she particularly cultivated a taste for poetry, as would appear from some specimens published after her death, which took place in the year 1789. To the excellent qualities and superior taste of the mother, we are, in all probability, indebted for the cultivation of similar, but far more distinguished, talents in the mind of the son.

Owing to the tenderness of his constitution, and the circumstance of his lameness, young Scott was, in a great measure, brought up at home, under the immediate care and superintend-

ance of his excellent mother, for whom he uniformly evinced the strongest attachment, and whose subsequent loss he long and deeply lamented. In his early youth he displayed a considerable taste and genius in drawing landscapes from nature, but was neither remarkable for the liveliness of his disposition nor his aptitude for learning. He was first placed at the grammar-school of Mussulburgh, where he made but little progress until his tenth year, when Dr. Paterson succeeded to the school. The following anecdote has been related of him :—

The late celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, being then on a visit to Mussulburgh, went, accompanied by some friends, and examined several of the boys; he paid particular attention to young Scott, which Dr. Paterson perceiving, and thinking it was the boy's stupidity that engaged the notice of Dr. Blair, he said to the latter, "Doctor, my predecessor told me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied the professor, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius." How fully has this prediction been verified !

At a proper age he was sent to the High-School of Edinburgh, at that time under the able direction of the late celebrated Dr. Alexander Adam, a man of great learning and worth, and author of many esteemed elementary works. In this school young Scott passed through all the classes with as much advantage to himself as satisfaction to his respective teachers.

Having completed his classical studies at this school, he was then removed to the university of Edinburgh, where he completed his liberal education in a manner that reflected the highest honour on the different professors, thereby adding another name to that multitude of distinguished individuals whom the seminary has, from time to time, ushered into the world.

Mr. Scott now embraced the profession of the law; he was articled in the usual way to a writer of the Signet, and after serving the prescribed terms, he was admitted an advocate of the Scottish Bar before he had obtained the age of twenty-one. From this period till the year 1798, he continued to be studiously devoted to his profession. At the latter epoch he married Miss Carpenter, a young lady descended from a good family, of great beauty and accomplishments, and by whom he has four children.

Towards the close of the following year he was appointed Sheriff Depute of the County of Selkirk; and in March 1806, he was made one of the principal Clerks of the Sessions in Scotland. There was a peculiar circumstance attending the latter appointment which is not undeserving of notice, and this was, that his warrant although drawn up, had not yet passed the seals, when the death of Mr. Pitt caused an entire change in the ministry; and the appointment of Mr. Scott having been procured through the friendship of the late Lord Melville, who was actually under impeachment, it was naturally considered void. How-

ever, to the honour of the new cabinet, no objection was made to the nomination; thus, as was remarked by a wit at the time, "this appointment was the last lay of the ministry."

Being now relieved from the drudgery of professional labour by the acquisition of two lucrative situations, and having about this period succeeded to the possession of a valuable estate on the death of his father, Mr. Scott was enabled to cultivate his taste for poetry, and to indulge in a variety of literary pursuits. His first publications, however, consisted of translations from the German, at a time when the wildest productions of that country became so popular.

In the same year Mr. Scott produced two German ballads adapted to the English taste, entitled, "The Chace," and "William and Helen." These little pieces however were not originally intended for the press, but merely composed for his own amusement; nevertheless, a friend to whom they were shown prevailed upon him to allow them to be printed, and at the same time contributed a preface to them. Three years elapsed ere Mr. Scott again ventured to appear in print, when he produced another translation from the German of Goethe; and shortly afterwards he composed two ballads, entitled "The Eve of St. John," and "Glenfinlass," which he presented to the late Mr. G. Lewis, Esq. and they appeared in the "Tales of Wonder," published by that gentleman.

In the year 1802, Mr. Scott published his first great work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which attracted general attention. Soon afterwards followed "Sir Tristem." In 1805 he gave to the world his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of the most beautiful poems in any language, and which of itself is sufficient to hand him down to posterity.

In the following year he published a collection of Ballads and Lyrical pieces," and in 1808 appeared his "Marmion, a tale of Flodden Field," which the author has himself characterised as "containing the best and worst poetry that he has written." In the same year Mr. Scott favoured the world with a complete edition of the works of Dryden, to which he prefixed a new life of that great writer, and interspersed many curious and extensive notes. While these volumes were proceeding through the press, he also found time to bring out a quarto volume of "Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The rapidity of his pen was now beyond all example in the annals of genius. Within a few months he undertook the editing of a new edition of "Lord Somer's Collection of Historical Tracts," and at the same time "Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers," and "Anna Seward's Poetical Works;" while in the same year in which these last publications appeared, another original poem, "The Lady of the Lake," was ushered into the world; a poem which raised the fame of its author to the highest pitch.

In 1811 appeared "the Vision of Don Roderick," written to assist the subscription for the Portuguese; this was followed in 1813 by "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," in 1814; together with "The Border Antiquities of England," and a new edition of Swift's Works, with a biographical memoir and annotations. At a subsequent period, he has given two works to the public on the same subject, one in prose and the other in verse; the first entitled, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and the other "The Battle of Waterloo."

"The Bridol of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," originally published anonymously, have been acknowledged by him and printed uniformly with his other poems.

Such is the ascertained list of the numerous productions of Sir Walter Scott, exhibiting abundant testimony of original genius, extensive powers of mind, and the most unwearied industry. But even this catalogue, rich and large as it is, must receive yet further additions of great value if he be the author of a series of national romances, whose popularity is without a parallel in the annals of history.

When "Waverley" first appeared, there was but one opinion on the subject of its author; and each succeeding novel, in a rapid course of publication, has served only to confirm that opinion. Yet, strange to say, he alone who can decide the question, maintains a determined silence; nay, we have even been credibly informed, that he rejects the merit of having written any part of these interesting tales.

The great Scottish novelist has received, it is confidently stated, nearly 500,000 dollars by his productions, which sum has been paid to him within the last five years, by his publishers, Constable & Co. of Edinburgh.

Sir Walter Scott was created a Baronet by his present Majesty, and he has been elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It is known that the laureatship was offered to him on the demise of the late H. J. Pye, Esq. but he declined the honour in favour of his friend Mr. Southey.

Art. XIII.—*Poetry.*

MINNA TROIL.—A BALLAD.

Two sisters bloom'd upon thy strand
In beauty, Northern Hialtland;
This like the violet, that the rose,
Which tow'ring high in beauty glows.

Brenda was like the turtle dove
With soul of softness, and heart of love,
Minna the eagle, whose stately form
Rises, 'mid tempests, from high Cairngorm.

Without a cloud to dim the sky,
Their days of youth pass'd brightly by,
And like twin seraphs, hand in hand,
They walk'd in joy through their father's land.

In easy task or in thoughtless play,
By their father's side, pass'd the joyous day;
And, far from the rude world's cares and harms,
They lay at night in each others arms.

No world knew they, save the isles around
By the green sea wash'd, by the blue sky bound,
And, from the peak of the Sumburghead,
They saw the sun sink in ocean's bed.

No joys had they but such as arise
From the sparkles of joy in each other's eyes,
No fear had they but such as springs
From the truth so fatal, that Time hath wings.

The tempests rose, and the winds rush'd by,
And the clouds hung deep in the murky sky,
The vessel struck, and in luckless hour
A mariner sought their father's bower.

He told of vales rich with golden fruit,
Where the voice of song is never mute,
Where perfume loads the languid air,
And man is daring, and woman fair.

He told of tempests deep and loud,
Where lightnings show'd the rifted cloud,
Where the sea-dogs howl'd, and the billows high
Rose up to splash the bending sky!

He told of battles, afar at sea,
Where sabres shown, and blood ran free,
Until, at length, o'er his seamen bold
Victorious ever his flag unroll'd!

The gentle Brenda's cheek wan'd pale,
At the awful close of each fitful tale;
But the heart of Minna filled her breast—
And the mariner stole her peaceful rest—

She liken'd him to the sea-kings old,
Who swept the seas with their navies bold;
The Jarls of Norway proud and free,
The lions wild of the northern sea.

To the stranger youth she pledg'd her troth
She fair,—he gallant—they living both;
And he left her to plough the stormy main
But vow'd to return to her bower again.

Like the rose-bud bit by canker worm,
Health fled her bright and fairy form;
Like a flower on dull September day
She droop'd her head and pin'd away.

And Brenda gaz'd with tearful eyes
On her sister pining, she knew not why,
She strove in love to ease her pain,
But the wound was deep and her care was vain.

It was not that her lover now,
Did cleave the ocean, with onward prow
It was no dread of wave or wind,
That thus did bend her stately mind.

The youth whose tales had won her heart
Among sea rovers bore a part;
And whoever cross'd their fatal path,
By them were plunder'd, or slain in wrath.

Farewell for Minna the pure delight
Of mind serene, and soft dreams by night;
No more did she now, to her couch depart
In joy, and uprise with an easy heart.

Her lover return'd and fondly sought
His Minna's bower,—but she own'd him not
And sicken'd in thought that her love so fast,
With hopeless night should be thus o'ercast!

They parted; he the salt seas to roam,
And she in her beauty to pine at home;
Like a flower, in loneliness more fair,
That sheds its sweets on the desert air.

All weakness of heart, and change above,
Her heart would own no other love;
But pure as the cloudless summer sky
Did perish in its lone majesty.

HORACE.—BOOK IV. ODE VII.

To Torquatus.

The snows dissolved, new verdure clothes the plain,
The trees again their leafy horns bear,
To laughing spring, stern winter yields his reign,
All nature gay and music fills the air.

Charged is the angry torrent's roar
To murmurs on the pebbled shore,
And frolic nymphs, and youths are seen
In circling maze to tread the green.

The varying year and Time's increasing flight,
Proclaim that sad mortality is ours;
How soon shall spring give way to summer bright,
Quick follows Autumn, and now winter lowers.

The waning moon renews her light,
But man sinks in an endless night;
The rich, the wise, the brave and just
Laid in the tomb are nought but dust.

So frail our lot perchance the gods deny
To us again to run the morning's ray;
Seize then the winged moments as they fly
Regardless of to-morrow, live to-day.

Soon for a thankless heir shall shine,
Your golden cups and sparkling wine,
Hoard not for him your glittering treasure,
But give it to your friends and pleasure.

Though you, Torquatus, boast a noble race
And eloquence that sways the willing soul,
Though every virtue in your breast has place,
Relentless death disdains their weak control.

The impious and the good alike his prey,
He hurries from the cheerful day,
Nor have the gods the power to save
Their favorites from the gloomy grave.

Virginia, April, 1822.

TO A LADY PROFESSING HER BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY.

'Tis eve and the stars that illumine the night
Diffuse a soft lustre around:
You tell me, dear maid, in those bodies of light
The secrets of fate may be found;
If so, I believe in your bright orbs of blue
Futurity equally lies:
So for once, I will e'en turn astrologer too
And study my doom in your eyes.

No science is surely so pleasing as this,
But yet 'tis obscure and perplex'd
One moment I read in it rapturous bliss
And falsehood and sorrow the next:
You smile—now my stars a bright aspect assume,
I pant for my charmer's decree;
Then come, dear astrologer, tell me my doom
And I'll give you my heart for a fee.